



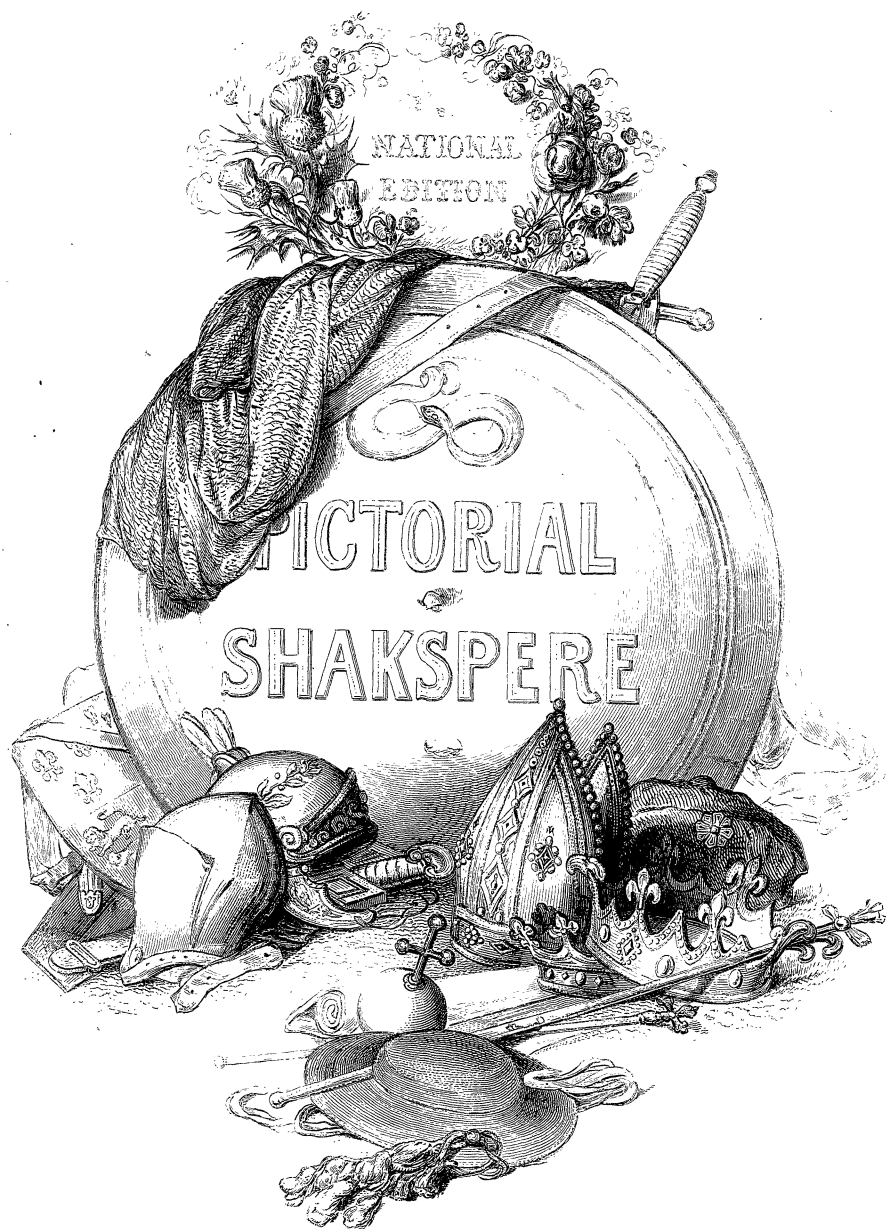
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ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS



EDITED BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

HISTORIES.

VOL. I.

THE
COMEDIES, HISTORIES, TRAGEDIES,
AND
POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

EDITED BY
CHARLES KNIGHT.

THE NATIONAL EDITION.

HISTORIES.
VOL. I.

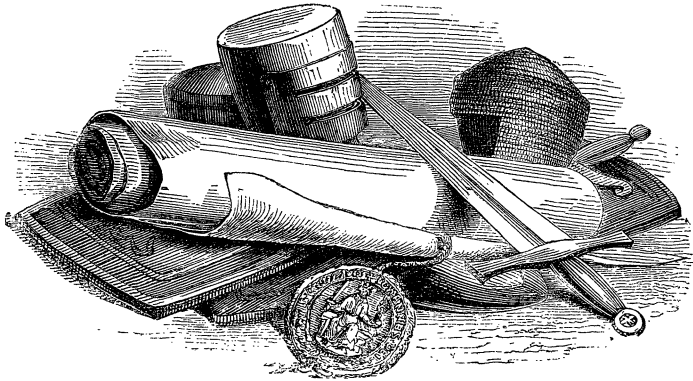
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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE 'KING JOHN' of Shakspeare was first printed in the folio collection of his plays, in 1623. We have followed the text of this edition almost literally. 'King John' is one of the plays of Shakspeare enumerated by Francis Meres, in 1598.

There can be no doubt that Shakspeare's 'King John' is founded on a former play. That play, which consists of two Parts, is entitled 'The Troublesome Raigne of John King of England,' and was first printed in 1591. The German critics agree in giving the original authorship to Shakspeare.

Assuming that Shakspeare did not write the 'King John' of 1591, it is impossible now, except on very general principles, to determine why a poet, who had the authentic materials of history before him, and possessed beyond all men the power of moulding those materials, with reference to a dramatic action, into the most complete and beautiful forms, should have subjected himself, in the full vigour and maturity of his intellect, to a general adherence to the course of the conventional "history" of the stage. But so it is. The 'King John' of Shakspeare is not the 'King John' of the historians whom Shakspeare had unquestionably studied; it is not the 'King John' of his own

imagination, casting off the trammels which a rigid adoption of the facts of those historians would have imposed upon him; but it is the 'King John,' in the conduct of the story, in the juxtaposition of the characters, and in the catastrophe—in the historical truth, and in the historical error—of the play which preceded him some few years.

The old play of 'The Troublesome Reign' was, in all likelihood, a vigorous graft upon the trunk of an older play, which "occupies an intermediate place between moralities and historical plays,"—that of 'Kynge Johan,' by John Bale, written probably in the reign of Edward VI. Shakspeare, then, had to choose between forty years of stage tradition and the employment of new materials. He took, upon principle, what he found ready to his hand. But upon this theory, that 'The Troublesome Reign' is by another poet, none of the transformations of classical or oriental fable, in which a new life is transfused into an old body, can equal this astonishing example of the life-conferring power of a genius such as Shakspeare's. On the other hand, if 'The Troublesome Reign' be a very early play by Shakspeare himself (and we doubt this greatly), the undoubted 'King John' offers the most marvellous example of

the resources of a mature intellect, in the creation of characters, in the conduct of a story, and the employment of language, as compared with the crude efforts of an unformed mind. The contrast is so remarkable that we cannot believe in this theory, even with the whole body of German critics in its favour.

That the 'Kynge Johan' of the Protestant bishop Bale was known to the writer of the 'King John' of 1591, we have little doubt. Our space will not allow us to point out the internal evidences of this; but one minute but remarkable similarity may be mentioned. When John arrives at Swinstead Abbey, the monks, in both plays, invite him to their treacherous repast by the cry of "Wassail." In the play of Bale we have no incidents whatever beyond the contests between John and the Pope—the surrender of the crown to Pandulph—and the poisoning of John by a monk at Swinstead Abbey. The action goes on very haltingly;—but not so the wordy war of the speakers. A vocabulary of choice terms of abuse, familiarly used in the times of the Reformation, might be constructed out of this curious performance. In the John of 1591 we have none of this violence; but the writer has exhibited a scene of ribaldry, in the incident of Faulconbridge hunting out the "angels" of the monks; for he makes him find a nun concealed in a holy man's chest. This, no doubt, would be a popular scene. Shakspeare has not a word of it. One of the most remarkable characteristics of Shakspeare's 'John,' as opposed to the grossness of Bale and the ribaldry of his immediate predecessor, is the utter absence of all invective or sarcasm against the Romish church, apart from the attempt of the Pope to extort a base submission from the English king. Here, indeed, we have his nationality in full power;—but how different is that from fostering hatreds between two classes of one people!

Dr. Johnson, in his preface to Shakspeare, speaking of the division, by the players, of our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, thus defines what, he says, was the notion of a dramatic history in those times: "History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any ten-

dency to introduce and regulate the conclusion." Again, speaking of the unities of the critics, he says of Shakspeare—"His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and, therefore, none is to be sought. In his other works he has well enough preserved the *unity of action*." Taking these observations together, as a general definition of the character of Shakspeare's histories, we are constrained to say that no opinion can be farther removed from the truth. So far from the "unity of action" not being regarded in Shakspeare's histories, and being subservient to the "chronological succession," it rides over that succession whenever the demands of the scene require "a unity of a higher order, which connects the events by reference to the workers, gives a reason for them in the motives, and presents men in their causative character."^a

The great connecting link that binds together all the series of actions in the 'King John' of Shakspeare, is *the fate of Arthur*. From the first to the last scene, the hard struggles and the cruel end of the young Duke of Brittany either lead to the action, or form a portion of it, or are the direct causes of an ulterior consequence.

As an historical picture the 'King John' is wonderfully true. What a Gothic grandeur runs through the whole of these scenes! We see the men of six centuries ago, as they played the game of their personal ambition—now swearing hollow friendships, now breathing stern denunciations;—now affecting compassion for the weak and the suffering, now breaking faith with the orphan and the mother;—now

"Gone to be married, gone to swear a peace;" now keeping the feast "with slaughtered men;"—now trembling at, and now braving, the denunciations of spiritual power;—and agreeing in nothing but to bend "their sharpest deeds of malice" on unoffending and peaceful citizens, unless the citizens have

^a Coleridge's Literary Remains.

some "commodity" to offer which shall draw them

"To a most base and vile-concluded peace."

With what skill has Shakspeare, whilst he thus painted the spirit of the chivalrous times,—lofty in words, but sordid in acts,—given us a running commentary which interprets the whole in the sarcasms of the Bastard! But amidst all the clatter of conventional dignity which we find in the speeches of John, and Philip, and Lewis, and Austria, the real dignity of strong natural affections rises over the pomp and circumstance of regal ambition with a force of contrast which is little less than sublime. The maternal terror and anguish of Constance soon become the prominent objects; and the rival kings, the haughty prelate, the fierce knights, the yielding citizens, appear but as puppets moved by destiny to force on the most bitter sorrows of that broken-hearted mother. Matchless as is the art of the poet in these scenes;—matchless as an exhibition of maternal sorrow only, apart from the whirlwind of conflicting passions that are mixed up with that sorrow;—are we to believe that Shakspeare intended that our hearts should

sustain this laceration, and that the effects should pass away when Constance quits the stage? The remembrance of Constance can never be separated from the after-scenes in which Arthur appears; and at the very last, when the poison has done its work upon the guilty king, we can scarcely help believing that the spirit of Constance hovers over him, and that the echo of the mother's cries is even more insupportable than the "burn'd bosom" and the "parch'd lips," which neither his "kingdom's rivers" nor the "bleak winds" of the north "can comfort with cold." By the magic of the poet, the interval of fourteen years between the death of Arthur and the death of John is annihilated. Causes and consequences, separated in the proper history by long digressions and tedious episodes, are brought together. The death of Arthur and the events which marked the last days of John were separated in their cause and effect by time only, over which the poet leaps. In the chroniclers we have manifold changes of fortune in the life of John after Arthur of Brittany has fallen. In Shakspeare, Arthur of Brittany is at once revenged.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 7.

PRINCE HENRY, *son to King John; afterwards*
King Henry III.
Appears, Act V. sc. 7.

ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, son of Geoffrey,*
late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of
King John.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.

WILLIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of Pembroke.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of Essex, chief*
justiciary of England.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of Salisbury.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.

ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of Norfolk.*
Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.

HUBERT DE BURGH, *chamberlain to the King.*
Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1;
sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 6.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *son of Sir Robert*
Faulconbridge.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *half-brother to Ro-*
bert Faulconbridge, bastard son to King
Richard I.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2;
sc. 6; sc. 7.

JAMES GURNEY, *servant to Lady Faulcon-*
bridge.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

PETER OF POMFRET, a Prophet.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

PHILIP, *King of France.*
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's legate.*
Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

MELUN, *a French lord.*
Appears, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

CHATILLON, *ambassador from France to*
King John.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1.

ELINOR, *the widow of King Henry II., and*
mother of King John.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 3.

CONSTANCE, *mother to Arthur.*
Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.

BLANCH, *daughter to Alphonso, King of*
Castile, and niece to King John.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, *mother to the Bastard*
and Robert Faulconbridge.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff,
Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and
other attendants.

SCENE,—SOMETIMES IN ENGLAND; SOMETIMES IN FRANCE.

In the original edition we have no 'Names of the Actors.'



ACT I.

SCENE I.—Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and others,
with CHATILLON.

KING JOHN. Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

CHAT. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

In my behaviour^a, to the majesty,

The borrow'd majesty of England here.

ELI. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. JOHN. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

^a *Behaviour.* Haviour, behaviour, is the manner of *having*, the conduct.

CHAT. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
 Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
 Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
 To this fair island, and the territories ;
 To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine :
 Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
 Which sways usurpingly these several titles ;
 And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
 Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. JOHN. What follows if we disallow of this ?

CHAT. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
 To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. JOHN. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
 Controlment for controlment : so answer France.

CHAT. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
 The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. JOHN. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace ;
 Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France ;
 For ere thou canst report I will be there,
 The thunder of my cannon shall be heard¹ :
 So hence ! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
 And sullen presage of your own decay.
 An honourable conduct let him have :—
 Pembroke, look to't : Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.]

ELI. What now, my son ? have I not ever said,
 How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
 Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
 Upon the right and party of her son ?
 This might have been prevented, and made whole,
 With very easy arguments of love ;
 Which now the manage^a of two kingdoms must
 With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. JOHN. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

ELI. Your strong possession much more than your right ;
 Or else it must go wrong with you and me :
 So much my conscience whispers in your ear ;
 Which none but Heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers ESSEX.

ESSEX. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,

^a *Manage* has, in Shakspeare, the same meaning as management and managery,—which, applied to a state, is equivalent to government. Prospero says of Antonio:—

“ He whom, next thyself,
 Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
 The *manage* of my state.”

Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard : Shall I produce the men ?

K. JOHN. Let them approach.

Our abbeyes, and our priories, shall pay

[*Exit Sheriff.*]

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP, his bastard Brother.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you ?

BAST. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire ; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge ;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field².

K. JOHN. What art thou ?

ROB. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. JOHN. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir ?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

BAST. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known : and, as I think, one father :
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother,
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

ELI. Out on thee, rude man ! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour, with this diffidence.

BAST. I, madam ? no, I have no reason for it ;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine ;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a-year :
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land !

K. JOHN. A good blunt fellow :—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance ?

BAST. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy :
But wher^a I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head ;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me !)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him ;—
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

^a *Wher*. This in the original is *where* ; it is sometimes *wher*. The word, however spelt, has the meaning of whether, but does not appear to have been written as a contraction either by Shakspeare or his contemporaries.

K. JOHN. Why, what a madcap hath Heaven lent us here!

ELI. He hath a trick^a of Cœur-de-lion's face;

The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

Do you not read some tokens of my son

In the large composition of this man?

K. JOHN. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,

And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,

What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

BAST. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;

With that half-face^b would he have all my land:

A half-fac'd groat³ five hundred pound a-year!

ROB. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,

Your brother did employ my father much:—

BAST. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:

Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

ROB. And once despatch'd him in an embassy

To Germany, there, with the emperor,

To treat of high affairs touching that time:

Th' advantage of his absence took the king,

And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;

Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:

But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores

Between my father and my mother lay,—

As I have heard my father speak himself,—

When this same lusty gentleman was got.

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd

His lands to me; and took it, on his death,

That this, my mother's son, was none of his;

And, if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.

Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,

My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. JOHN. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;

Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:

And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;

Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands

^a *Trick*, here and elsewhere in Shakspeare, means peculiarity. Gloster remembers the "*trick*" of Lear's voice;—Helen, thinking of Bertram, speaks

"Of every line and *trick* of his sweet favour;"—

Falstaff notes the "villainous *trick*" of the prince's eye. In all these cases *trick* seems to imply habitual manner. Wordsworth has the Shakspearean use of "*trick*" in 'The Excursion' (book i.):—

"Her infant babe

Had from its mother caught the trick of grief,

And sigh'd among its playthings."

^b *That half-face* is a correction by Theobald, which appears just, the first folio giving "half that face." For an explanation of *half-face*, see Illustrations.

That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
 Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
 Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
 In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
 This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
 In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
 My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
 Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes:
 My mother's son did get your father's heir;
 Your father's heir must have your father's land.

ROB. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
 To dispossess that child which is not his?

BAST. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
 Than was his will to get me, as I think.

ELL. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
 And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
 Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
 Lord of thy presence^a, and no land beside?

BAST. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
 And I had his, sir Robert his^b, like him;
 And if my legs were two such riding-rods;
 My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
 That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
 Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes^c;
 And, to his shape^c, were heir to all this land,
 'Would I might never stir from off this place,
 I would give it every foot to have this face;
 It would not be sir Nob^d in any case.

ELL. I like thee well: Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
 Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
 I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

BAST. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:

^a *Presence* may here mean "priority of place," *préséance*. As the son of Cœur-de-lion, Faulconbridge would take rank without his land. Warburton judged it meant "master of thyself." If this interpretation be correct, the passage may have suggested the lines in Sir Henry Wotton's song on a 'Happy Life,'—

"Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And, having nothing, yet hath all."

We are inclined to receive it in the sense of the man's whole carriage and appearance—"a goodly presence."

^b *Sir Robert his*. This is the old form of the genitive, such as all who have looked into a legal instrument know. Faulconbridge says, "If I had his shape—sir Robert's shape—as he has."

^c *To his shape—in addition to his shape*.

^d We have given the text of the folio—"It would not be sir Nob,"—not "I would not be." "This face," he says, "would not be sir Nob." *Nob* is now, and was in Shakspeare's time, a cant word for the head.

Your face hath got five hundred pound a-year ;
 Yet sell your face for five pence, and 't is dear.
 Madam, I 'll follow you unto the death.

ELI. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

BAST. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. JOHN. What is thy name ?

BAST. Philip, my liege ; so is my name begun ;

Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. JOHN. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest :

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great ;

Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet⁵.

BAST. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand ;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land :

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,

When I was got, sir Robert was away.

ELI. The very spirit of Plantagenet !

I am thy grandame, Richard ; call me so.

BAST. Madam, by chance, but not by truth ; What though ?

Something about, a little from the right,

In at the window^a, or else o'er the hatch ;

Who dares not stir by day must walk by night ;

And have is have, however men do catch ;

Near or far off, well won is still well shot ;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. JOHN. Go, Faulconbridge ; now hast thou thy desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—

Come, madam, and come, Richard ; we must speed

For France, for France ; for it is more than need.

BAST. Brother, adieu ; Good fortune come to thee !

For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honour better than I was ;

But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.

Good den^b sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow ;

And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter :

For new-made honour doth forget men's names ;

'T is too respective, and too sociable,

For your conversion^c. Now your traveller,

^a *In at the window*, &c. These were proverbial expressions, which, by analogy with irregular modes of entering a house, had reference to cases such as that of Faulconbridge's, which he gently terms "a little from the right."

^b *Good den*—good evening—*good e'en*.

^c *Conversion*. This is the reading of the folio, but was altered, by Pope, to *conversing*. The Bastard, whose "new-made honour" is a conversion,—a change of condition,—would say that to remember men's names (opposed, by implication, to *forget*) is too respective (punctilious, discriminating) and too sociable for one of his newly-attained rank.

He and his toothpick^c at my worship's mess,
 And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
 My picked man of countries^a:—My dear sir,
 (Thus leaning on my elbow, I begin.)
 I shall beseech you—That is question now;
 And then comes answer like an Absey^b book:
 O, sir, says answer, at your best command;
 At your employment; at your service, sir:
 No, sir, says question, I, sweet sir, at yours:
 And so, ere answer knows what question would,
 Saving in dialogue of compliment;
 And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po,
 It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit like myself:
 For he is but a bastard to the time,
 That doth not smack^c of observation;
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no;)
 And not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet to avoid deceit I mean to learn;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
 But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?

What brings you here to court so hastily?

LADY F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

BAST. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the giant⁷, that same mighty man?

Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?

^a *Picked man of countries.* "The travelled fool," "the pert, conceited, talking spark," of the modern fable, is the old "picked man of countries." "To pick" is the same as "to trim." Steevens says it is a metaphor derived from the action of birds in picking their feathers. "He is too *picked*, too spruce, too affected," occurs in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Act V.

^b *Absey-book*, the common name for the first or A, B, C, book. The Catechism was generally included in these books; and thus the reference in the text to "question" and "answer."

^c *Smack.* The original has *smoke*.

LADY F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,

Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?

He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

BAST. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

GUR. Good leave, good Philip.

BAST. Philip?—sparrow^a!—James,

There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[Exit GURN.]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:

Sir Robert could do well; Marry—to confess—

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;

We know his handiwork:—Therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholden for these limbs?

Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

LADY F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

BAST. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like^b;

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;

I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone:

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;

Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

LADY F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

BAST. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

LADY F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd

To make room for him in my husband's bed.

Heaven! lay not my transgression to my charge^c,

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,

Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

^a *Philip?—sparrow!* The sparrow was called Philip,—perhaps from his note, out of which Catullus, in his elegy on Lesbia's sparrow, formed a verb, *pipilabat*. When Gurney calls the bastard "good Philip," the new "Sir Richard" tosses off the name with contempt—"sparrow!" He then puts aside James, with "anon I'll tell thee more."

^b *Basilisco-like.* Basilisco is a character in a play of Shakspeare's time, 'Soliman and Perseda,' from which Tyrwhitt quotes a passage which may have suggested the words of the Bastard. The oaths of Basilisco became proverbial. Basilisco is mentioned by Nash, in 1596.

^c *Heaven, &c.* We have restored the reading of the old copy, which appears to us more in Shakspeare's manner than the customary text—

"Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge.

Thou art the issue of my dear offence," &c.

Lady Faulconbridge is not invoking Heaven to pardon her transgression; but she says to her son, —for Heaven's sake, lay not (thou) my transgression to my charge that art the issue of it. The reply of Faulconbridge immediately deprecates any intention of upbraiding his mother.

BAST. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours : your fault was not your folly ;
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless^a lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand^s.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father !
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin ;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin :
Who says it was, he lies ; I say, 't was not.

[*Exeunt.*

^a *Awless*—the opposite of awful ; not inspiring awe.





[Angiers.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—France. *Before the Walls of Angiers.*

Enter on one side, the ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA, and Forces; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.

LEW. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.
 Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave:
 And, for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance^a hither is he come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John;
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

ARTH. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
 The rather, that you give his offspring life,

^a Importance, importunity.

Shadowing their right under your wings of war :

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,

But with a heart full of unstained love :

Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

LEW. A noble boy ! who would not do thee right ?

AUST. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,

As seal to this indenture of my love ;

That to my home I will no more return,

Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,

Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,

And coops from other lands her islanders,

Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,

That water-walled bulwark, still secure

And confident from foreign purposes,

Even till that utmost corner of the west

Salute thee for her king : till then, fair boy,

Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

CONST. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength

To make a more requital to your love.

AUST. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. PHI. Well, then, to work ; our cannon shall be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

To cull the plots of best advantages :

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

CONST. Stay for an answer to your embassy,

Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood :

My lord Chatillon may from England bring

That right in peace, which here we urge in war ;

And then we shall repent each drop of blood

That hot-rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. PHI. A wonder, lady !—lo, upon thy wish,

Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,

We coldly pause for thee ; Chatillon, speak.

CHAT. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,

And stir them up against a mightier task.

England, impatient of your just demands,

Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
 Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
 To land his legions all as soon as I:
 His marches are expedient^a to this town,
 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
 With him along is come the mother-queen,
 An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
 With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
 With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd:
 And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
 Than now the English bottoms⁹ have waft o'er,
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scath in Christendom.
 The interruption of their churlish drums
 Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand
 To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

[Drums beat.]

K. PHIL. How much unlook'd-for is this expedition!

AUST. By how much unexpected, by so much
 We must awake endeavour for defence;
 For courage mounteth with occasion:
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard, PEMBROKE, and Forces.

K. JOHN. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
 Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
 If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
 Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
 Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. PHIL. Peace be to England; if that war return
 From France to England, there to live in peace!
 England we love; and, for that England's sake,
 With burthen of our armour here we sweat:
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
 But thou from loving England art so far,
 That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,

^a *Expedient*. The word properly means "that disengages itself from all entanglements." To set at liberty the *foot* which was held fast is *exped-ire*.

Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
 Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;—
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
 This little abstract doth contain that large,
 Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
 Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
 That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
 And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,
 And this is Geoffrey's^a, in the name of God.
 How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. JOHN. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
 To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. PHI. From that supernal judge that stirs good thoughts
 In any breast of strong authority,
 To look into the blots and stains of right.
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
 Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
 And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. JOHN. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. PHI. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

ELI. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

CONST. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

ELI. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;
 That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

CONST. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
 As thine was to thy husband: and this boy
 Likier in feature to his father Geoffrey,
 Than thou and John, in manners being as like
 As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
 My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
 His father never was so true begot;
 It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

ELI. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

CONST. There's a good grandame, boy, that would blot thee.

AUST. Peace!

BAST. Hear the crier.

AUST. What the devil art thou?

^a *And this is Geoffrey's.* We have restored the punctuation of the original,—
 "And this is Geoffrey's, in the name of God."

Perhaps we should read, according to Monck Mason, "And *his* is Geoffrey's." In either case, it appears to us that King Philip makes a solemn asseveration that this (Arthur) is Geoffrey's son and successor, or that "Geoffrey's right" is his (Arthur's) in the name of God; asserting the principle of legitimacy, by divine ordinance.

BAST. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I 'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

BLANCH. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

BAST. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes¹⁰ upon an ass:—
But, ass, I 'll take that burthen from your back;
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

AUST. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. PH. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight^a.

LEW. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. JOHN. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I 'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

ELI. Come to thy grandame, child.

CONST. Do, child, go to it' grandame, child;
Give grandame kingdom, and it' grandame will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There 's a good grandame.

ARTH. Good my mother, peace!

I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.

ELI. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

CONST. Now shame upon you, wher she does, or no!
His grandame's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

ELI. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

CONST. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp

^a In the original this line is given to Austria, and then reads, "King,—Lewis, &c.,—appealing to Philip and the Dauphin. We agree with Mr. Collier that *King* is the prefix of the line.

The dominations, royalties, and rights
 Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's son,
 Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
 Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
 The canon of the law is laid on him,
 Being but the second generation
 Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. JOHN. Bedlam have done.

CONST. I have but this to say,—

That he 's not only plagued for her sin,
 But God hath made her sin and her the plague
 On this removed issue, plagued for her,
 And with her plague, her sin; his injury
 Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;
 All punish'd in the person of this child,
 And all for her; A plague upon her!

ELI. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

A will, that bars the title of thy son.

CONST. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;

A woman's will; a canker'd grandame's will!

K. PHI. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:

It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim^a

To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,

Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the Walls.

CIT. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. PHI. 'T is France for England.

K. JOHN. England for itself:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects!

K. PHI. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle—

K. JOHN. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here

Before the eye and prospect of your town,

Have hither march'd to your endamagement:

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;

And ready mounted are they, to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:

All preparation for a bloody siege

^a *To cry aim.* See 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Illustration 19.

And merciless proceeding, by these French,
 Confronts^a your city's eyes, your winking gates;
 And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
 That as a waist do girdle you about,
 By the compulsion of their ordnance,
 By this time from their fixed beds of lime
 Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
 For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
 But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,
 Who painfully, with much expedient march,
 Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
 To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
 Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parole:
 And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,
 They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
 To make a faithless error in your ears:
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
 And let us in, your king^b; whose labour'd spirits,
 Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
 Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. PHIL. When I have said, make answer to us both.
 Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
 Son to the elder brother of this man,
 And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread
 In warlike march these greens before your town;
 Being no further enemy to you,
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
 In the relief of this oppressed child,
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
 To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
 To him that owes^c it,—namely, this young prince:
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
 Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven;
 And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,

^a *Confronts your city's eyes.* The original edition has *comfort your city's eyes*. The later editions read *confront*, after Rowe. *Preparation* is here the nominative, and therefore we use *confronts*.

^b *Your king*, &c. In the old reading, "your king" is the nominative to "craves." If that reading be retained, "forwearied" must be used, not as a participle, but as a verb neuter.

^c *Owes—owns.*

With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again,
 Which here we came to spout against your town,
 And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'T is not the rounder^a of your old-fac'd walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war,
 Though all these English, and their discipline,
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
 Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
 And stalk in blood to our possession?

CIT. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
 For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. JOHN. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

CIT. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
 To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
 Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. JOHN. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
 And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
 Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

BAST. Bastards, and else.

K. JOHN. To verify our title with their lives.

K. PHI. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

BAST. Some bastards too.

K. PHI. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

CIT. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
 We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. JOHN. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
 That to their everlasting residence,
 Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
 In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. PHI. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

BAST. St. George¹¹, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
 Sits on his horseback^b at mine hostess' door,
 Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
 At your den, sirrah, [*to AUSTRIA*] with your lioness,
 I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
 And make a monster of you.

^a *Rounder*. This is the English of the original. Some modern editions have turned the word into *roundure*, which is neither French nor English.

^b *Sits on his horseback*. Shakspeare might have found an example for the expression in North's 'Plutarch,'—one of his favourite books: "He commanded his captains to set out their bands to the field, and he himself took his horseback."

AUST. Peace; no more.
 BAST. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.
 K. JOHN. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,
 In best appointment, all our regiments.
 BAST. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.
 K. PHIL. It shall be so;—[to LEWIS] and at the other hill
 Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald, with
 Trumpets, to the Gates.*

F. HER. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
 And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
 Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
 Much work for tears in many an English mother,
 Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground;
 Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
 Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
 And victory, with little loss, doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the French;
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
 Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours!

Enter an English Herald with Trumpets.

E. HER. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
 King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
 Commander of this hot malicious day!
 Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
 There stuck no plume in any English crest
 That is removed by a staff of France;
 Our colours do return in those same hands
 That did display them when we first march'd forth;
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen¹², come
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.
 HUBERT^a. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
 From first to last, the onset and retire

^a *Hubert*. Without any assigned reason the name of this speaker has been altered by the modern editors to *Citizen*. The folio distinctly gives this, and all the subsequent speeches of the same person, to the end of the act, to *Hubert*.

Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, KING JOHN, with his Power, ELINOR, BLANCH, and the Bastard;
at the other, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.*

K. JOHN. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right roam on^a,
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean?

K. PHI. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

BAST. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing^b the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal-potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. JOHN. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. PHI. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

HUBERT. The king of England, when we know the king.

^a *Roam on.* The editor of the second folio substituted *run*, which reading has been continued. Neither the poetry nor the sense appear to have gained by the fancied improvement.

^b *Mousing.* This figurative and characteristic expression in the original was rendered by Pope into the prosaic *mouthng*, which has ever since usurped its place. We restore the reading.

K. PHIL. Know him in us, that here hold up his right

K. JOHN. In us, that are our own great deputy,

And bear possession of our person here ;

Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

HUBERT. A greater power than we denies all this ;

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,

Kings, of our fear^a ; until our fears, resolv'd,

Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

BAST. By heaven, these scroyles^b of Angiers flout you, kings ;

And stand securely on their battlements,

As in a theatre, whence they gape and point

At your industrious scenes and acts of death.

Your royal presences be rul'd by me ;

Do like the mutines of Jerusalem¹³,

Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend

Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town :

By east and west let France and England mount

Their battering cannon charged to the mouths ;

Till their soul-fearing^c clamours have brawl'd down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city :

I'd play incessantly upon these jades,

Even till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.

That done, dissever your united strengths,

And part your mingled colours once again ;

Turn face to face, and bloody point to point :

Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth

Out of one side her happy minion ;

To whom in favour she shall give the day,

^a *Kings, of our fear.* Warburton and Johnson, disregarding the original, say, "Kings are our fears." Malone adopts Tyrwhitt's conjecture—"King'd of our fears ;"—and so the passage runs in the variorum editions. We retain the original. The two kings peremptorily demand the citizens of Angiers to acknowledge the respective rights of each,—England for himself, France for Arthur. The citizens reply, *on account of* our fear, or *through* our fear, or *by* our fear, we hold our former scruple, kings,

"until our fears, resolv'd,

Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd."

^b *Scroyles* ; from *Les Escrouelles*, the king's evil.

^c *Soul-fearing.* To *fear* is often used by the old writers in the sense of to *make afraid*. Shakspeare has several examples: Antony says,

"Thou canst not *fear* us, Pompey with thy sails."

But this active sense of the verb *fear* is not its exclusive meaning in Shakspeare ; and in 'The Taming of the Shrew' he exhibits its common use as well in the neuter as in the active acceptation:—

"*Pet.* Now, for my life, Hortensio *fears* his widow.

"*Wid.* Then never trust me if I be *afeard*."

"*Pet.* You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:

I meant Hortensio is *afeard* of you."

And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. JOHN. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well;—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

BAST. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls:
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other: and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. PHI. Let it be so;—Say, where will you assault?

K. JOHN. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

AUST. I from the north.

K. PHI. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

BAST. O prudent discipline! From north to south;
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!

[*Aside.*]

HUBERT. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. JOHN. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

HUBERT. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
Is near to England; Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete;
If not complete of^a, say, he is not she;

^a *Complete of.* So the original. Hammer changed this reading to,
"If not complete, O say, he is not she,"
which is to substitute the language of the eighteenth century for that of the sixteenth.

And she again wants nothing, to name want,
 If want it be not, that she is not he:
 He is the half part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such a^a she;
 And she a fair divided excellence,
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
 O, two such silver currents, when they join,
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
 And two such shores to two such streams made one,
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
 To these two princes, if you marry them.
 This union shall do more than battery can,
 To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
 With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance; but, without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
 More free from motion, no, not death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city.

BAST. Here's a stay^b,
 That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
 Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
 He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
 Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his,
 But buffets better than a fist of France:
 Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
 Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

ELL. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.

^a A. The original reads *as he*—evidently a misprint.

^b *Here's a stay*. This little word has produced large criticism. Johnson would read *flaw*; another emendator, Beckett, would give us *say*. Malone and Steevens have two pages to prove, what requires no proof, that *stay* means *interruption*.

I see a yielding in the looks of France;
 Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls
 Are capable of this ambition;
 Lest zeal, now melted^a, by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

HUBERT. Why answer not the double majesties
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. PHI. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
 To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. JOHN. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
 Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
 For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
 And all that we upon this side the sea
 (Except this city now by us besieg'd)
 Find liable to our crown and dignity,
 Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
 In titles, honours, and promotions,
 As she in beauty, education, blood,
 Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. PHI. What sayst thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

LEW. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
 Which being but the shadow of your son,
 Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
 I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
 Till now infixed I beheld myself,
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with* BLANCH.

BAST. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
 And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy
 Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
 That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
 In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

BLANCH. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine.
 If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
 That anything he sees, which moves his liking,

^a *Zeal, now melted.* The "zeal" of the King of France and of Lewis is "now melted"—whether that melting represent metal in a state of fusion, or dissolving ice: it has lost its compactness, its cohesion; but

"the windy breath

Of soft petitions,"—

the pleading of Constance and Arthur,—the pity and remorse of Philip for their lot,—may "cool and congeal" it "again to what it was;"—may make it again solid and entire.

I can with ease translate it to my will ;
 Or, if you will, to speak more properly,
 I will enforce it easily to my love.
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
 That all I see in you is worthy love,
 Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
 Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
 That I can find should merit any hate.

K. JOHN. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

BLANCH. That she is bound in honour still to do

What you in wisdom still^a vouchsafe to say.

K. JOHN. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

LEW. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;

For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. JOHN. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
 Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
 With her to thee; and this addition more,
 Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
 Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
 Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. PHI. It likes us well. Young princes, close your hands.

AUST. And your lips too; for I am well assur'd

That I did so, when I was first assur'd^b.

K. PHI. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
 Let in that amity which you have made;
 For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,
 The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.
 Is not the lady Constance in this troop?
 I know she is not; for this match, made up,
 Her presence would have interrupted much:
 Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

LEW. She is sad and passionate^c at your highness' tent¹⁴.

K. PHI. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
 Will give her sadness very little cure.
 Brother of England, how may we content
 This widow lady? In her right we came;
 Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
 To our own vantage.

K. JOHN. We will heal up all,
 For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
 And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town

^a *Still vouchsafe to say.* This is the reading of the original. In modern editions we have *shall* instead of *still*, which reading is certainly not called for.

^b *First assur'd*—affianced.

^c *Passionate*—given up to grief.

We^a make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance ;
 Some speedy messenger bid her repair
 To our solemnity :—I trust we shall,
 If not fill up the measure of her will,
 Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
 That we shall stop her exclamation.
 Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
 To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire from the walls.*]

BAST. Mad world ! mad kings ! mad composition !

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
 Hath willingly departed with a part :
 And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
 Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
 As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
 With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil ;
 That broker that still breaks the pate of faith ;
 That daily break-vow ; he that wins of all,
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
 Who having no external thing to lose
 But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that ;
 That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity^b,
 Commodity, the bias of the world^c ;
 The world, who of itself is peised^d well,
 Made to run even, upon even ground ;
 Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent :
 And this same bias, this commodity,
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
 And why rail I on this commodity ?
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :

^a *We*. So the original. Some editions incorrectly read *We'll*.

^b *Commodity*—interest.

^c *Bias of the world*. The allusion to the *bias* in a *bowl* is very happily kept up. The world is of itself well-balanced—fit to run even ; but the bias interest, the sway of motion,

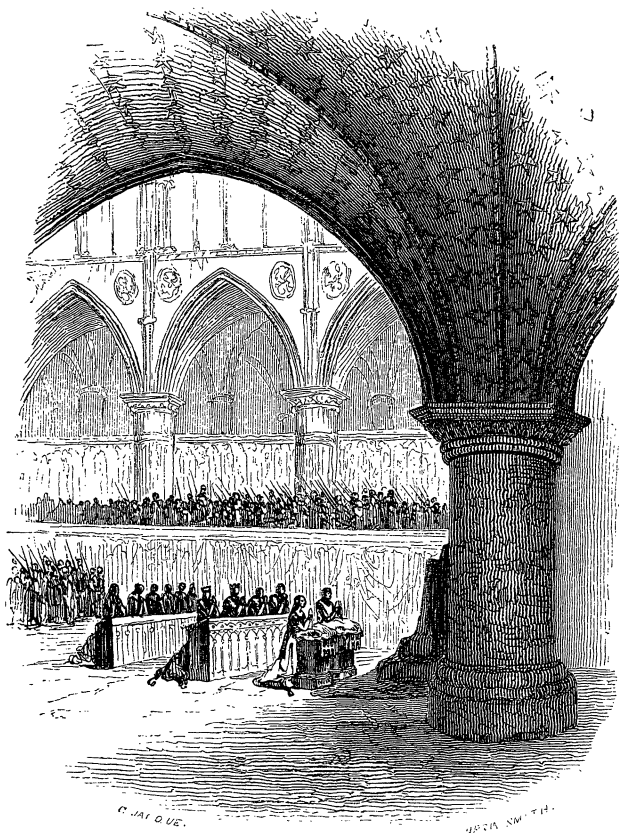
“ Makes it take head from all indifferency.”

In ‘Cupid's Whirligig’ (1607) we have, “O, the world is like a bias bowl, and it runs all on the rich men's sides.

^d *Peised*—poised.

Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm ;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin but to be rich ;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice but beggary :
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord ! for I will worship thee !

[*Exit.*





ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

CONST. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
 False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
 Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
 It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
 It cannot be; thou dost but say, 't is so:
 I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man:
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
 I have a king's oath to the contrary.
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick, and capable of fears;
 Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
 A woman, naturally born to fears;
 And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
 With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,

- But they will quake and tremble all this day^a.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
 Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
- SAL. As true, as, I believe, you think them false
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.
- CONST. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
 And let belief and life encounter so,
 As doth the fury of two desperate men,
 Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
 Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
 France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
 Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight;
 This news hath made thee a most ugly man.
- SAL. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
 But spoke the harm that is by others done?
- CONST. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.
- ARTH. I do beseech you, madam, be content.
- CONST. If thou that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,
 Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
 Full of unpleasing blots and sightless^b stains,
 Lamé, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious^c,
 Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
 I would not care, I then would be content;
 For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
 But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
 Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
 Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,
 And with the half-blown rose: but Fortune, O!
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
 She adulterates hourly with thy uncle John;
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,

^a We adopt Mr. Dyce's punctuation.

^b *Sightless*—the opposite of sightly.

^c *Prodigious*. Preternatural.

And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
 France is a bawd to Fortune, and king John ;
 That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John :—
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?
 Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone
 Am bound to under-bear.

SAL. Pardon me, madam,

I may not go without you to the kings.

CONST. Thou mayst, thou shalt, I will not go with thee :

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud :

For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop^a.

To me, and to the state of my great grief,

Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great

That no supporter but the huge firm earth

Can hold it up : here I and sorrows sit ;

Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*She throws herself on the ground.*]

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA,
 and Attendants.

K. PHI. 'T is true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day

Ever in France shall be kept festival :

To solemnize this day, the glorious sun

Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist ;

Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,

The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold :

The yearly course that brings this day about

Shall never see it but a holiday.

CONST. A wicked day, and not a holyday !—

[*Rising.*]

What hath this day deserv'd ? what hath it done,

That it in golden letters should be set,

Among the high tides, in the kalendar ?

Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week ;

This day of shame, oppression, perjury :

Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child

Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,

Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd :

But on^b this day let seamen fear no wrack ;

^a *Stoop*. An "emendation" by Hanmer,

"For grief is proud, and makes his owner *stout*,"

is forced and absurd. The meaning of the passage appears to us briefly thus: Constance refuses to go with Salisbury to the kings—she will instruct her sorrows to be proud; for grief is proud in spirit, even while it bows down the body of its owner.

^b *But on*—except on.

No bargains break, that are not this day made :
 This day, all things begun come to ill end ;
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

K. PHIL. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

CONST. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
 Resembling majesty ; which, being touch'd, and tried,
 Proves valueless : You are forsworn, forsworn ;
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
 Is cold, in amity and painted peace,
 And our oppression hath made up this league :—
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjurd kings !
 A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day
 Wear out the day^a in peace ; but, ere sunset,
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjurd kings !
 Hear me, O, hear me !

AUST. Lady Constance, peace.

CONST. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war.
 O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil : Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward ;
 Thou little valiant, great in villainy !
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
 Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
 But when her humorous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety ! thou art perjurd too,
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
 Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
 Been sworn my soldier ? Bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
 Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

AUST. O, that a man should speak those words to me !

BAST. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

AUST. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

BAST. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. JOHN. We like not this ; thou dost forget thyself.

^a *Day.* The original has *days*.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. PHI. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

PAND. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—

To thee, king John, my holy errand is.

I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,

And from pope Innocent the legate here,

Do, in his name, religiously demand,

Why thou against the church, our holy mother,

So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop

Of Canterbury, from that holy see?

This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,

Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. JOHN. What earthly^a name to interrogatories

Can task the free breath of a sacred king?

Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name

So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,

To charge me to an answer, as the pope.

Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England

Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest

Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;

But as we under heaven are supreme head,

So, under him, that great supremacy,

Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,

Without the assistance of a mortal hand:

So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,

To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. PHI. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. JOHN. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,

Dreading the curse that money may buy out;

And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,

Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,

Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;

Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,

This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;

Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose

Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

PAND. Then by the lawful power that I have,

Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:

And blessed shall he be that doth revolt

From his allegiance to an heretic;

^a *Earthly*. In the original, *earthly*.

And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
 Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
 That takes away by any secret course
 Thy hateful life.

CONST. O, lawful let it be,
 That I have room with Rome^a to curse a while !
 Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
 To my keen curses : for, without my wrong,
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

PAND. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

CONST. And for mine too ; when law can do no right,
 Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong ;
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;
 For he that holds his kingdom holds the law :
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

PAND. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
 Let go the hand of that arch-heretic ;
 And raise the power of France upon his head,
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

ELL. Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go thy hand.

CONST. Look to that, devil ! lest that France repent,
 And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

AUST. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

BAST. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

AUST. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
 Because——

BAST. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. JOHN. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal ?

CONST. What should he say, but as the cardinal ?

LEW. Bethink you, father ; for the difference
 Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
 Or the light loss of England for a friend :
 Forego the easier.

BLANCH. That's the curse of Rome.

CONST. O Lewis, stand fast ; the devil tempts thee here,
 In likeness of a new untrimmed^b bride.

BLANCH. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
 But from her need.

CONST. O, if thou grant my need,
 Which only lives but by the death of faith,

^a *Room with Rome.* Rome was formerly pronounced *room*,—and Shakspeare indulges in a play upon words, even when the utterer is strongly moved.

^b Mr. Dyce holds that *untrimmed* means *virgin* ; which he supports by an example of *trimm'd* from Fletcher.

That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith would live again by death of need ;
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up ;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. JOHN. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

CONST. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

AUST. Do so, king Philip ; hang no more in doubt.

BAST. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. PHI. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

PAND. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd ?

K. PHI. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit :

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows.

The latest breath that gave the sound of words

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves ;

And even before this truce, but new before,—

No longer than we well could wash our hands,

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd

With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings :

And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,

Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret ?

Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,

As now again to snatch our palm from palm ;

Unswear faith sworn ; and on the marriage-bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity ? O, holy sir,

My reverend father, let it not be so :

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose

Some gentle order ; and then we shall be bless'd

To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

PAND. All form is formless, order orderless,

Save what is opposite to England's love.

Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our church !

Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,

A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A chafed lion^a by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. PHI. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

PAND. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
 And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;
 That is, to be the champion of our church!
 What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,
 And may not be performed by thyself:
 For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
 Is not amiss when it is truly done;
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it:
 The better act of purposes mistook
 Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
 It is religion that doth make vows kept;
 But thou hast sworn against religion
 By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st;
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swears only^b not to be forsworn;
 Else, what a mockery should it be to swear!
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
 Therefore, thy later vows, against thy first,
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:

^a *A chafed lion.* The original reads, "*a cased lion,*" which is supposed to mean a lion in a cage. The image is, strictly taken, weakened, if not destroyed, by this epithet; for the paw of a confined lion is often held with impunity. Some would read "chafed." We were, in former editions, led to read *chased*, upon the principle that the very pardonable insertion of an *h* presents us a noble picture of a hunted lion at bay. But in 'Henry VIII.' Shakspeare has "*the chafed lion.*"

^b *Swears only.* The entire speech of Pandulph is full of verbal subtleties, which render the intricate reasoning more intricate. The poet unquestionably meant to produce this effect. We have restored the reading of one of the most difficult passages:—

"The truth thou art unsure

"To swear, *swears* only not to be forsworn."

All the modern editions read *swear*. The meaning seems to be this:—The truth—that is, the *troth*, for which you have made an oath the surety, against thy former oath to heaven—this troth, which it was unsure to swear—which you violate your surety in swearing—has only been sworn—swears only—not to be forsworn; but it is sworn against a former oath, which is more binding, because it was an oath to religion—to the principle upon which all oaths are made.

And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions :
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them : but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

AUST. Rebellion, flat rebellion !

BAST. Will 't not be ?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?

LEW. Father, to arms !

BLANCH. Upon thy wedding-day ?

Against the blood that thou hast married ?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men ?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures^a to our pomp ?
O husband, hear me !—ah, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth !—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

CONST. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

BLANCH. Now shall I see thy love. What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife ?

CONST. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour : O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour !

LEW. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

PAND. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. PHI. Thou shalt not need :—England, I will fall from thee.

CONST. O fair return of banish'd majesty !

ELI. O foul revolt of French inconstancy !

K. JOHN. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

BAST. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton, Time,
Is it as he will ? well then, France shall rue.

BLANCH. The sun 's o'ercast with blood : Fair day adieu !

Which is the side that I must go withal ?

I am with both : each army hath a hand ;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

^a Measures—solemn dances.

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
 Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win ;
 Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose ;
 Father, I may not wish the fortune thine ;
 Grandame, I will not wish thy wishes thrive :
 Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose ;
 Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

LEW. Lady, with me ; with me thy fortune lies.

BLANCH. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. JOHN. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

[*Exit* Bastard.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath ;
 A rage whose heat hath this condition,
 That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
 The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. PH. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire :

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. JOHN. No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Plains near Angiers.*

Alarums ; Excursions. Enter the Bastard with AUSTRIA'S Head.

BAST. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot ;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky,

And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there ;

While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. JOHN. Hubert, keep this boy :—Philip, make up :

My mother is assailed in our tent,

And ta'en, I fear.

BAST. My lord, I rescued her ;

Her highness is in safety, fear you not :

But on, my liege ; for very little pains

Will bring this labour to a happy end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Alarums ; Excursions ; Retreat. Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and Lords.

K. JOHN. So shall it be ; your grace shall stay behind,

[*To ELINOR.*]

So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad :
 Thy grandame loves thee ; and thy uncle will
 As dear be to thee as thy father was.

[To ARTHUR.]

ARTH. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. JOHN. Cousin [*to the Bastard*], away for England ; haste before :
 And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
 Of hoarding abbots ; imprisoned angels
 Set thou^a at liberty : the fat ribs of peace
 Must by the hungry now be fed upon :
 Use our commission in his utmost force.

BAST. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back¹⁵,
 When gold and silver beckons me to come on.
 I leave your highness :—Grandame, I will pray
 (If ever I remember to be holy)
 For your fair safety ; so I kiss your hand.

ELI. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. JOHN. Coz, farewell.

[Exit Bastard.]

ELI. Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word. [She takes ARTHUR aside.]

K. JOHN. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
 We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh
 There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
 And with advantage means to pay thy love :
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
 But I will fit it with some better tune^b.
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

HUB. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. JOHN. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet :
 But thou shalt have : and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say,—but let it go :
 The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
 To give me audience :—If the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound on^c into the drowsy race of night ;

^a *Thou* is not in the original.

^b *Better tune*. The old copy reads *tune*. Pope corrected this to *time*. We are by no means sure that the change was called for. The “tune” with which John expresses his willingness “to fit” the thing he had to say is a bribe;—he now only gives flattery and a promise. “The time” for saying “the thing” is discussed in the subsequent portion of John’s speech.

^c *Sound on*. So the original. But *on* and *one* were often spelt alike; and therefore the passage

If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick^a,
 (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes;) Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
 But ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

HUB. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heaven, I would do it.

K. JOHN. Do not I know thou wouldst?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way;
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread
 He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
 Thou art his keeper.

HUB. And I'll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. JOHN. Death.

HUB. My lord?

K. JOHN. A grave.

HUB. He shall not live.

K. JOHN. Enough.

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee.

must be determined by other principles than that of fidelity to the text. Which is the more poetical,

"Sound *on* into the drowsy race of night,"
 or "sound *one*?" "The midnight bell" sounding "on, into" (or unto, for the words were used convertibly) the drowsy march, race, of night, seems to us far more poetical than precisely determining the hour, which was already determined by the word "midnight." It must, however, be noticed, that when Bernardo describes the appearance of the Ghost, in 'Hamlet,' he marks the time by "the bell then beating *one*."

^a *Heavy-thick*. The late eminent scholar, Mr. Sydney Walker, who has left a mass of notes upon Shakspeare which we should earnestly desire to see published, holds that our poet has a much more frequent use of compound epithets than the ordinary text would exhibit. This appears to us one of the many examples.

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :
Remember.—Madam, fare you well :
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

ELL. My blessing go with thee !

K. JOHN. For England, cousin, go :

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. PHI. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,

A whole armado of convicted^a sail

Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

PAND. Courage and comfort ! all shall yet go well.

K. PHI. What can go well, when we have run so ill ?

Are we not beaten ? Is not Angiers lost ?

Arthur ta'en prisoner ? divers dear friends slain ?

And bloody England into England gone,

O'erbearing interruption, spite of France ?

LEW. What he hath won that hath he fortified :

So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,

Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,

Doth want example : Who hath read, or heard,

Of any kindred action like to this ?

K. PHI. Well could I bear that England had this praise,

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul ;

Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile prison of afflicted breath :—

I prithee, lady, go away with me.

CONST. Lo, now ! now see the issue of your peace !

K. PHI. Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle Constance !

CONST. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,

But that which ends all counsel, true redress.

^a *Convicted*—overpowered. Mr. Dyce suggests *convected*, from *convectus*.

Death, death, O amiable lovely death !
 Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
 And I will kiss thy detestable bones ;
 And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows ;
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms ;
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
 And be a carrion monster like thyself :
 Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smil'st,
 And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,
 O, come to me !

K. PHIL. O fair affliction, peace !

CONST. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :—
 O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !
 Then with a passion would I shake the world ;
 And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
 Which scorns a modern^a invocation.

PAND. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

CONST. Thou art not^b holy to belie me so ;
 I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;
 My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey's wife ;
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :
 I am not mad ;—I would to heaven I were !
 For then, 't is like I should forget myself :
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself :
 If I were mad, I should forget my son ;
 Or madly think a babe of clouts were he :
 I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel
 The different plague of each calamity.

^a *Modern*. We give the reading of the original. Thus, in 'As You Like It,'—

"Full of wise saws and *modern* instances."

In 'Romeo and Juliet' we have "*modern* lamentation." *Modern* is trite, common. But the sentence is weak, and a slight change would make it powerful. We may read "*a mother's* invocation" with little violence to the text: *moder's* (the old spelling) might have been easily mistaken for *modern*. We believe that it was so written; but upon re-consideration, we do not continue to alter the original.

^b *Not* is wanting in the original.

K. PHI. Bind up those tresses : O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs !
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends^a
Do glue themselves in sociable grief ;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

CONST. To England, if you will.

K. PHI. Bind up your hairs.

CONST. Yes, that I will ; And wherefore will I do it ?
I tore them from their bonds ; and cried aloud,
O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty !
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :
If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;
And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him : therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

PAND. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

CONST. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. PHI. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

CONST. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Tearing off her head-dress.

^a *Friends.* In the original, *fiends*.

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

[*Exit.*

K. PHIL. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exit.*

LEW. There's nothing in this world can make me joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste^a,

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

PAND. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,

On their departure most of all show evil:

What have you lost by losing of this day?

LEW. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

PAND. If you had won it, certainly, you had.

No, no: when fortune means to men most good,

She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

'T is strange to think how much king John hath lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won:

Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

LEW. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

PAND. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;

For even the breath of what I mean to speak

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,

Out of the path which shall directly lead

Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.

John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,

That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,

The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,

One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:

A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,

Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:

And he that stands upon a slippery place

Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:

That John may stand then Arthur needs must fall;

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

LEW. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

PAND. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

^a *Sweet world's taste.* Pope made this correction from the "*sweet word's taste*" of the original.

LEW. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

PAND. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you:

For he that steeps his safety in true blood

Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts

Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,

That none so small advantage shall step forth

To check his reign, but they will cherish it;

No natural exhalation in the sky,

No scope of nature^a, no distemper'd day,

No common wind, no custom'd event,

But they will pluck away his natural cause,

And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,

Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

LEW. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

PAND. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,

Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him,

And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;

And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,

Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;

And, O, what better matter breeds for you,

Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge

Is now in England, ransacking the church,

Offending charity: If but a dozen French

Were there in arms, they would be as a call^b

To train ten thousand English to their side;

Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,

Anon becomes a mountain. O noble dauphin,

Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful

What may be wrought out of their discontent,

Now that their souls are topfull of offence.

For England go; I will whet on the king.

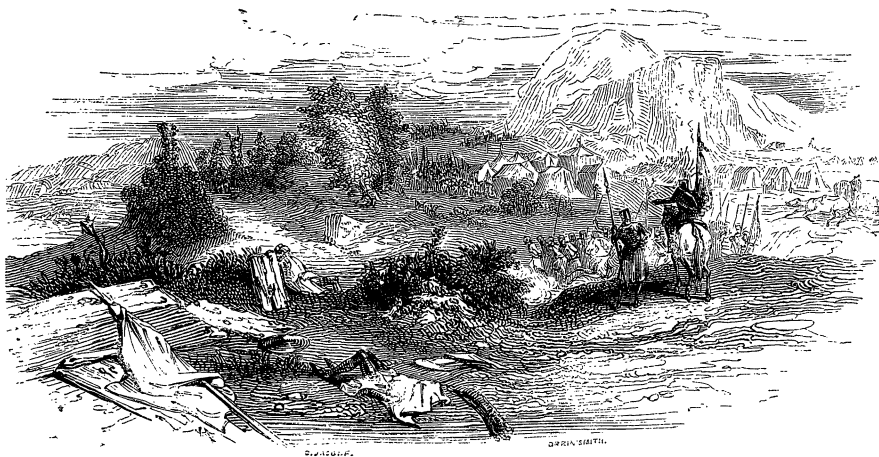
^a *No scope of nature*,—the ordinary course of nature—appears to us to convey the poet's meaning better than a common reading, "*scape*." An escape of nature is a prodigy;—Shakspeare says, the commonest things will be called "abortives." A *scope* is what is seen—according to its derivation.

^b *A call*. The caged birds which lure the wild ones to the net are termed by fowlers "*call-birds*." The image in the text is more probably derived from a term of falconry.

LEW. Strong reasons make strange^a actions: Let us go;
If you say ay, the king will not say no.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *Strange*. So the reading of the first folio. It has been generally altered into *strong*. The old reading restored gives us a deep observation instead of an epigrammatic one. Strong reasons make—that is, justify—a large deviation from common courses.





ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Northampton. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT and Two Attendants.

HUB. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
 Within the arras: when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
 Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 ATTEND. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

HUB. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to 't.—
 Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Enter ARTHUR.

ARTH. Good morrow, Hubert.

HUB. Good morrow, little prince.

ARTH. As little prince (having so great a title
 To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

HUB. Indeed, I have been merrier.

ARTH. Mercy on me!

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:

- Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness. By my christendom^a,
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
 I should be as merry as the day is long;
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me:
 He is afraid of me, and I of him:
 Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
 No, indeed is 't not; And I would to heaven
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
- HUB. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
 Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [Aside.]
- ARTH. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
 I warrant I love you more than you do me.
- HUB. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
 Read here, young Arthur, [*Showing a paper.*] How now, foolish rheum!
[Aside.]
- Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
 I must be brief; lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.
 Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
- ARTH. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
- HUB. Young boy, I must.
- ARTH. And will you?
- HUB. And I will.
- ARTH. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
 I knit my hand-kercher about your brows^b,
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
 And I did never ask it you again:
 And with my hand at midnight held your head;
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
 Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?

^a *Christendom*. Arthur prettily asseverates by the baptismal office—by his christening. The word is used in this sense in 'All's Well that Ends Well;' and it is found in Gower:—

"A light, as though it was a sonne
 From heaven, into the place come,
 Where that he toke his *christendome*."

^b *Hand-kercher*. The spelling of the original is thus. In 'Othello' we have *handkerchiefs* in the folio of 1623; but *handkercher* in the quarto. The words were used indifferently in Shakspere's day.

Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

HUB. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ARTH. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat^a red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him^b. No tongue but Hubert's—

HUB. Come forth.

[Stamps.

Re-enter Attendants, with Cords, Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

ARTH. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

HUB. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

ARTH. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

HUB. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

^a *Heat*, used as a participle, as in our translation of the Bible: "He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be *heat*."—(DANIEL.)

^b *I would not have believ'd him*. So the reading of the original. As we have pointed the passage, Arthur begins a fresh sentence, which is interrupted by Hubert stamping. He is about to say, "No tongue but Hubert's" would have made me believe it.

1 ATTEND. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

ARTH. Alas ! I then have chid away my friend ;

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

HUB. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ARTH. Is there no remedy ?

HUB. None, but to lose your eyes.

ARTH. O heaven !—that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense !

Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUB. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue.

ARTH. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :

Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes ;

Though to no use, but still to look on you !

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,

And would not harm me.

HUB. I can heat it, boy.

ARTH. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd

In undeserv'd extremes : See else yourself ;

There is no malice in this burning coal^a ;

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

HUB. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTH. And if you do, you will but make it blush,

And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :

Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;

And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,

Snatch at his master that doth tarre^b him on.

All things that you should use to do me wrong

Deny their office : only you do lack

That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,

Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

HUB. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes

^a *In this burning coal.* Dr. Grey, whose remarks are generally just as well as learned, would read

"There is no malice burning in this coal."

^b *Tarre.* Tooke derives this from a Saxon word, meaning to exasperate. Others think that it has only reference to the custom of exciting terriers—*tarriers*.

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :

Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,

With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTH. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while

You were disguised.

HUB. Peace : no more. Adieu ;

Your uncle must not know but you are dead :

I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports,

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,

That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,

Will not offend thee.

ARTH. O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

HUB. Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me.

Much danger do I undergo for thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, crowned ; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords. The King takes his State.

K. JOHN. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

PEM. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous : you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off ;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

SAL. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title^a that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

PEM. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told ;

^a *Guard a title.* The *guard* is the border or edging of a garment—the boundary—the defence against injury. The manner in which Shakspeare uses the word in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' explains it here:—

"Oh, rhymes are *guards* on wanton Cupid's hose."

The edgings were generally ornamented, and became smart trimmings. In the passage before us the same meaning is preserved:—

"To *guard* a title that was *rich* before."

And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

SAL. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

PEM. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

SAL. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. JOHN. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear^a),
I shall indue you with: Meantime, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

PEM. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,)
Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in rest you have^b in right you hold,
Why, then, your fears (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth

^a *When lesser is my fear.* The folio reads, "*then* lesser is my fear."

^b *If what in rest you have.* *Rest* is, we take it, here employed to mean a fixed position. See Illustration 16.

The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods, we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

K. JOHN. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

PEM. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 't is done
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

SAL. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe it needs must break.

PEM. And, when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. JOHN. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

SAL. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

PEM. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. JOHN. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

SAL. It is apparent foul-play; and 't is shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

PEM. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold. Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[Exeunt Lords.]

- K. JOHN. They burn in indignation. I repent.
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

MESS. From France to England.—Never such a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

- K. JOHN. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

MESS. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

- K. JOHN. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

MESS. Under the dauphin.

Enter the Bastard and PETER of Pomfret.

- K. JOHN. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

BAST. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

- K. JOHN. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

BAST. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied ;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams ;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear :
And here 's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels ;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. JOHN. Thóu idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so ?

PETER. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. JOHN. Hubert, away with him ; imprison him ;

And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd :
Deliver him to safety, and return,

For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin, *[Exit HUBERT, with PETER.*
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd ?

BAST. The French, my lord ; men's mouths are full of it :

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. JOHN. Gentle kinsman, go,

And thrust thyself into their companies :

I have a way to win their loves again ;

Bring them before me.

BAST. I will seek them out.

K. JOHN. Nay, but make haste : the better foot before.

O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion !
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels ;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

BAST. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. *[Exit.*

K. JOHN. Spoke like a spritful noble gentleman.

Go after him ; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers ;
And be thou he.

MESS. With all my heart, my liege. *[Exit.*

K. JOHN. My mother dead !

Re-enter HUBERT.

HUB. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion."

K. JOHN. Five moons?

HUB. Old men, and beldams, in the streets

Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet^a,)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. JOHN. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

HUB. None had^b, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. JOHN. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

HUB. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. JOHN. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds

* *Contrary feet.* The fashion of Shakspeare's time is now well understood through a similar fashion in our own;—but half a century ago this passage was adjudged to be one of the many proofs of Shakspeare's ignorance or carelessness.

^b *None had.* The original gives *no had*. The common reading is *had none*.

Makes ill deeds done^a! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murther had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

HUB. My lord,—

K. JOHN. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

HUB. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murtherous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. JOHN. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,

^a We have ventured upon a transposition. The original is "makes deeds ill done;"—but this might apply to good deeds unskillfully performed.

And make them tame to their obedience!
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste;
 I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[*Eæunt.*]SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Castle.**Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls.*

ARTH. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:—
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
 There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
 I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
 As good to die and go, as die and stay.
 O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

[*Leaps down.*][*Dies.*]*Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

SAL. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bury;
 It is our safety, and we must embrace
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.
 PEM. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
 SAL. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
 Whose private with me, of the dauphin's love,
 Is much more general than these lines import.
 BIG. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
 SAL. Or rather then set forward: for 't will be
 Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet^a.

Enter the Bastard.

BAST. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
 The king, by me, requests your presence straight.
 SAL. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us.
 We will not line his thin bestained cloak

^a *Or e'er we meet*—before we meet. So in Ecclesiastes, "*or ever* the silver cord be loosed."

With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks:
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

BAST. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

SAL. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

BAST. But there is little reason in your grief;

Therefore, 't were reason you had manners now.

PEM. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

BAST. 'T is true; to hurt his master, no man else^a.

SAL. This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[Seeing ARTHUR.

PEM. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

SAL. Murther, as hating what himself hath done,

Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

BIG. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

SAL. Sir Richard, what think you? You have beheld^b,

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?

Or do you almost think, although you see,

That you do see? could thought, without this object,

Form such another? This is the very top,

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,

Of murther's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,

That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,

Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

PEM. All murthers past do stand excus'd in this:

And this so sole, and so unmatchable,

Shall give a holiness, a purity,

To the yet-unbegotten sin of times;

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,

Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

BAST. It is a damned and a bloody work;

The graceless action of a heavy hand,

If that it be the work of any hand.

SAL. If that it be the work of any hand?—

We had a kind of light what would ensue:

It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;

The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—

From whose obedience I forbid my soul,

^a *No man else.* Mr. Collier has found that in one copy of the original the reading is *no man*, in another *no man's*.

^b *You have beheld.* The third folio gives the reading which is generally adopted, of "Have you beheld?" We retain that of the original, which appears to mean—You see—or have you only read, or heard? Your senses must be so startled that you may doubt "you have beheld."

Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.
PEM., BIG. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

HUB. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :

Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

SAL. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death :—

Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

HUB. I am no villain.

SAL. Must I rob the law ?

[Drawing his sword.]

BAST. Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.

SAL. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

HUB. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say ;

By heaven, I think, my sword 's as sharp as yours :

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,

Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;

Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget

Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

BIG. Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?

HUB. Not for my life : but yet I dare defend

My innocent life against an emperor.

SAL. Thou art a murderer.

HUB. Do not prove me so ;

Yet, I am none : Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,

Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

PEM. Cut him to pieces.

BAST. Keep the peace, I say.

SAL. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

BAST. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,

I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,

That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

BIG. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge ?

Second a villain and a murderer ?

HUB. Lord Bigot, I am none.

BIG. Who kill'd this prince?

HUB. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I lov'd him ; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

SAL. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum ;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house ;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

BIG. Away, toward Bury, to the dauphin there !

PEM. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

BAST. Here 's a good world !—Knew you of this fair work ?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

HUB. Do but hear me, sir.

BAST. Ha ! I 'll tell thee what ;
Thou 'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black ;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer :
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

HUB. Upon my soul,—

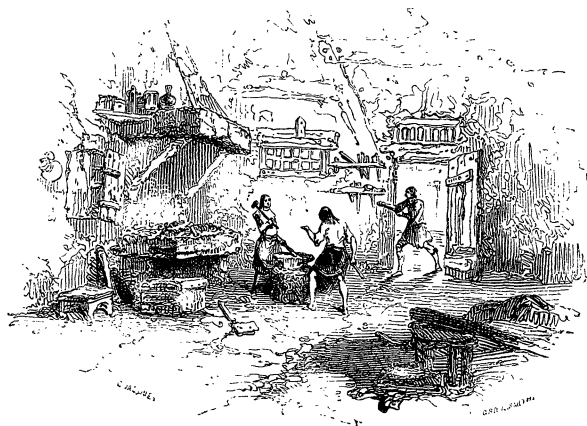
BAST. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on ; or, wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be, as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

HUB. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me !
I left him well.

BAST. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd, methinks ; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up !
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm

Is fled to heaven ; and England now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth
The unow'd interest of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line ; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed ; I'll to the king :
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*





ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH with the Crown, and Attendants.

K. JOHN. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

PAND. Take again [Giving JOHN the crown.]
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. JOHN. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties^a do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not; for the present time 's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

PAND. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,

^a *Counties*—nobles. The reader will remember the *County* Paris, in 'Romeo and Juliet;' and *County* Guy, in Sir Walter Scott's ballad.

Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
 But, since you are a gentle convertite^a,
 My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
 And make fair weather in your blustering land.
 On this Ascension-day, remember well,
 Upon your oath of service to the pope,
 Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

[Exit.]

K. JOHN. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
 Say, that before Ascension-day at noon,
 My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
 I did suppose it should be on constraint;
 But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

BAST. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
 But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
 Like a kind host, the dauphin and his powers:
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your enemy;
 And wild amazement hurries up and down
 The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. JOHN. Would not my lords return to me again,
 After they heard young Arthur was alive?

BAST. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
 An empty casket, where the jewel of life
 By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. JOHN. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

BAST. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
 But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
 Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
 Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
 Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
 Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behaviours from the great,
 Grow great by your example, and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.
 Away; and glisten like the god of war,
 When he intendeth to become the field:
 Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
 What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
 And fright him there? and make him tremble there?

^a *Convertite*—convert;—reclaimed to the authority of "holy church."

O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. JOHN. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the dauphin.

BAST. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. JOHN. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

BAST. Away then, with good courage; yet I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.*

Enter in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.

LEW. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

SAL. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,

Where honourable rescue, and defence,
 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury :
 But such is the infection of the time,
 That, for the health and physic of our right,
 We cannot deal but with the very hand
 Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
 And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends,
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this :
 Wherein we step after a stranger, march
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
 Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,
 And follow unacquainted colours here ?
 What, here ?—O nation, that thou couldst remove
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
 And grapple thee^a unto a pagan shore ;
 Where these two christian armies might combine
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,
 And not to-spend^b it so unneighbourly !

LEW. A noble temper dost thou show in this ;
 And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
 Do make an earthquake of nobility.
 O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
 Between compulsion and a brave respect !
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks :
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 Being an ordinary inundation ;
 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm :
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd ;
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,

^a *Grapple thee.* The original reads "*cripple thee.*"

^b *To-spend.* *To*, in the original, stands as the sign of the infinitive. Steevens thinks it a prefix, in combination with *spend* ; as in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,'—

"And fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight."

Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

PAND. Hail, noble prince of France!

The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

LEW. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 't is far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is't not I
That undergo this charge? Who else but I,

And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war ?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy ! as I have bank'd their towns ? ^a
 Have I not here the best cards for the game ¹⁷,
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown ?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set ?
 No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

PAND. You look but on the outside of this work.

LEW. Outside or inside, I will not return

Till my attempt so much be glorified
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To outlook conquest, and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—
 What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us ?

[Trumpet sounds.]

Enter the Bastard, attended.

BAST. According to the fair play of the world,
 Let me have audience. I am sent to speak :
 My holy lord of Milan, from the king
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him ;
 And, as you answer, I do know the scope
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

PAND. The dauphin is too wilful opposite,
 And will not temporise with my entreaties ;
 He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

BAST. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
 The youth says well :—Now hear our English king ;
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
 He is prepar'd ; and reason too, he should :
 This apish and unmannerly approach,
 This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
 This unhair'd^b sauciness, and boyish troops,
 The king doth smile at ; and is well prepar'd
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
 From out the circle of his territories.
 That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,

^a *Bank'd their towns.*—Probably sail'd along their banks. A passage in the old 'King John' appears to have suggested this—

“from the hollow holes of Thamesis

Echo apace replied *Vive le roi.*”

^b *Unhair'd*—unbearded. The original reads *unheard*. Malone observes that *hair* was often written *hear*.

To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch ;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells ;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks ;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks ;
To hug with swine ; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons ; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman ;—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms ;
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame :
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums ;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their neelds to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

LEW. There end thy brave^a, and turn thy face in peace ;
We grant thou canst outscold us : fare thee well ;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabblor.

PAND. Give me leave to speak.

BAST. No, I will speak.

LEW. We will attend to neither :—
Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

BAST. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out ;
And so shall you, being beaten : Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he has us'd rather for sport than need)
Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

^a *Brave*—bravado.

LEW. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

BAST. And thou shalt find it, dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

K. JOHN. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

HUB. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

K. JOHN. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. JOHN. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

MESS. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the dauphin here,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. JOHN. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight¹⁸;
Weakness possesses me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and others.

SAL. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

PEM. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

SAL. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

PEM. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN, wounded, and led by Soldiers.

MEL. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

SAL. When we were happy we had other names.

PEM. It is the count Melun.

SAL. Wounded to death.

MEL. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye^a of rebellion,

^a *Unthread the rude eye.* Theobald corrupted this passage into "untread the rude way." Malone, who agrees in the restoration of the passage, says Shakspeare "was evidently thinking of the eye of

And welcome home again discarded faith.
 Seek out king John; and fall before his feet;
 For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
 He means to recompense the pains you take
 By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
 And I with him, and many more with me,
 Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury¹⁹;
 Even on that altar where we swore to you
 Dear amity and everlasting love.

SAL. May this be possible? may this be true?

MEL. Have I not hideous death within my view,
 Retaining but a quantity of life
 Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
 Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
 What in the world should make me now deceive,
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
 Why should I then be false; since it is true
 That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
 I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
 He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours
 Behold another day break in the east:
 But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
 Already smokes about the burning crest
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
 Paying the fine of rated treachery,
 Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
 If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
 Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
 The love of him,—and this respect besides,
 For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires.

SAL. Wo do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul

a needle," and he calls this, therefore, an humble metaphor. Nothing, it appears to us, is humble in poetry that conveys an image forcibly and distinctly; and "the eye of a needle" by the application of the poet may become dignified. But the word thread, perhaps metaphorically, is used to convey the meaning of passing through anything intricate, narrow, difficult.

"They would not *thread* the gates,"

in 'Coriolanus,' and

"One gains the thickets and one thrids the brake,"

in Dryden, have each the same meaning. The "rude eye" in the line before us is the rough and dangerous passage of "rebellion."

But I do love the favour and the form
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight;
 And, like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience,
 Even to our ocean, to our great king John.
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;
 And happy newness, that intends old right. [*Exeunt, leading off MELUN.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. The French Camp.*

Enter LEWIS and his Train.

LEW. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to set,
 But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
 When the English measur'd^a backward their own ground,
 In faint retire: O, bravely came we off
 When with a volley of our needless shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
 And wound our tottering^b colours clearly up,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Where is my prince, the dauphin?

LEW.

Here:—What news?

MESS. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
 By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
 And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
 Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

LEW. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
 I did not think to be so sad to-night
 As this hath made me.—Who was he that said,
 King John did fly, an hour or two before
 The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

MESS. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

LEW. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night;

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
 To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a The original has *measure*, and omits the article before *English*.

^b *Tottering*. Steevens reads *tatter'd*—Malone *tattering*. The original *tottering* was the same as *tattering*, of which Capell gives an example in his 'School of Shakspeare,' p. 54.

SCENE VI.—*An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter the Bastard and HUBERT meeting.

HUB. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

BAST. A friend.—What art thou?

HUB. Of the part of England.

BAST. Whither dost thou go?

HUB. What's that to thee?

Why may I not demand of thine affairs,

As well as thou of mine?

BAST. Hubert, I think.

HUB. Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will, upon all hazards, well believe

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:

Who art thou?

BAST. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,

Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think

I come one way of the Plantagenets.

HUB. Unkind remembrance! thou, and endless night^a,

Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,

That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,

Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

BAST. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

HUB. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,

To find you out.

BAST. Brief, then; and what's the news?

HUB. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,

Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

BAST. Show me the very wound of this ill news;

I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

HUB. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:

I left him almost speechless, and broke out

To acquaint you with this evil; that you might

The better arm you to the sudden time,

Than if you had at leisure known of this.

BAST. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

HUB. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,

Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king

Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

BAST. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

HUB. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,

And brought prince Henry in their company;

^a *Endless night.* So the original; *eyeless* was preferred by Theobald.

At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

BAST. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. HEN. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

PEM. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That being brought into the open air
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. HEN. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage?

[*Exit BIGOT.*]

PEM. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. HEN. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible^a; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'T is strange, that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

^a *Invisible*. So the original. In modern editions *insensible*. The meaning of *invisible* is, we take it, unlooked at, disregarded. But the adjective is also held to be put adverbially.

SAL. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest^a,
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in KING JOHN in a Chair.

K. JOHN. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. HEN. How fares your majesty?

K. JOHN. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. HEN. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. JOHN. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

BAST. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. JOHN. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

^a *Indigest*—disordered, indigested state of affairs. The word is more commonly used as an adjective, as in the Sonnets:—

“To make of monsters and things indigest,
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble.”

BAST. The dauphin is preparing hitherward ;

Where, heaven he knows how we shall answer him :

For, in a night, the best part of my power,

As I upon advantage did remove,

Were in the washes, all unwarily,

Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The KING dies.*]

SAL. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—

My liege ! my lord !—But now a king,—now thus.

P. HEN. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,

When this was now a king, and now is clay !

BAST. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind

To do the office for thee of revenge ;

And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,

As it on earth hath been thy servant still.

Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,

Where be your powers ? Show now your mended faiths ;

And instantly return with me again,

To push destruction, and perpetual shame,

Out of the weak door of our fainting land :

Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought ;

The dauphin rages at our very heels.

SAL. It seems, you know not then so much as we :

The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,

Who half an hour since came from the dauphin ;

And brings from him such offers of our peace

As we with honour and respect may take,

With purpose presently to leave this war.

BAST. He will the rather do it, when he sees

Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

SAL. Nay, it is in a manner done already ;

For many carriages²⁰ he hath despatch'd

To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel

To the disposing of the cardinal.

With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,

If you think meet, this afternoon will post

To consummate this business happily.

BAST. Let it be so :—And you, my noble prince,

With other princes that may best be spar'd,

Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. HEN. At Worcester must his body be interr'd ;

For so he will'd it.

BAST. Thither shall it then.

And happily may your sweet self put on

The lineal state and glory of the land !

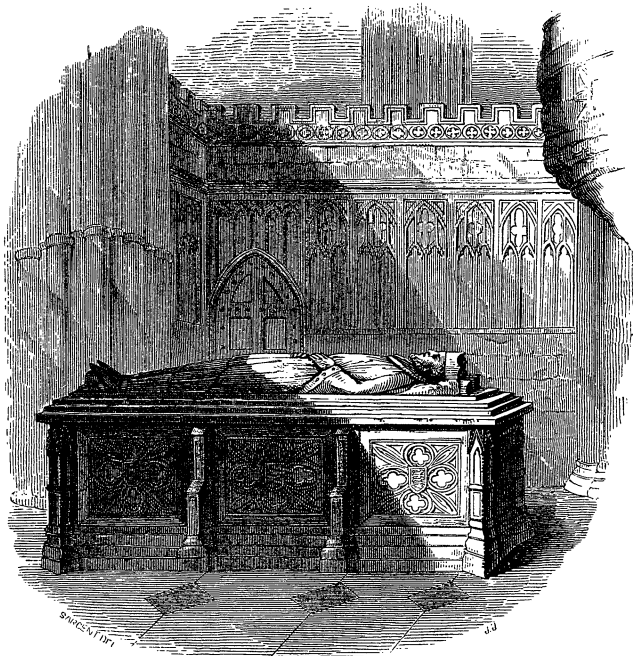
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

SAL. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. HEN. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

BAST. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt.*]



[*Monument of King John at Worcester.*]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

¹ SCENE I.—“*The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.*”

WE have the same anachronism in ‘Hamlet’ and in ‘Macbeth.’ It is scarcely necessary to tell our readers that gunpowder was invented about a century later than the time of John, and that the first battle-field in which cannon were used is commonly supposed to have been that of Cressy. And yet the dramatic poet could not have well avoided this literal violation of propriety, both here and in the second Act, when he talks of “bullets wrapp’d in fire.” He uses terms which were familiar to his audience, to present a particular image to their senses. Had he, instead of cannon, spoken of the mangonell and the petraria,—the stone-flinging machines of the time of John,—he would have addressed himself to the very few who might have appreciated his exactness; but his words would have fallen dead upon the ears of the many. We have other anachronisms in this play, which we may as well dismiss at once, in connection with the assertion of the principle upon which they are to be defended. In Act I. we have the “half-faced groat” of Henry VII. and the “three-farthing rose” of Elizabeth. The mention of these coins conveys a peculiar image, which must have been rejected if the poet had been bound by the same rules that govern an antiquary. So in the fifth Act, where the Dauphin says he has “the best cards for the game,”—the poet had to choose between the adoption of an allusion full of spirit and perfectly intelligible, or the substitution of some prosaic and feeble form of speech, that might have had the poor merit of not anticipating the use of playing cards in Europe by about a century and a half. We are not aware of any other passage in this play which has afforded “the learned” an opportunity (which they have not lost in speaking of these passages) of propounding the necessity of constructing a work of art

upon the same principles of exactness that go to produce a perfect Chronological Table.

² SCENE I.

“*A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-Lion knighted in the field.*”

The design at the end of Act I. supplies, better than verbal description, a notion of the remarkable ceremonial of creating a battle-knight. The general disposition of the figures is from a vignette in Nodier’s ‘Voyages Pittoresques et Romantiques dans l’ancienne France,’ which represents Philip Augustus conferring knighthood on the Prince Arthur of this play. The costume of the persons represented in our design is from the first and second seals of Richard I.,—from the tombs of Essex, Pembroke, and Salisbury,—and from the Sloane MS., No. 1975. St. Palaye, in his ‘Memoirs of Chivalry,’ says, “In warfare there was scarcely any important event which was not preceded or followed by a creation of knights. * * * Knighthood was conferred, on such occasions, in a manner at once expeditious and military. The soldier presented his sword, either by the cross or the guard, to the prince or the general from whom he was to receive the *accolade*—this was all the ceremonial.”^a It was in this manner,—in the absence of those processions and banquets that accompanied the investiture of knighthood during peace,—that four hundred and sixty-seven French gentlemen were made knights at the battle of Rosebeck, in 1382; and five hundred before the battle of Azincour, in 1415^b. Our English chroniclers tell us that, in 1339, the armies of Edward III. and Philip of France, having approached near to each other, arranged themselves in order of battle, and fourteen gentlemen were knighted; but the armies separated without coming to an engage-

^a St. Palaye, ed. Paris, 1759, vol. i.

^b Ibid.

ment, and a hare happening to pass between the two hosts, some merriment was produced, and the knights were called the knights of the hare^a. This is an example of the custom of knightng before a battle. At a later period we have an instance of knightng after a fight. Henry VIII., after the battle of Spurs, in 1514, made Sir John Pechye Banneret and John Carré Knight, both of them having done great service in the encounter^b. When the "honour-giving hand" of the first Richard created Robert Faulconbridge a knight "in the field," we are not told by the poet whether it was for the encouragement of valour or for the reward of service. But in 'Cymbeline' we have an example of the bestowing of the honour as the guerdon of bravery. The king, after the

battle with the Romans, commands Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus, thus:—

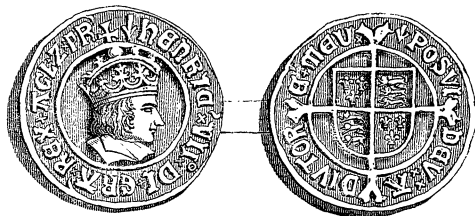
"Bow your knees:
Arise my knights of the battle; I create you
Companions to our person."

³ SCENE I.—"A half-fac'd groat."

The half-face is the profile;—and the allusion had probably become proverbial, for it occurs also in a play, 'The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington,' 1601,—

"You half-fac'd groat, you thick-cheek'd chitty-face."

The profile of the sovereign is given in one or two of our early coins; but Henry VII. was the first king who made an extensive issue of coins with the half-face. The following is a copy of the "half-faced groat" of Henry VII.

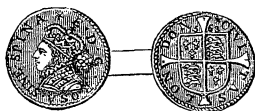


⁴ SCENE I.—"Look, where three-farthings goes."

The three-farthing silver-piece of Elizabeth was, as the value may import, extremely thin;—and thus the allusion of Faulconbridge, "my face so thin." "It was once the fashion," says Burton ('Anatomy of Melancholy'), "to stick real flowers in the ear;" and thus the thin face and the rose in the ear, taken together, were to be avoided—

"Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes;"—

for the three-farthing piece was not only thin, and therefore might be associated with the "thin face," but it bore a rose which assimilated with the rose in the ear. This coin was called the "three-farthing rose," and the following is a copy of it:—



^a Baker's Chronicle.

^b Ibid.

⁵ SCENE I.—"Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet."

Shakspeare, with poetical propriety, confers upon the bastard the surname by which the royal house of Anjou was popularly known. Plantagenet was not the family name of that house, though it had been bestowed upon an ancestor of John from the broom in his bonnet—the *Planta genista*.

⁶ SCENE I. "Now your traveller,
He and his tooth-pick."

One of the characteristics of the "picked man of countries" was the use of a toothpick; while the Englishman who adhered to his own customs would "suck" his teeth. It is unnecessary to cite passages to show that the toothpick was considered a foreign frivolity. Gascoigne, Ben Jonson, Overbury, and Shirley, have each allusions to the practice.

⁷ SCENE I.—"Colbrand the giant."

In Drayton's 'Polyolbion,' the twelfth song,

we have a long and sonorous description of the great battle between Colbrand the Danish giant and Guy of Warwick,—which the general reader will find in Southey's 'Specimens.' The legends of Sir Guy were well known in Shakspeare's time; and the fierce encounter between this redoubted champion and "Colbrande," who fought

"On foote, for horse might heave him none,"

had been recited round many a hearth, from the old "histories." A curious specimen of the legends of Sir Guy and Sir Bevis, from a black-letter quarto of the middle of the sixteenth century, is given in Capell's 'School of Shakspeare.'

* SCENE I.

*"The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand."*

The reputation for indomitable courage, and prodigious physical strength, of Richard I., transferred this story from romance to history. Rastall gives it in his Chronicle; "It is sayd that a lyon was put to Kynge Richarde, beyng in prison, to have devoured him, and when the lyon was gapyng, he put his arme in his mouthe, and pulled the lyon by the harte so

hard, that he slew the lyon, and therefore some say he is called Rycharde Cure de Lyon; but some say he is called Cure de Lyon, because of his boldnesse and hardy stomake." Our readers may compare this with the following extract from the old Metrical Romance of Richard Cœur-de-Lion:—

"The poet tells us, that Richard, in his return from the Holy Land, having been discovered in the habit of 'a palmer in Almayne,' and apprehended as a spy, was by the king thrown into prison. Wardrewe, the king's son, hearing of Richard's great strength, desires the jailor to let him have a sight of his prisoners. Richard being the foremost, Wardrewe asks him, 'if he dare stand a buffet from his hand?' and that on the morrow he shall return him another. Richard consents, and receives a blow that staggers him. On the morrow, having previously waxed his hands, he waits his antagonist's arrival. Wardrewe accordingly, proceeds the story, 'held forth as a trewe man,' and Richard gave him such a blow on the cheek, as broke his jaw-bone, and killed him on the spot. The king, to revenge the death of his son, orders, by the advice of one Eldrede, that a lion, kept purposely from food, shall be turned loose upon Richard. But the king's daughter



having fallen in love with him, tells him of her father's resolution, and at his request procures him forty ells of white silk 'kerchers:' and here the description of the combat begins:—

* The kever-cheses he toke on honde,
And aboute his arme he wode;

And thought in that ylke while,
To flee the lyon with some gyle.
And syngle in a kyrtill he stode,
And abode the lyon fyres and wode,
With that came the jaylere,
And other men that wyth him were,

* Percy's 'Reliques,' vol. iii. Introduction.

And the lyon them amonge;
 His pawes were stiffe and stronge.
 The chambre dore they undone,
 And the lyon to them is gone.
 Rycharde sayd, Helpe, Lorde Jesu !
 The lyon made to him venu,
 And wolde hym have all to rente:
 Kyng Rycharde besyde hym glente.
 The lyon on the breste hym spurned,
 That aboute he tourned.
 The lyon was hongry and megre,
 And bette his tayle to be egre;

He loked aboute as he were madde;
 Abrode he all his pawes spradde.
 He cryed lowde, and yaned wyde.
 Kyng Rycharde bethought hym that tyde
 What hym was beste, and to hym sterte,
 In at the throte his honde he gerte,
 And hente out the herte with his honde,
 Lounge, and all that he there fonde.
 The lyon fell deed to the grounde:
 Rycharde felt no wem ne wounde.
 He fell on his knees on that place,
 And thanked Jesu of his grace."

HISTORICAL.

It would appear scarcely necessary to entreat the reader to bear in mind,—before we place in apposition the events which these scenes bring before us, and the facts of history, properly so called,—that the ‘Histories’ of Shakspeare are Dramatic Poems. And yet, unless this circumstance be watchfully regarded, we shall fall into the error of setting up one form of truth in contradiction to, and not in illustration of, another form of truth. It appears to us a worse than useless employment to be running parallels between the poet and the chronicler, for the purpose of showing that for the literal facts of history the poet is not so safe a teacher as the chronicler; and yet, we have had offered to us a series of laborious essays, that undertakes to solve these two problems,—“What were Shakspeare’s authorities for his history, and how far has he departed from them? And whether the plays may be given to our youth as properly historical.”^a The writer of these essays decides the latter question in the negative, and maintains that these pieces are “quite unsuitable as a medium of instruction to the English youth;”—and his great object is, therefore, to contradict, by a body of minute proofs, the assertion of A. W. Schlegel, with regard to these plays, that “the principal traits in every event are given with so much correctness, their apparent causes and their secret motives are given with so much penetration, that we may therein study history, so to speak, after nature, without fearing that such lively images should ever be effaced from our minds.” Schlegel appears to us to have hit the true cause why the youth of England have been said to take their history from Shakspeare. The “lively images” of the poet present a general truth much more completely than the tedious narratives of the annalist. The ten English ‘histories’ of Shakspeare—

“the magnificent dramatic *Epopée*, of which the separate pieces are different cantos”—stand in the same relation to the contemporary historians of the events they deal with, as a landscape does to a map. Mr. Courtenay says, “Let it be well understood that if in any case I derogate from Shakspeare as an historian, it is as an historian only.” Now, in the sense in which Mr. Courtenay uses the word “historian,”—by which he means one who describes past events with the most accurate observances of time and place, and with the most diligent balancing of conflicting testimony—Shakspeare has no pretensions to be regarded. The principle, therefore, of viewing Shakspeare’s history through another medium than that of his art, and pronouncing, upon this view, that his historical plays cannot be given to our youth as “*properly* historical,” is nearly as absurd as it would be to derogate from the merits of Mr. Turner’s beautiful drawings of coast scenery, by maintaining and proving that the draughtsman had not accurately laid down the relative positions of each bay and promontory. It would not be, to our minds, a greater mistake to confound the respective labours of the landscape painter and the hydrographer, than to subject the poet to the same laws which should govern the chronicler. There may be, in the poet, a higher truth than the literal, evolved in spite of, or rather in combination with, his minute violations of accuracy; we may in the poet better study history, “so to speak, after nature,” than in the annalist,—because the poet masses and generalizes his facts, subjecting them, in the order in which he presents them to the mind, as well as in the elaboration which he bestows upon them, to the laws of his art, which has a clearer sense of fitness and proportion than the laws of a dry chronology. But, at any rate, the structure of an historical drama and of an historical narrative are so essentially

^a ‘Shakspeare’s Historical Plays considered historically.’
 By the Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay.

different, that the offices of the poet and the historian must never be confounded. It is not to derogate from the poet to say that he is not an historian;—it will be to elevate Shakspeare when we compare his poetical truth with the truth of history. We have no wish that he had been more exact and literal.

The moving cause of the main action in the play of 'King John' is put before us in the very first lines. Chatillon, the ambassador of France, thus demands of John the resignation of his crown:—

"Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine."

In the year 1190, when Arthur was only two years old, his uncle, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, contracted him in marriage with the daughter of Tancred, king of Sicily. The good will of Richard towards Arthur, on this occasion, might be in part secured by a dowry of twenty thousand golden *oncie* which the Sicilian king paid in advance to him; but, at any rate, the infant duke of Brittany was recognised in this deed, by Richard, as "our most dear nephew, and heir, if by chance we should die without issue."^a When Richard did die, without issue, in 1199, Arthur and his mother Constance, who was really the duchess regnant of Brittany, were on friendly terms with him, although in 1197 Richard had wasted Brittany with fire and sword; but John produced a testament by which Richard gave him the crown. The adherents of John, however, did not rely upon this instrument; and, if we may credit Matthew Paris, John took the brightest gem of the house of Anjou, the crown of England, upon the principle of election. His claim was recognised also in Normandy. Maine, Touraine, and Anjou, on the other hand, declared for Arthur; and at Angiers the young prince was proclaimed king of England. As Duke of Brittany Arthur held his dominion as a vassal of France;—but Constance, who knew the value of a powerful protector for her son, offered to Philip Augustus of France, that Arthur should do homage not only for Brittany, but also for Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, and Poitou. Philip encouraged the pretensions of Arthur to the provinces for which he had offered homage, and he met his young vassal at Mans, where he received his

oath, bestowed on him knighthood, and took him with him to Paris.

We may assume this point of the history of Arthur as determining the period when Shakspeare's play of 'King John' commences.

The hostility of Elinor to Constance is manifested in the first Scene:—

"What now, my son! have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?"

Holinshed assigns the reason for this enmity:

—"Surely Queen Elinor, the king's mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envy conceived against his mother, than upon any just occasion given in the behalf of the child; for that she saw if he were king how his mother Constance would look to bear most rule within the realm of England, till her son should come to lawful age to govern of himself."



[Queen Elinor.]

Philip the bastard, whose character infuses so much life and spirit into these scenes, is thus noticed in Holinshed; nor is there any other mention of him:—"The same year also (the first of John), Philip, bastard son to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castle and honour of Coynack, killed the Viscount of Lymoges, in revenge of his father's death, who was slain (as ye have heard) in besieging the castle of Chalus Cheverell."

^a See Daru, 'Histoire de Bretagne,' tome i. p. 381.

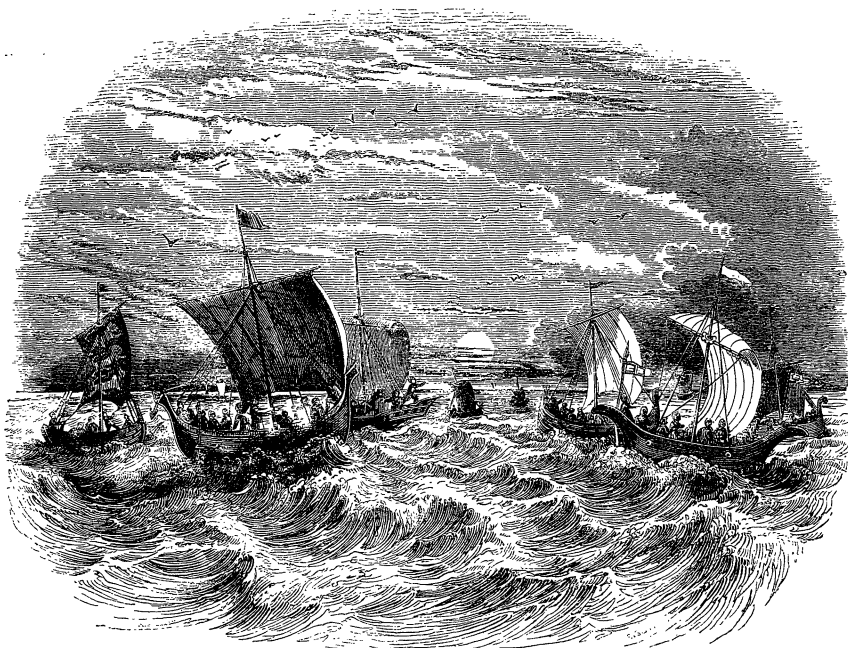
ACT II.

9 SCENE I.

*"A braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide."*

THE troops of William the Conqueror are said to have been borne to the invasion of England upon several thousand barks. Henry II. embarked his forces for the conquest of Ireland in four hundred vessels. In both these periods the craft must have been mere boats. But when Richard carried his soldiers to the Holy Land, his armament consisted of many large ships. This brilliant navy for the most part

consisted of merchant vessels, collected from all the ports of the kingdom, each of which was bound, when required by the king, to furnish him with a certain number. John had a few galleys of his own. The first great naval victory of England, that of the Damme, or of the Sluys, was won in the reign of John, in 1213. The following representation of "English bottoms" is composed from several authorities, viz.:—Cotton MS. Claudius D. 2, temp. Henry I.; MS. at Bennet Coll. Cambridge, (engraved in Strutt's 'Manners') temp. Henry III.; and Royal MS. 2 B. vii. temp. Edward I.



10 SCENE I.—*"As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass."*

The ass was to *wear* the shoes, and not to bear them upon his back, as Theobald supposed, and therefore would read *shows*. The "shoes of Hercules" were as commonly alluded to in our old poets, as the *ex pede Herculem* was a familiar allusion of the learned.

11 SCENE I.—*"St. George,—that swinged," &c.*

How exceedingly characteristic is this speech of the Bastard! "Saint George" was the great war-cry of Richard;—but the universal humourist lets down the dignity of the champion in a moment, by an association with the hostess's sign. The author of Waverley employs this device precisely with the same poetical effect,

when Callum Beg compares Waverley with his target to "the bra' Highlander tat's painted on the board afore the mickle change-house they ca' Luckie Middlemass's."—We give a serious portrait of St. George, from an old illumination,



that the painters may go right, in future, who desire to make the saint

"Sit on his horseback at mine hostess' door."

¹² SCENE II.

*"And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands."*

The old English custom of the principal men of the hunt "taking assay of the deer," furnished this image, and the correspondent one in Julius Cæsar :

"Pardon me, Julius: here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe."

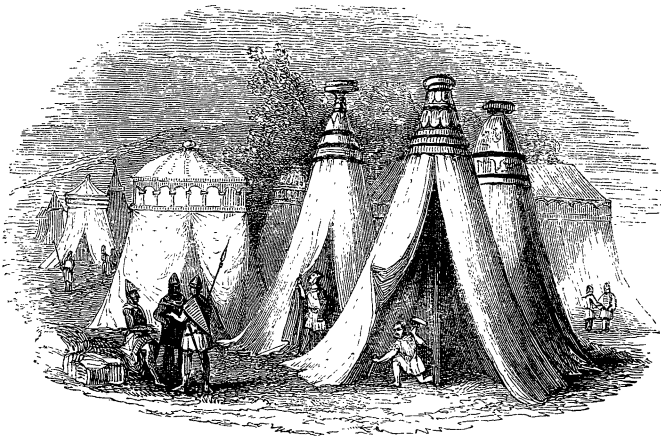
Old Tuberville gives us the details of this custom:—"Our order is, that the prince, or chief, if so please them, do alight, and take assay of the deer, with a sharp knife, the which is done in this manner—the deer being laid upon his back, the prince, chief, or such as they do appoint, comes to it, and the chief huntsman, kneeling if it be to a prince, doth hold the deer by the fore-foot, while the prince, or chief, do cut a slit drawn along the brisket of the deer." It would not be easy to effect this operation without the "purpled hands," and Johnson's suggestion that it was "one of the savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy," is uncalled for.

¹³ SCENE II.—*"The mutines of Jerusalem."*

The union of the various factions in Jerusalem, when besieged by Titus, is here alluded to. Malone gives a particular passage from the 'Latter Times of the Jews' Commonwealth,' translated from the Hebrew of Joseph Ben Gorion, which he thinks suggested the passage to our poet.

¹⁴ SCENE II.—*"She is sad and passionate, at
your highness' tent."*

The following representation of tents is from illuminations in Royal MS. 16, G 6, 'L'Histoire des Roys de France.'





[Philip, King of France.]

HISTORICAL.

The events of nearly two years are crowded into the rapid movements of this act. And yet, except in one circumstance, the general historical truth is to be found in the poet. That circumstance is the bringing of Austria upon the scene, with the assertion that—

“Richard, that robb’d the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave.”

Leopold, the brutal and crafty gaoler of the lion-heart, died some five years before Richard fell by a wound from a cross-bow, before the castle of the Viscount Lymoges; one of his vassals in Limousin—

“An *arblast*er with a *quarrel* him shot,
As he about the castell went to spie.”^a

In the third Act Constance exclaims, “O, Lymoges, O Austria,” making the two enemies of Richard as one. In the old play of ‘King John’ we have the same confusion of dates and persons: for there “the bastard chaseth Lymoges the Austrich duke, and maketh him leave the lyon’s skin.” It was unquestionably a principle with Shakspeare not to disturb the conventional opinions of his audience by greatly changing the plots with which they were familiar. He knew full well, from his chronicles, that the injuries which Austria had heaped upon Richard could no longer be revenged by Richard’s son,—and that the quarrel of Faulconbridge was with

^a Hardyng’s ‘Chronicle.’

a meaner enemy, the Viscount Lymoges. But he adopted the conduct of the story in the old play; for he would have lost much by sacrificing the “lion’s skin” of the subtle duke to an historical fact, with which his audience was not familiar. With the exception, then, of this positive violation of accuracy, we have, in this act, a vivid dramatic picture of the general aspect of affairs in the contest between John and Philip. We have not, indeed, the exhibition of the slow course of those perpetually shifting manœuvres which marked the policy of the wily King of France towards the unhappy boy whom he one day protected and another day abandoned; we have the fair promises kept and broken in the space of a few hours. Let us, however, very briefly trace the real course of events.

Philip of France had been twenty years upon the throne when John leapt into the dominion of Richard, to whom he had been a rebel and a traitor, when the hero of the Holy Land was waging the mistaken fight of chivalry and of Christendom. Philip was one of the most remarkable examples that history presents of the constant opposition that is carried on, and for the most part successfully, of cunning against force. Surrounded as Philip was by turbulent allies and fierce enemies, he perpetually reminds us, in his windings and doublings, of his even more crafty successor, Louis XI. Arthur was a puppet in the hands of Philip, to be set up or

knocked down, as Philip desired to bully or to cajole John out of the territories of the house of Anjou. In the possession of Arthur's person he had a hostage whom he might put forward as an ally, or degrade as a prisoner;—and, in the same spirit, when he seized upon a fortress in the name of Arthur, he demolished it, that he might lose no opportunity of destroying a barrier to the extension of his own frontier. The peace which Shakspeare represents, and correctly, as being established by the marriage of Blanch and Lewis, was one of several truces and treaties of amity that took place in the first two or three years of John's reign. The treaty of the 22nd May, in the year 1200, between these two kings, agreed that, with the exception of Blanch's dowry, John should remain in possession of all the dominions of his brother Richard;—for Arthur was to hold, even his own Brittany, as a vassal of John. It is affirmed, that by a secret article of this treaty Philip was to inherit the continental dominions thus confirmed to John, if he, John, died without children.

At the time of the treaty of 1200, Constance, the mother of Arthur, was alive. As we have said, she was reigning duchess of Brittany, in her own right. If we may judge of her character from the chroniclers, she was weak and selfish—deserting the bed of her second husband, and marrying the Lord Guy de Touars,—at a time when the fortune, and perhaps the life of her son, by Geoffrey, depended upon the singleness of her affection for him. But it is exceedingly difficult to speak upon these points; and there is, at any rate, little doubt that her second husband treated her with neglect and cruelty.

The surpassing beauty of the maternal love of the Constance of Shakspeare will, it is probable, destroy all other associations with the character of Constance. We have no record that Constance was not a most devoted mother to her eldest born; and in that age, when divorces were as common amongst the royal and the noble as other breaches of faith, we are not entitled to believe that her third marriage was incompatible with her passionate love for the heir of so many hopes,—her heart-breaking devotion to her betrayed and forsaken son,—and her natural belief, that

“Since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday expire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.”

The fate of Constance was not altogether in-

consistent with Shakspeare's delineation of the heart-broken mother. She died in 1201. But Arthur was not then John's captive,—although all his high hopes were limited to Brittany.

The treaty of marriage between Lewis and Blanch is thus described by Holinshed:—

“So King John returned back (from York) and sailed again into Normandy, because the variance still depended between him and the King of France. Finally, upon the Ascension day in this second year of his reign, they came eftsoons to a communication betwixt the towns of Vernon, and Lisle Dandelie, where, finally, they concluded an agreement, with a marriage to be had betwixt Lewis the son of King Philip, and the lady Blanch, daughter to Alfonso, King of Castile, the eighth of that name, and niece to King John by his sister Eleanor.” The terms of the treaty are, in several respects, accurately described by Shakspeare—the dowry of thirty thousand marks—the resignation by John of certain possessions—the retention of Angiers—and the bestowal of Brittany and the earldom of Richmond upon Arthur.—John, however, retained much of what the poet has recited as being abandoned by him. “The lady Blanch” was not personally consenting to this treaty, for it was stipulated that “the fore-said Blanch should be conveyed into France to her husband, with all speed.”



[Blanch of Castile.]

ACT III.

¹⁵ SCENE III.—“*Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back.*”

THE form of excommunication in the Romish church was familiar to Chaucer :

“For clerkes say we shal in be fain
For their livalod to sweve and swinke,
And then right nought us geve again,
Neither to eat ne yet to drink ;
Thei move by law, as that thei sain,
Us curse and dampne to hellis brink ;
And thus thei puttin us to pain
With candles queint and bellis clink.”

In another passage of the same poem, the Man-
ciples’ tale, we have the “clerkes,” who

“Christis people proudly curse
With brode boke and braying bell.”

But the most minute and altogether curious description of the ceremony of excommunication is in Bishop Bale’s ‘Kynge Johan.’ In that “pageant” Pandulph denounces John in the following fashion :—

“For as moch as kyng Johan doth Holy Church so handle,
Here I do curse hym wyth crosse, boke, bell, and candle.
Lyke as this same roode turneth now from me his face,
So God I requyre to sequester hym of his grace.
As this boke doth speare by my worke mannuall,
I wyll God to close uppe from hym his benefytes all.
As this burnyng flame goth from this candle in syght,
I wyll God to put hym from his eternal lyght.

I take hym from Crist, and after the sownd of this bell,
Both body and sowle I geve hym to the devyll of hell.
I take from hym baptysm, with the other sacramentes
And sufferages of the church, bothe amber days and lentes.

Here I take from hym bothe penonce and confessyon,
Masse of the wondes, with sensyng and processyon.
Here I take from hym holy water and holy brede,
And never wyll them to stand hym in any sted.”

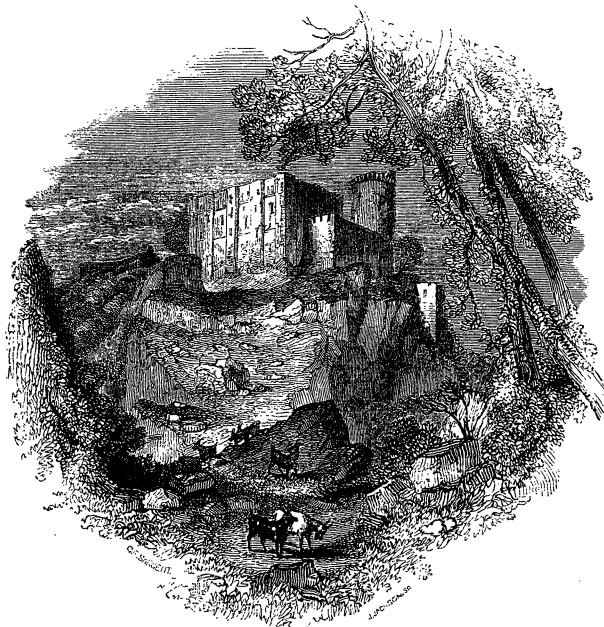
In Fox we have the ceremony of excommunication minutely detailed ;—the bishop, and clergy, and all the several sorts of friars in the cathedral,—the cross borne before them with three wax tapers lighted, and the eager populace assembled. A priest, all in white, mounts the pulpit, and then begins the denunciation. Those who are curious as to this formula, may consult Fox, or Strype ; and they will agree with Corporal Trim that the “soldiers in Flanders” swore nothing like this. The climax of the cursing was when each taper was extinguished, with the pious prayer that the souls of the “malefactors and schismatics” might be given “over utterly to the power of the fiend, as this candle is now quench’d and put out.” Henry VIII., in 1533, abolished the General Sentence or Curse, which was read in the churches four times a year.

HISTORICAL.

After the peace of 1200, Arthur remained under the care of King Philip, in fear, as it is said, of the treachery of John. But the peace was broken within two years. John, whose passions were ever his betrayers, seized upon the wife of the Count de la Marche, Isabella of Angoulême, and married her, although his wife Avisa, to whom he had been married ten years, was living. The injured Count headed an insurrection in Aquitaine ; which Philip secretly encouraged. John was, however, courteously entertained by his crafty rival in Paris. But, upon his return to England, Philip openly succoured the insurgents ; once more brought the unhappy Arthur upon the scene ; and made him raise the banner of war against his powerful uncle. With a small force he marched against

the town of Mirebeau, near Poitiers, where his grandmother Elinor was stationed, as “Regent of those parts.” Some of the chroniclers affirm that Elinor was captured ; but, says Hollinshed, “others write far more truly, that she was not taken, but escaped into a tower, within the which she was straitly besieged.” John, who was in Normandy, being apprised of the danger of his mother, “used such diligence that he was upon his enemies’ necks ere they could understand anything of his coming.” On the night of the 31st July, 1202, John obtained possession of the town by treachery, and Arthur was taken in his bed. The Count de la Marche, and the other leaders, were captured, and were treated with extreme cruelty and indignity. Arthur was conveyed to the Castle of Falaise. The in-

terdict of John, by Rome, for refusing to admit Stephen Langton to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, did not take place till five years after these events.



[Castle of Falaise.]

ACT IV.

¹⁶ SCENE II.—“*If what in rest you have.*”

To “set up a rest” is a term with which every reader of our old dramatic poets must be familiar. Some have thought that the expression was derived from the manner of fixing the harquebuss—a gun so heavy that the soldier, taking up his position, fixed a *rest* in the ground to enable him to level his piece. But, from a number of examples given by Reed in his edition of Dodsley’s Old Plays, we find the same expression constantly used in the game of Primero, in which

game, as far as we may judge, the terms seem to imply that the player, at a particular point of the game, makes a decided stand upon the chances he fancies he has secured. In a tale told of Henry VIII. (quoted by Reed), we have “The King, 55 eldest hand, *sets up all rests*, and discarded flush.” The king was satisfied with his position, and “threw his 55 on the board open, with great laughter, supposing the game (as it was) in a manner sure.” The analogy in the speech of Pembroke is pretty close:—

“If what in *rest* you have in right you hold.”

HISTORICAL.

It is unquestionably to be deplored that the greatest writers of imagination have sometimes embodied events not only unsupported by the

facts of history, but utterly opposed to them. We are not speaking of those deviations from the actual succession of events,—those omissions

of minor particulars,—those groupings of characters who were really never brought together,—which the poet knowingly abandons himself to, that he may accomplish the great purposes of his art, the first of which, in a drama especially, is unity of action. Such a licence has Shakspeare taken in 'King John;' and who can doubt that, poetically, he was right? But there is a limit even to the mastery of the poet, when he is dealing with the broad truths of history; for the poetical truth would be destroyed if the historical truth were utterly disregarded. For example, if the grand scenes in this Act between Arthur and Hubert, and between Hubert and John, were entirely contradicted by the truth of history, there would be an abatement even of the irresistible power of these matchless scenes. Had the proper historians led us to believe that no attempt was made to deprive Arthur of his sight—that his death was not the result of the dark suspicions and cowardly fears of his uncle—that the manner of this death was so clear that he who held him captive was absolved from all suspicion of treachery,—then the poet would indeed have left an impression on the mind which even the historical truth could with difficulty have overcome; but he would not have left that complete and overwhelming impression of the reality of his scenes,—he could not have produced our implicit belief in the sad story, as he tells it, of Arthur of Brittany,—he could not have rendered it impossible for any one to recur to that story, who has read this Act of 'King John,' and not think of the dark prison where the iron was hot and the executioner ready, but where nature, speaking in words such as none but the greatest poet of nature could have furnished, made the fire and the iron "deny their office," and the executioner leave the poor boy, for a while, to "sleep doubtless and secure." Fortunate is it that we have no records to hold up which should say that Shakspeare built this immortal scene upon a rotten foundation. The story, as told by Holinshed, is deeply interesting; and we cannot read it without feeling how skillfully the poet has followed it:—

"It is said that King John caused his nephew Arthur to be brought before him at Falaise, and there went about to persuade him all that he could to forsake his friendship and alliance with the French king, and to lean and stick to him his natural uncle. But Arthur, like one that wanted good counsel, and abounding too much in his own wilful opinion, made a presumptuous

answer, not only denying so to do, but also commanding King John to restore unto him the realms of England, with all those other lands and possessions which King Richard had in his hand at the hour of his death. For sith the same appertaineth to him by right of inheritance, he assured him, except restitution were made the sooner, he should not long continue quiet. King John, being sore moved by such words thus uttered by his nephew, appointed (as before is said) that he should be straitly kept in prison, as first in Falaise, and after at Roan, within the new castle there.

"Shortly after King John coming over into England caused himself to be crowned again at Canterbury, by the hands of Hubert, the archbishop there, on the fourteenth of April, and then went back again into Normandy, where, immediately upon his arrival, a rumour was spread through all France, of the death of his nephew Arthur. True it is that great suit was made to have Arthur set at liberty, as well by the French King, as by William de Miches, a valiant baron of Poitou, and divers other noblemen of the Britains, who, when they could not prevail in their suit, they banded themselves together, and joining in confederacy with Robert Earl of Alanson, the Viscount Beaumont, William de Fulgiers, and other, they began to levy sharp wars against King John in divers places, inso-much (as it was thought) that so long as Arthur lived, there would be no quiet in those parts: whereupon it was reported, that King John, through persuasion of his counsellors, appointed certain persons to go into Falaise, where Arthur was kept in prison, under the charge of Hubert de Burgh, and there to put out the young gentleman's eyes.

"But through such resistance as he made against one of the tormentors that came to execute the king's command (for the other rather forsook their prince and country, than they would consent to obey the king's authority therein) and such lamentable words as he uttered, Hubert de Burgh did preserve him from that injury, not doubting but rather to have thanks than displeasure at the king's hands, for delivering him of such infamy as would have rounded unto his highness, if the young gentleman had been so cruelly dealt withal. For he considered, that King John had resolved upon this point only in his heat and fury (which moveth men to undertake many an inconvenient enterprise, unbecoming the person of a common man,

much more reproachful to a prince, all men in that mood being more foolish and furious, and prone to accomplish the perverse conceits of their ill possessed hearts; as one saith right well,

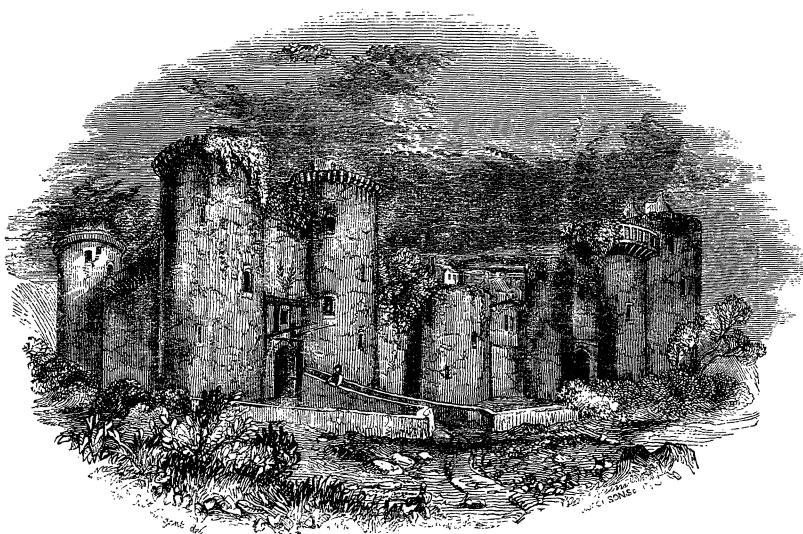
——— pronus in iram
Stultorum est animus, facilè excandescit et audet
Omne scelus, quoties concepta bile tumescit),

and that afterwards, upon better advisement, he would both repent himself so to have commanded, and give them small thank that should see it put in execution. Howbeit, to satisfy his mind for the time, and to stay the rage of the Britains, he caused it to be bruited abroad through the country, that the king's commandment was fulfilled, and that Arthur also, through sorrow and grief, was departed out of this life. For the space of fifteen days this rumour incessantly ran through both the realms of England and France, and there was ringing for him through towns and villages, as it had been for his funerals. It was also bruited, that his body was buried in the monastery of Saint Andrews of the Cisteaux order.

"But when the Britains were nothing pacified, but rather kindled more vehemently to work all the mischief they could devise, in revenge of their sovereign's death, there was no remedy but to signify abroad again that Arthur was as yet living, and in health. Now when the king

heard the truth of all this matter, he was nothing displeased for that his commandment was not executed, sith there were divers of his captains which uttered in plain words, that he should not find knights to keep his castles, if he dealt so cruelly with his nephew. For if it chanced any of them to be taken by the King of France, or other their adversaries, they should be sure to taste of the like cup. But now touching the manner in very deed of the end of this Arthur, writers make sundry reports. Nevertheless certain it is, that in the year next ensuing, he was removed from Falaise unto the castle or tower of Roan, out of the which there was not any that would confess that ever he saw him go alive. Some have written that as he essayed to have escaped out of prison, and proving to climb over the walls of the castle, he fell into the river of Seine, and so was drowned. Other write, that through very grief and languor he pined away and died of natural sickness. But some affirm that King John secretly caused him to be murdered and made away, so as it is not thoroughly agreed upon, in what sort he finished his days; but verily King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthily or not, the Lord knoweth."

Wisely has the old chronicler said, "verily King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthily or not, the Lord knoweth;" and wisely has Shakspeare taken the least offensive mode of



[Castle of Rouen.]

Arthur's death, which was to be found noticed in the obscure records of those times. It is, all things considered, most probable that Arthur perished at Rouen. The darkest of the stories connected with his death is that which makes him on the night of the 3rd April, 1203, awakened from his sleep, and led to the foot of the castle of Rouen, which the Seine washed. There, say the French historians, he entered a boat, in which sate John, and Peter de Maulac, his esquire. Terror took possession of the unhappy boy, and he threw himself at his uncle's feet;—but John came to do or to witness a deed of horror, and with his own hand he slew his nephew, and the deep waters of the river received the body of his victim.

In Act III. the dramatic action exhibits to us the “holy legate of the pope” breaking the peace between John and Philip, demanding of John

“Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force per force,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?”

The great quarrel between John and the pope, with reference to the election of Stephen Langton, did not take place till 1207, about six years after Arthur was taken prisoner at Mirebeau. Pandulph was not sent into France “to practise with the French king” against John, till 1211; and the invasion of England by the Dauphin (which is suggested by Pandulph as likely to be supported by the indignation of the English on the death of Arthur), did not take place till 1216, the year of John's death. The poet has leapt over all those barriers of time which would have impeded the direct march of his own poetical history. Coleridge has well explained the principle of this:—“The history of our ancient kings,—the events of their reigns I mean,—are like stars in the sky;—whatever the real interspaces may be, and however great, they seem close to each other. The stars—the events—strike us and remain in our eye, little modified by the difference of dates. An historic drama is, therefore, a collection of events borrowed from history, but connected together in respect of cause and time, poetically and by dramatic fiction.” Again: “The events themselves are immaterial, otherwise than as the clothing and manifestation of the spirit that is working within. In this mode, the unity resulting from succession is destroyed, but is supplied by a unity of a higher order, which connects the

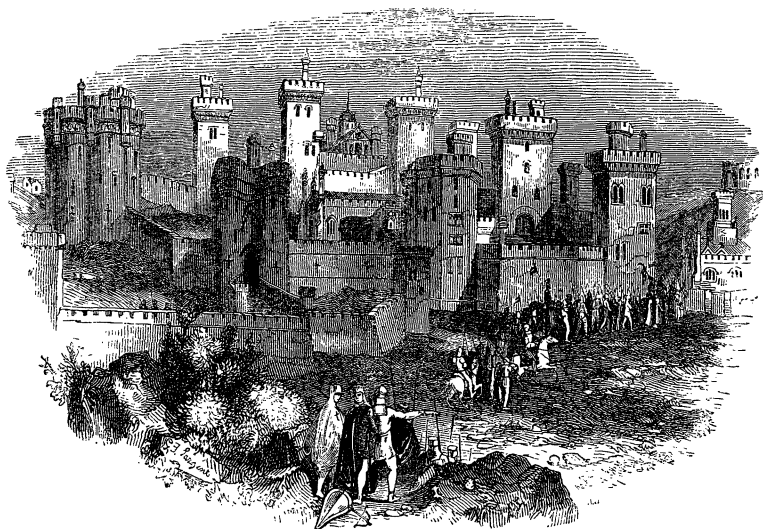
events by reference to the workers, gives a reason for them in the motives, and presents men in their causative character.”^a

The reader may, perhaps, be pleased with an example of the manner in which Shakspeare follows the chronicles, when the historical and the poetical truth are in unison. We will give him the story of Peter of Pomfret, and the incident of the five moons, from *Holinshed*:—

“There was in this season (1213, An. Reg. 15) an hermit whose name was Peter, dwelling about York, a man in great reputation with the common people, because that, either inspired with some spirit of prophecy as the people believed, or else having some notable skill in art magic, he was accustomed to tell what should follow after. * * * This Peter, about the first of January last past, had told the king, that at the feast of the Ascension it should come to pass, that he should be cast out of his kingdom. And he offered himself to suffer death for it, if his words should not prove true. Hereupon being committed to prison within the castle of Corfe, when the day by him prefixed came, without any other notable damage unto King John, he was, by the king's commandment, drawn from the said castle unto the town of Warham, and there hanged together with his son. * * * Some thought that he had much wrong to die, because the matter fell out even as he had prophesied; for the day before Ascension-day King John had resigned the superiority of his kingdom (as they took the matter) unto the pope, and had done to him homage, so that he was no absolute king indeed, as authors affirm. One cause, and that not the least which moved King John the sooner to agree with the pope, rose through the words of the said hermit, that did put such a fear of some great mishap in his heart, which should grow through the disloyalty of his people, that it made him yield the sooner.”

“About the month of December, there were seen in the province of York, five moons, one in the east, the second in the west, the third in the north, the fourth in the south, and the fifth, as it were, set in the midst of the other, having many stars about it, and went five or six times encompassing the other, as it were the space of one hour, and shortly after vanished away.”

^a ‘Literary Remains,’ vol. ii. pp. 160, 1.



[Pomfret Castle.]

We subjoin the portraits of two of the “angry lords” who figure in this Act. Salisbury and Pembroke are especially mentioned by Holinshed as having revolted from John, and joined Lewis. The portrait of William Longespée, Earl of Salisbury—the son of Henry II. by

Rosamond de Clifford, is from his effigy in Salisbury Cathedral. That of William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke—the “*Rector regis et regni*” in the next reign—is from his effigy in the Temple Church.

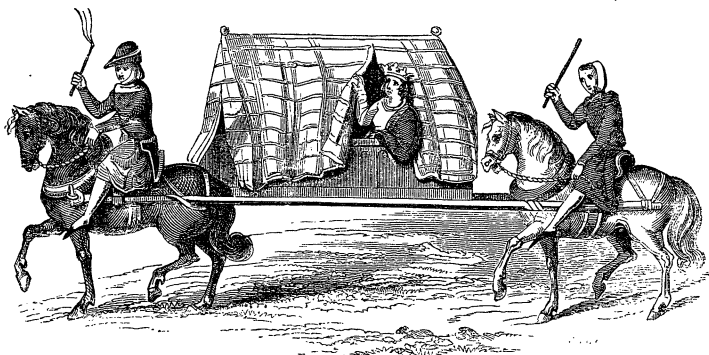


[Earl of Salisbury.]



[Earl of Pembroke.]

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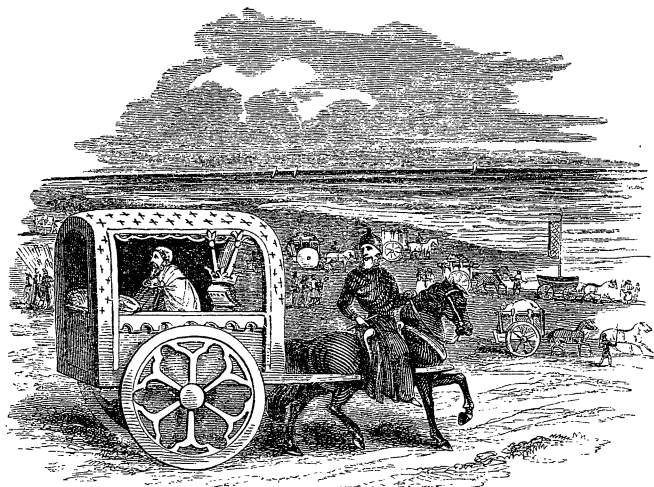


[Illustration 18.]

²⁰ SCENE VII.—“*Many carriages.*”

In vol. xx. of the ‘*Archæologia*,’ there is a history of carriages in England, by Mr. Markland, illustrated by engravings—among which is the principal figure of the following engraving, copied from a very valuable MS. formerly in the Roxburgh Library, entitled, ‘*Le Roman du Roy Meliadus*,’ written at the close of the four-

teenth century. The elegant form of the wheel of this carriage (similar to what, in architecture, is called a Catherine wheel) deserves particular notice. The vehicles in the back-ground are taken from a curious Saxon MS. in the British Museum (Cottonian Lib. Claudius B. 4), in which many varieties of wheel carriages are delineated.



The four-wheeled car in which the standard is erected is copied from a drawing in an early MS. History of the Kings of France (Royal MS. 16 G. 6, Brit. Mus.). The standard there represented is of great size, indeed so large that only some contrivance similar to that adopted could have rendered it available in the field.

The famous Battle of the Standard, fought 1138, derived its name from one of these remarkable standards being erected by the English army; from the car of which the Bishop of Durham, previous to the battle, read the prayer of absolution.



[Henry III.]

HISTORICAL.

It is unnecessary for us to do more than refer our readers to Holinshed for an account of the long-protracted dispute between the Pope and John, which ended in the mean submission which Shakspeare has so strikingly recorded in the first scene of this Act. The chronicler also details the attempt which the Pope made to dissuade the French king from the invasion of England, and the determination of the Dauphin to assert what he called his right to the throne.

These narratives are too long, and have too little of dramatic interest, to be here given as illustrations of the poet. We subjoin, however, Holinshed's account, which he gives on the authority of Matthew Paris, of the disclosures of Melun, which determined the revolted lords to return to their obedience to John. But the story is very apocryphal:—

“About the same time (1216, An. Reg. 18), or rather in the year last past, as some hold, it fortuneed that the Viscount of Melune, a Frenchman, fell sick at London, and perceiving that death was at hand, he called unto him certain of the English barons, which remained in the

city, upon safeguard thereof, and to them made this protestation: ‘I lament (saith he) your destruction and desolation at hand, because you are ignorant of the perils hanging over your heads. For this understand, that Lewis, and with him sixteen earls and barons of France, have secretly sworn (if it shall fortune him to conquer this realm of England, and be crowned king) that he will kill, banish, and confine all those of the English nobility (which now do serve under him, and persecute their own king) as traitors and rebels, and furthermore will dispossess all their lineage of such inheritance as they now hold in England. And because (saith he) you shall not have doubt hereof, I, which lie here at the point of death, do now affirm unto you, and take it on the peril of my soul, that I am one of those sixteen that have sworn to perform this thing. Wherefore I advise you to provide for your own safeties, and your realm's which you now destroy, and keep this thing secret which I have uttered unto you.’ After this speech was uttered he straightways died.”

The “Plain near St. Edmund's-Bury,” which

is the locality of the second Scene, and of the subsequent battle, is not mentioned in the chronicles, nor is this locality defined in the original edition of this play. The modern editors have introduced it, most probably, from

the circumstance of the Barons and the Dauphin having interchangeably sworn

“Upon the altar at St. Edmund’s-Bury.”

We subjoin an old view of the town :—



Matthew Paris, and Matthew of Westminster, have minutely described the route taken by the king, previous to his death. “The country being wasted on each hand, the king passeth forward till he came to Wellestreme Sands, where, in passing the Washes, he lost a great part of his army, with horses and carriages.” * * * “Yet the king himself, and a few others, escaped the violence of the waters, by following a good guide.” The Long Wash between Lynn and Boston was formerly a morass, intersected by roads of Roman construction. The memory of the precise spot where John lost his baggage is still preserved in the name of a corner of a bank between Cross Keys Wash and Lynn, called King’s Corner. The poet, having another dramatic purpose in view, did not take that version of the king’s death which ascribed his last illness to be the result of anguish of mind occasioned by this loss; but he supposes the accident to have befallen the forces under the Bastard.

Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.”

The death of John, by poison, administered by a monk, is thus described by Holinshed, upon the authority of Caxton :—

“—There be which have written that after he had lost his army, he came to the abbey of Swineshead, in Lincolnshire, and there understanding the cheapness and plenty of corn, shewed himself greatly displeased therewith; as he that for the hatred which he bare to the English people, that had so traitorously revolted from him unto his adversary Lewis, wished all misery to light upon them, and thereupon said in his anger, that he would cause all kind of grain to be at a far higher price ere many days should pass. Whereupon a monk that heard him speak such words, being moved with zeal for the oppression of his country, gave the king poison in a cup of ale, whereof he first took the assay, to cause the king not to suspect the matter, and so they both died in manner at one time.” The following representation of the event is from Fox’s ‘Acts and Monuments’ :—



The attempt of Lewis to possess himself of the English throne was maintained for two years; and the country was not freed from the French till after "peace was concluded on the eleventh day of September (1218), not far from Stanes."

We have given, at the head of this Illustration, the portrait of Henry III. from his great seal; and we subjoin that of the Dauphin, from his seal engraved in the 'Archæologia.'



[Lewis, Dauphin of France.]

COSTUME.

THE authorities for the COSTUME of the historical play of 'King John' are chiefly the monumental effigies and seals of the principal sovereigns and nobles therein mentioned. Illuminated MSS. of this *exact* period are unknown to us. All that we have seen of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries appear to be either of an earlier or later date than the reign of John. The nearest to his time, apparently, is one in the Sloane Collection, Brit. Mus., marked 175: Fortunately, however, there are few personages in the play beneath the rank of those for whose habits we have the most unquestionable models in the authorities above alluded to, and written

descriptions or allusions will furnish us with the most essential part of the information required. The enamelled cup said to have been presented by King John to the Corporation of Lynn, and from the figures on which the civil costume of his reign has hitherto been designed, is now, by a critical examination of those very figures, and a comparison of their dress with that depicted in MSS. of at least a century later, proved to be of the time of Edward II. or III. We subjoin a group in which the dress of the burghers and artificers is collected from the authorities nearest to the period.



The effigy of King John in Worcester Cathedral, which, by the examination of the body of the monarch, was proved to present a facsimile of the royal robes in which he was interred, affords us a fine specimen of the royal costume of the period. A full robe or supertunic of crimson damask, embroidered with gold, and descending to the mid leg, is girdled round the waist with a golden belt studded with jewels, having a long end pendent in front. An under tunic of cloth of gold descends to the ankles, and a mantle of the same magnificent stuff, lined with green silk, depends from his shoulders; the hose are red, the shoes black, over which are fastened gilt spurs by straps of silk, or cloth, of a light blue colour, striped

with green and yellow or gold. The collar and sleeves of the supertunic have borders of gold studded with jewels. The backs of the gloves were also jewelled.

A kneeling effigy of Philip Augustus, engraved in Montfaucon, shows the similarity of fashion existing at the same time in France and England. The nobles, when unarmed, appear to have been attired in the same manner, viz., in the tunic, supertunic, and mantle, with hose, short boots, or shoes, of materials more or less rich according to the means or fancy of the wearer. Cloth, silk, velvet, and gold and silver tissues, with occasionally furs of considerable value, are mentioned in various documents of the period. A garment called a bliaus (from

whence probably the modern French blouse), appears to have been a sort of supertunic or surcoat in vogue about this time; and in winter it is said to have been lined with fur. The common Norman mantle used for travelling, or out-of-door exercise, had a capuchon to it, and was called the capa.

The capuchon, or hood, with which this garment was furnished, appears to have been the usual covering for the head; but hats and caps, the former of the shape of the classical Petasus, and the latter sometimes of the Phrygian form, and sometimes flat and round like the Scotch bonnet, are occasionally met with during the twelfth century. The beaux, however, during John's reign, curled and crisped their hair with irons, and bound only a slight fillet round the head, seldom wearing caps, in order that their locks might be seen and admired. The beard was closely shaven, but John and the nobles of his party are said to have worn both beard and moustache, out of contempt for the discontented Barons. The fashion of gartering up the long hose, or Norman chausses, sandal-wise prevailed amongst all classes; and when, on the legs of persons of rank, these bandages are seen of gold stuff, the effect is very gorgeous and picturesque.

The dress of the ladies may best be understood from an examination of the effigies of Eleanor, Queen of Henry II., and of Isabella, Queen of King John, and the figure of Blanch of Castile on her great seal. Although these personages are represented in what may be called royal costume, the general dress differed nothing in form, however it might in material. It consisted of one long full robe or gown, girdled round the waist, and high in the neck, with long tight sleeves to the wrist (in the Sloane MS. above mentioned the hanging cuffs in fashion about forty years earlier appear upon one figure); the collar sometimes fastened with a brooch; the head bound by a band or fillet of jewels, and covered with the wimple or veil. To the girdle was appended, occasionally, a small pouch or aulmoniere. The capa was used in travelling, and in winter pelisses (Pelices, pelissons) richly furred [whence the name] were worn under it.

King John orders a gray pelisson with nine bars of fur to be made for the Queen. Short boots, as well as shoes, were worn by the ladies. The King orders four pairs of women's boots, one of them to be *fretatus de giris* (embroidered

with circles), but the robe, or gown, was worn so long that little more than the tips of the toes are seen in illuminations or effigies of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and the colour is generally black, though there can be no doubt they were occasionally of cloth of gold or silver richly embroidered.

Gloves do not appear to have been generally worn by females; but, as marks of nobility, when they were worn they were jewelled on the back.

The mantle and robe or tunic, of the effigy of Queen Eleanor, are embroidered all over with golden crescents. This may have been some family badge, as the crescent and star are seen on the great seal of Richard I., and that monarch is said to have possessed a mantle nearly covered with half moons and orbs of shining silver.

The armour of the time consisted of a hauberk and chausses made of leather, covered with iron-rings set up edgewise in regular rows, and firmly stitched upon it, or with small overlapping scales of metal like the *Lorica squamata* of the Romans.

The hauberk had a capuchon attached to it, which could be pulled over the head or thrown back at pleasure. Under this was sometimes worn a close iron skull-cap, and at others the hood itself was surmounted by a "chapel de fer," or a large cylindrical helmet, flattened at top, the face being defended by a perforated plate or grating, called the "*aventaille*" (*avant taille*), fastened by screws or hinges to the helmet. A variety of specimens of this early vizored head-piece may be seen on the seals of the Counts of Flanders in Olivarius Vredius' History; and the seal of Prince Lewis of France (one of the personages of this play) exhibits a large and most clumsy helmet of this description. The seal of King John presents us with a figure of the monarch wearing over his armour the military surcoat as yet undistinguished by armorial blazonry. On his head is either a cylindrical helmet, without the *aventaille*, or a cap of cloth or fur. It is difficult, from the state of the impressions, to decide which. He bears the knightly shield, assuming at this period the triangular or heater shape, but exceedingly curved or embowed, and emblazoned with the three lions, or leopards, passant regardant, in pale, which are first seen on the shield of his brother, Richard I.

The spur worn at this period was the goad or pryck spur, without a rowel. The principal

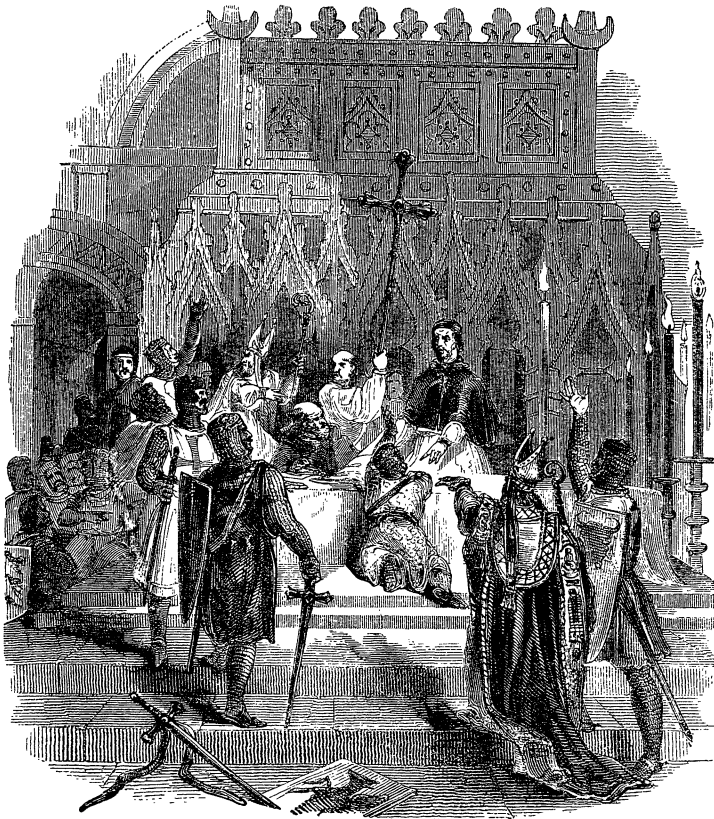
weapons of the knights were the lance, the sword, and the battle-axe. The shape of the sword may be best ascertained from the effigy of King John, who holds one in his hand; the pommel is diamond shaped, and has an oval cavity in the centre for a jewel.

The common soldiery fought with bills, long and cross-bows, slings, clubs, and a variety of rude but terrific weapons, such as scythes fastened to poles (the falcastrum), and a sort of spear, with a hook on one side, called the guisarme. The arbalaste, or cross-bow, is said to have been invented in the previous reign, but Ware mentions it as having been known to the Normans before the Conquest. In the close rolls of John is an order, dated 2nd April, 1208, to the bailiff of Porchester, to cause machines for flinging stones, called petrariæ and mango-

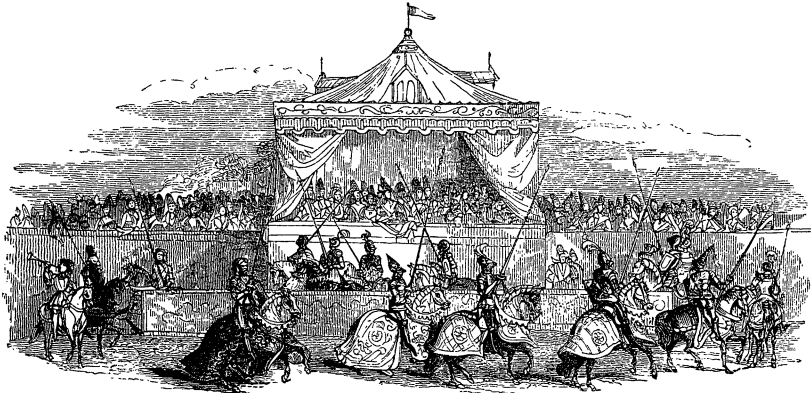
nelli, to be made for the King's service, and to let Droyo de Dieppe and his companions have iron and other things necessary for making of them. Philip sent to his son Louis a military engine called the malvoisine (bad neighbour), to batter the walls of Dover Castle.

The costume of the following personages of the drama will be found in their portraits which are introduced into the *Historical Illustrations*:—King John, Queen Elinor, King Philip, Prince Lewis, Blanch of Castile, Salisbury, Pembroke, Henry III. We have, however, endeavoured to give a general impression of the military and priestly costume of the period, in the following group, which refers to the oath taken by the English barons interchangeably with Prince Lewis and his knights,

“Upon the altar at St. Edmund's-Bury.”







Tournament. Knights entering the Lists.]

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE first edition was published, in 1597, under the title of 'The Tragedy of King Richard the Second.' Four editions in quarto appeared before the folio of 1623. But all that part of the fourth act in which Richard is introduced to make the surrender of his crown, comprising one hundred and fifty-four lines, was never printed in the age of Elizabeth. The quarto of 1608 first gives this scene.

We scarcely know how to approach this drama, even for the purpose of a few remarks upon its characteristics. We are almost afraid to trust our own admiration when we turn to the cold criticism by which opinion in this country has been wont to be governed. We have been told that it cannot "be said much to affect the passions or enlarge the understanding."^a It may be so. And yet, we think, it might somewhat "affect the passions,"—for "gorgeous tragedy" hath here put on her "scepter'd pall," and if she bring not Terror in her train, Pity, at least, claims the sad story for her own. And yet it may somewhat "enlarge the understanding,"—for, though it abound not in those sententious moralities which may fitly adorn "a theme at school," it lays bare more than one human bosom with a most searching

^a Johnson.

anatomy; and, in the moral and intellectual strength and weakness of humanity, which it discloses with as much precision as the scalpel reveals to the student of our physical nature the symptoms of health or disease, may we read the proximate and final causes of this world's success or loss, safety or danger, honour or disgrace, elevation or ruin. And then, moreover, the profound truths which, half-hidden to the careless reader, are to be drawn out from this drama, are contained in such a splendid frame-work of the picturesque and the poetical, that the setting of the jewel almost distracts our attention from the jewel itself. We are here plunged into the midst of the fierce passions and the gorgeous pageantries of the antique time. We not only enter the halls and galleries, where is hung

"Armoury of the invincible knights of old,"

but we see the beaver closed, and the spear in rest:—under those cuirasses are hearts knocking against the steel with almost more than mortal rage;—the banners wave, the trumpet sounds—heralds and marshals are ready to salute the victor—but the absolute king casts down his warder, and the anticipated triumph of one proud champion must end in the unmerited disgrace of both. The transition is easy from the tourney to the

battle-field. A nation must bleed that a subject may be avenged. A crown is to be played for, though

" Tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound."

The luxurious lord

" That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men "

perishes in a dungeon;—the crafty usurper sits upon his throne, but it is undermined by the hatreds even of those who placed him on it. Here is, indeed, "a kingdom for a stage." And has the greatest of poets dealt with such a subject without affecting the passions or enlarging the understanding? Away with this. We *will* trust our own admiration.

It is the wonderful subjection of the poetical power to the higher law of truth—to the poetical truth, which is the highest truth, comprehending and expounding the historical truth—which must furnish the clue to the proper understanding of the drama of 'Richard II.' It appears to us that, when the poet first undertook

" to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war,"

to unfold the roll of the causes and consequences of that usurpation of the house of Lancaster which plunged three or four generations of Englishmen in bloodshed and misery—he approaches the subject with an inflexibility of purpose as totally removed as it was possible to be from the levity of a partisan. There were to be weighed in one scale the follies, the weaknesses, the crimes of Richard—the injuries of Bolingbroke—the insults which the capricious despotism of the king had heaped upon his nobles—the exactions under which the people groaned

—the real merits and the popular attributes of him who came to redress and to repair. In the other scale were to be placed the afflictions of fallen greatness—the revenge and treachery by which the fall was produced—the heartburnings and suspicions which accompany every great revolution—the struggles for power which ensue when the established and legitimate authority is thrust from its seat. All these phases, personal and political, of a deposition and an usurpation, Shakspeare has exhibited with marvellous impartiality.

It is in the same lofty spirit of impartiality which governs the general sentiments of this drama that Shakspeare has conceived the mixed character of Richard. If we compare *every* account, we must say that the Richard II. of Shakspeare is rigidly the true Richard. The poet is the truest historian in all that belongs to the higher attributes of history. But with this surpassing dramatic truth in the 'Richard II.' perhaps, after all, the most wonderful thing in the whole play—that which makes it so exclusively and entirely Shaksperian—is the evolvment of the truth under the poetical form. The character of Richard, especially, is entirely subordinated to the poetical conception of it—to something higher than the historical propriety, yet including all that historical propriety, and calling it forth under the most striking aspects. All the vacillations and weaknesses of the king, in the hands of an artist like Shakspeare, are reproduced with the most natural and vivid colours; so as to display their own characteristic effects, in combination with the principle of poetical beauty, which carries them into a higher region than the perfect command over the elements of strong individualization could alone produce.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD II.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1.
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

EDMUND OF LANGLEY, *Duke of York; uncle to the King.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6.

JOHN OF GAUNT, *Duke of Lancaster; uncle to the King.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1.

HENRY, *surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt, afterwards King Henry IV.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3.
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 6.

DUKE OF AUMERLE, *son to the Duke of York.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1.
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

MOWBRAY, *Duke of Norfolk.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3.

DUKE OF SURREY.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.

EARL BERKLEY.

Appears, Act II. sc. 3.

BUSHY, *a creature to King Richard.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

BAGOT, *a creature to King Richard.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.

GREEN, *a creature to King Richard.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 6.

HENRY PERCY, *son to the Earl of Northumberland.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 6.

LORD ROSS.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.

LORD WILLOUGHBY.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.

LORD FITZWATER.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 6.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Appears, Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 6.

ABBOTT OF WESTMINSTER.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

LORD MARSHAL; *and another Lord.*

Appear, Act I. sc. 3.

SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.

Appears, Act V. sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6.

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

Appears, Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.

Captain of a band of Welchmen.

Appears, Act II. sc. 4.

QUEEN *to King Richard.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 1.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

Lady *attending on the Queen.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other attendants.

SCENE,—DISPERSEDLY IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

* * The original editions have no Names of Characters.



[Scene I.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING RICHARD, *attended*; JOHN OF GAUNT, and other Nobles, *with him*.

K. RICH. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
 Hast thou, according to thy oath^a and band^a,
 Brought hither Henry Hereford^b, thy bold son;
 Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
 Which then our leisure would not let us hear,

^a *Band*. *Bund* and *bond* are each the past participle passive of the verb *to bind*; and hence the *band*, that by which a thing is confined, and the *bond*, that by which one is constrained, are one and the same thing.

^b *Hereford*. In the old copies this title is invariably spelt and pronounced *Herford*. In Hardyng's 'Chronicle' the word is always written *Herford* or *Harford*. It is constantly *Herford*, as a dissyllable, in Daniel's 'Civile Warres.'

Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

GAUNT. I have, my liege.

K. RICH. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

GAUNT. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

K. RICH. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:— [Exeunt some Attendants.
High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.

BOLING. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

NOR. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. RICH. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come^a;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

BOLING. First, (heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;

^a *You come.* On which you come: or you come on. The omission, in such a case, of the preposition is not unusual.

And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

NOR. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal :

'T is not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain :
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say :
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech ;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled^a down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him ;
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain :
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds ;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable^b
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

BOLING. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king ;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except :
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop ;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise^c.

NOR. I take it up ; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight !

K. RICH. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge ?

^a *Doubled*. In folio of 1623, *doubly*; *doubled* is the reading of the quartos.

^b *Inhabitable*. Uninhabitable, uninhabitable. Jonson, and Taylor the Water-poet, both use the word in this sense, strictly according to its Latin derivation.

^c So the quarto of 1597. The first folio reads,

“What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.”

It must be great, that can inherit us ^a

So much as of a thought of ill in him.

BOLING. Look, what I said^b my life shall prove it true;—

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles²,

In name of lendings, for your highness' soldiers;

The which he hath detain'd for lewd^c employments,

Like a false traitor and injurious villain.

Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—

Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge

That ever was survey'd by English eye,—

That all the treasons, for these eighteen years

Complotted and contrived in this land,

Fetch'd from false Mowbray their first head and spring.

Further I say,—and further will maintain

Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—

That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;

Suggest^d his soon-believing adversaries;

And, consequently, like a traitor coward,

Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,

Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,

To me for justice and rough chastisement;

And, by the glorious worth of my descent,

This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. RICH. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—

Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

NOR. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,

And bid his ears a little while be deaf,

Till I have told this slander of his blood,

How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. RICH. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:

Were he my brother, nay, our^e kingdom's heir,

(As he is but my father's brother's son,)

Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,

Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood

Should nothing privilege him, nor partialise

The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:

^a *Inherit us*. To inherit was not only used in the sense of to inherit as an heir, but in that of to receive generally. It is here used for *to cause to receive*, in the same way that to possess is either used for to have, or to cause to have.

^b *Said*. So the folio. In the first quarto, *speak*.

^c *Lewd*, in its early signification, means misled, deluded; and thence it came to stand, as here, for wicked. The laity—"the body of the Christian people," as Gibbon calls them—were designated as *lewede* by the clergy. (See Tooke, vol. ii. p. 383.)

^d *Suggest*—prompt.

^e *Our kingdom's heir*. So the folio. The earlier copies, *my kingdom's heir*.

He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou;

Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

NOR. Then, Bolingbroke³, as low as to thy heart,

Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais

Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:

The other part reserv'd I by consent;

For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,

Upon remainder of a dear account,

Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:

Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,—

I slew him not; but to my own disgrace,

Neglected my sworn duty in that case.

For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,

The honourable father to my foe,

Once I did lay an ambush for your life,

A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:

But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,

I did confess it; and exactly begg'd

Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.

This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,

It issues from the rancour of a villain,

A recreant and most degenerate traitor:

Which in myself I boldly will defend;

And interchangeably hurl down my gage

Upon this overweening traitor's foot,

To prove myself a loyal gentleman

Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:

In haste whereof, most heartily I pray

Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. RICH. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;

Let's purge this choler without letting blood:

This we prescribe, though no physician;

Deep malice makes too deep incision:

Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;

Our doctors say, this is no month^a to bleed⁴.

Good uncle, let this end where it begun;

We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

GAUNT. To be a make-peace shall become my age:—

Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. RICH. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

GAUNT.

When, Harry? when^b?

^a *Month* in the quartos; in the folio, *time*.

^b *When, Harry? when? When*, so used, is an expression of impatience, as in 'The Taming of the Shrew,'—"Why, when, I say?"

Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. RICH. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot^a.

NOR. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot:

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:

The one my duty owes; but my fair name,

(Despite of death,) that lives upon my grave,

To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;

Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;

The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood

Which breath'd this poison.

K. RICH. Rage must be withstood:

Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards tame^b.

NOR. Yea, but not change his^c spots: take but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,

The purest treasure mortal times afford

Is spotless reputation; that away,

Men are but gilded loam^d, or painted clay.

A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest

Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;

Take honour from me, and my life is done:

Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;

In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. RICH. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

BOLING. O, heaven defend my soul from such foul sin!

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?

Or with pale beggar fear impeach my height

Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue

Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,

Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear

The slavish motive of recanting fear;

And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,

Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[Exit GAUNT.]

K. RICH. We were not born to sue, but to command:

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,

^a *No boot.* *Boot* is here used in its original sense of compensation. There is no boot, no remedy, for what is past,—nothing to be added, or substituted.

^b *Lions make leopards tame.* The crest of Norfolk was a golden leopard.

^c *His spots.* So the old copies. According to the custom in Shakspeare's time of changing from the singular to the plural number, or from the plural to the singular, the alteration to *their* in modern copies was scarcely called for. But in this case Mowbray quotes the very text of Scripture—Jer. xiii. 23.

^d *Gilded loam.* In 'England's Parnassus' (1600) these three lines are extracted, but the third line reads thus:—

"Men are but gilded *trunks*, or painted clay."

Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
 At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day ;
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
 The swelling difference of your settled hate ;
 Since we cannot atone you^a, you shall see^b
 Justice design^c the victor's chivalry.
 Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
 Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace*⁵.

*Enter GAUNT and DUCHESS OF GLOSTER*⁶.

GAUNT. Alas ! the part^d I had in Gloster's blood
 Doth more solicit me than your exclams,
 To stir against the butchers of his life.
 But since correction lieth in those hands
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
 Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven ;
 Who, when he sees^e the hours ripe on earth,
 Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

DUCH. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur ?
 Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?
 Edward's seven sons⁷, whereof thyself art one,
 Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
 Or seven fair branches springing from one root :
 Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
 Some of those branches by the destinies cut :
 But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
 One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;
 Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all vaded^f,
 By envy's hand, and murther's bloody axe.
 Ah, Gaunt ! his blood was thine ; that bed, that womb,
 That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
 Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
 Yet art thou slain in him : thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy father's death,

^a *Atone you*—make you in concord—cause you to be *at one*.

^b *You shall see*. All the old copies read *you* ; except the first quarto, which has *we*.

^c *Design*—designate—point out—exhibit—show by a token.

^d *The part I had*, &c. My consanguinity to Gloster.

^e *He sees*. All the old copies, *they see*. *Heaven* is often put as the impersonation of the Deity.

^f *Vaded*. So the folio ; the quartos, *faded*. To *vade* seems in some writers to have a stronger sense than to *fade*, although *fade* was often written *vade*. Doubtless they are the same words.

In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life.
 Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair :
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
 That which in mean men we entitle patience
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is to 'venge my Gloster's death.

GAUNT. Heaven's is the quarrel ; for heaven's substitute,
 His deputy anointed in his sight,
 Hath caus'd his death : the which if wrongfully,
 Let heaven revenge ; for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister.

DUCH. Where then, alas ! may I complain myself^a ?

GAUNT. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

DUCH. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight :
 O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
 That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !
 Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom⁸,
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
 A caitiff^b recreant to my cousin Hereford !
 Farewell, old Gaunt ; thy sometimes brother's wife
 With her companion grief must end her life.

GAUNT. Sister, farewell : I must to Coventry :

As much good stay with thee, as go with me !

DUCH. Yet one word more ;—Grief boundeth where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :
 I take my leave before I have begun ;
 For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
 Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
 Lo, this is all :—Nay, yet depart not so ;
 Though this be all, do not so quickly go ;
 I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what ?—
 With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
 Alack, and what shall good old York there see,

^a *Complain myself*. The verb is here the same as the French verb *se plaindre*.

^b *Caitiff*. The original meaning of this word was, a prisoner. Wickliffe has "he stighynge an high ledde *cailyfte cailyf*" (captivity captive). As the captive anciently became a slave, the word gradually came to indicate a man in a servile condition—a mean creature—a dishonest person.

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls⁹,
 Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones ?
 And what hear there for welcome but my groans ?
 Therefore commend me ; let him not come there,
 To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere :
 Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die ;
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III.—*Open Space near Coventry.**Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c., attending.**Enter the LORD MARSHAL¹⁰ and AUMERLE¹¹.*

MAR. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd ?

AUM. Yea, at all points ; and longs to enter in.

MAR. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
 Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.AUM. Why, then the champions are prepar'd, and stay
 For nothing but his majesty's approach.

*Flourish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne ;
 GAUNT, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded,
 and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK, in armour,
 preceded by a Herald.*

K. RICH. Marshal, demand of yonder champion

The cause of his arrival here in arms :
 Ask him his name ; and orderly proceed
 To swear him in the justice of his cause.

MAR. In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,
 And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms :
 Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrel :
 Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath ;
 As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour !

NOR. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk ;
 Who hither come engaged by my oath,
 (Which heaven defend a knight should violate !)
 Both to defend my loyalty and truth
 To God, my king, and his succeeding issue^a,
 Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me ;
 And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,

^a The first folio, deviating from the first three editions, reads "*his succeeding issue*;"—the succeeding issue of the king. *My succeeding issue*, the reading of the quartos, must be received in the sense that Mowbray owed to his descendants to defend his loyalty and truth to them, as well as to his God and to his king. This, however, would be to refine somewhat too much.

To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me :
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

[*He takes his seat.*]

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. RICH. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war ;
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

MAR. What is thy name ? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before king Richard, in his royal lists ?
Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy quarrel ?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven !

BOLING. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me ;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

MAR. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

BOLING. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty :
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

MAR. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. RICH. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight !
Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed.
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

BOLING. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear ;
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord [*to LORD MARSHAL*], I take my leave of you ;
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle :—

Not sick, although I have to do with death ;
 But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
 Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :
 O thou, the earthly^a author of my blood,—
 Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
 Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
 To reach at victory above my head,—
 Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
 That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat^b,
 And furnish^c new the name of John of Gaunt,
 Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

[To GAUNT.

GAUNT. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous !

Be swift like lightning in the execution ;
 And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
 Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
 Of thy adverse^d pernicious enemy :
 Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

BOLING. My innocency, and saint George to thrive.

[He takes his seat.

NOR. [Rising.] However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,

There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
 A loyal, just, and upright gentleman :
 Never did captive with a freer heart
 Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
 His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
 This feast of battle with mine adversary.
 Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :
 As gentle and as jocund, as to jest^e,
 Go I to fight ; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. RICH. Farewell, my lord : securely I espy
 Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.

^a *Earthly*. In the folio, *earthy*.

^b *Waxen coat*. The original meaning of the noun *wax* is that of something pliable, yielding. *Weak* and *wax* have the same root. Mowbray's waxen coat, into which Bolingbroke's lance's point may enter, is his frail and penetrable coat, or armour.

^c *Furnish* is the reading of the folio ; *furbish* of the quarto of 1597. To *furbish* is to polish ; to *furnish*, to dress.

^d *Adverse*, in the quarto ; the folio, *amaz'd*.

^e *To jest*. A jest was sometimes used to signify a mask, or pageant. Thus, in the old play of 'Hieronymo':—

"He promis'd us, in honour of our guest,
 To grace our banquet with some pompous jest."

To jest, therefore, in the sense in which Mowbray here uses it, is to play a part in a mask.

Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The KING and the Lords return to their seats.*]

MAR. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Receive thy lance; and God defend thy right!

BOLING. [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.

MAR. Go bear this lance [*to an Officer*] to Thomas, duke of Norfolk.

1 HER. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,

On pain to be found false and recreant,

To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,

A traitor to his God, his king, and him,

And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 HER. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,

On pain to be found false and recreant,

Both to defend himself, and to approve

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;

Courageously, and with a free desire,

Attending but the signal to begin.

MAR. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

[*A charge sounded.*]

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder^a down.

K. RICH. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,

And both return back to their chairs again:

Withdraw with us: and let the trumpets sound,

While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish.*]

Draw near,

[*To the Combatants.*]

And list, what with our council we have done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd

With that dear blood which it hath fostered;

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;

[*And for we think the eagle-winged pride*

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,

With rival-hating envy, set on you^b

To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;]^c

Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,

With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,

And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,

Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,

And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—

Therefore we banish you our territories:

^a *Warder*—the truncheon, or staff of command.

^b *On you.* So the old copies. Pope and subsequent editors read *you on*.

^c These five lines, enclosed in brackets, are omitted in the folio.

You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life^a,
 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

BOLING. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,
 That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;
 And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
 Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. RICH. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
 The sly-slow hours^b shall not determinate
 The dateless limit of thy dear^c exile;—
 The hopeless word of, never to return,
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

NOR. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
 And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth.
 A dearer merit^d, not so deep a maim
 As to be cast forth in the common air,
 Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
 The language I have learn'd these forty years,
 My native English, now I must forego:
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more
 Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
 Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
 Or, being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

^a *Life*. The folio has *death*; but subsequently, in the King's speech to Norfolk, it has *life*, in the same sense. The quartos have *life*. Mr. Collier justly observes that one or the other word should be retained.

^b *Sly-slow hours*. So the old copies. Pope would read *fly-slow*. Chapman, in his translation of the 'Odyssey,' has "those sly hours." It would hardly be fair to think that Pope changed the text that he might have the credit of originality in the following line:—

"All *sly slow* things, with circumspective eye."

^c *Dear exile*. The manner in which Shakspeare uses the word *dear* often presents a difficulty to the modern reader. Twenty-five lines before this we have the "dear blood" of the kingdom—the valued blood. We have now the "dear exile" of Norfolk—the harmful exile. The apparent contradiction is immediately reconciled by looking at the etymology of the word. To *dere*, the old English verb, from the Anglo-Saxon *der-ian*, is to hurt,—to do mischief; and thence *dearth*, meaning, which hurteth, *dereth*, or maketh *dear*. In the expression *dear exile* we have the primitive meaning of to *dere*. But in the other expression, *dear blood*, we have the secondary meaning. One of the most painful consequences of mischief on a large scale, such as the mischief of a bad season, was *dearth*—the barrenness, the scarcity, produced by the hurtful agent. What was spared was thence called *dear*—precious—costly—greatly coveted—highly prized.

^d *A dearer merit*. A more valued *reward*. Johnson says to *deserve a merit* is a phrase of which he knows not any example. Shakspeare here distinctly means to deserve a reward; for merit is strictly the part or share earned or gained. Prior, who wrote a century after Shakspeare, uses the word in the same sense:—

"Those laurel-groves, *the merits* of thy youth,
 Which thou from Mahomet didst greatly gain."

Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
 Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
 Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
 Too far in years to be a pupil now;
 What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. RICH. It boots thee not to be compassionate^a;
 After our sentence plaining comes too late.

NOR. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
 To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[Retiring.]

K. RICH. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
 Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
 Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
 (Our part therein we banish¹² with yourselves,)
 To keep the oath that we administer:—
 You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)
 Embrace each other's love in banishment;
 Nor ever look upon each other's face;
 Nor ever write, regret, or reconcile
 This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
 Nor ever by advised purpose meet
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

BOLING. I swear.

NOR. And I, to keep all this.

BOLING. Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy^b;
 By this time, had the king permitted us,
 One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
 Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
 As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
 Confess thy treasons ere thou fly this realm;
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
 The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

NOR. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
 My name be blotted from the book of life,
 And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!
 But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
 And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.

^a *Compassionate*. This is the only instance in which Shakspeare uses compassionate in the sense of *complaining*.

^b *So far*. The earlier editions read *so fare*; the second folio, *so farre*. Johnson's interpretation of this passage seems to be just: "Norfolk, so far I have addressed myself to thee as to mine enemy; I now utter my last words with kindness and tenderness; confess thy treasons."

Farewell, my liege :—Now no way can I stray ;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*

K. RICH. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart ; thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away :—Six frozen winters spent,
Return [*to BOLING.*] with welcome home from banishment.

BOLING. How long a time lies in one little word !
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word : Such is the breath of kings.

GAUNT. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile ;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;
For ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age and endless night ;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. RICH. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

GAUNT. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give :
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow :
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;
Thy word is current with him for my death :
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. RICH. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave ;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower ?

GAUNT. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father :
[O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild :
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.]^a
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away ;
But you gave leave to mine unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. RICH. Cousin, farewell :—and, uncle, bid him so ;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* K. RICHARD and Train.

^a These four lines, enclosed in brackets, are omitted in the folio.

AUM. Cousin, farewell : what presence must not know,

From where you do remain, let paper show.

MAR. My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride

As far as land will let me by your side.

GAUNT. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

BOLING. I have too few to take my leave of you,

When the tongue's office should be prodigal

To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

GAUNT. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

BOLING. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

GAUNT. What is six winters ? they are quickly gone.

BOLING. To men in joy ; but grief makes one hour ten.

GAUNT. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

BOLING. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

GAUNT. The sullen passage of thy weary steps

Esteem a foil^a, wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home-return.

[BOLING. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

Will but remember me, what a deal of world

I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship

To foreign passages ; and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else

But that I was a journeyman to grief ?

GAUNT. All places that the eye of heaven visits

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :

Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;

There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not, the king did banish thee ;

But thou the king : Woe doth the heavier sit,

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,

And not, the king exil'd thee : or suppose

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,

And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.

Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;

The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd ;

The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more

Than a delightful measure or a dance :

^a *Foil* or *foyl*, the thin plate or leaf of metal used in setting jewellery.

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.]^a

BOLING. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus¹³?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites but lanceth not the sore.

GAUNT. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

BOLING. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN; AUMERLE following.

K. RICH. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

AUM. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. RICH. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

AUM. 'Faith, none for me^b, except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our face,
Awak'd the sleepy rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. RICH. What said our cousin when you parted with him?

AUM. Farewell:

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,

^a The twenty-six lines between brackets are omitted in the folio. They are in the first quarto of 1597, and are continued in the subsequent quartos.

^b *None for me*—none on my part.

He should have had a volume of farewells ;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. RICH. He is our cousin, cousin ; but 't is doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people :—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy ;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 't were to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

GREEN. Well, he is gone ; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland ;
Expedient^a manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. RICH. We will ourself in person to this war.
And, for our coffers, with too great a court,
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm ;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand : If that come short,
Our substitute at home shall have blank charters ;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants ;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news ?

BUSHY. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord ;
Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

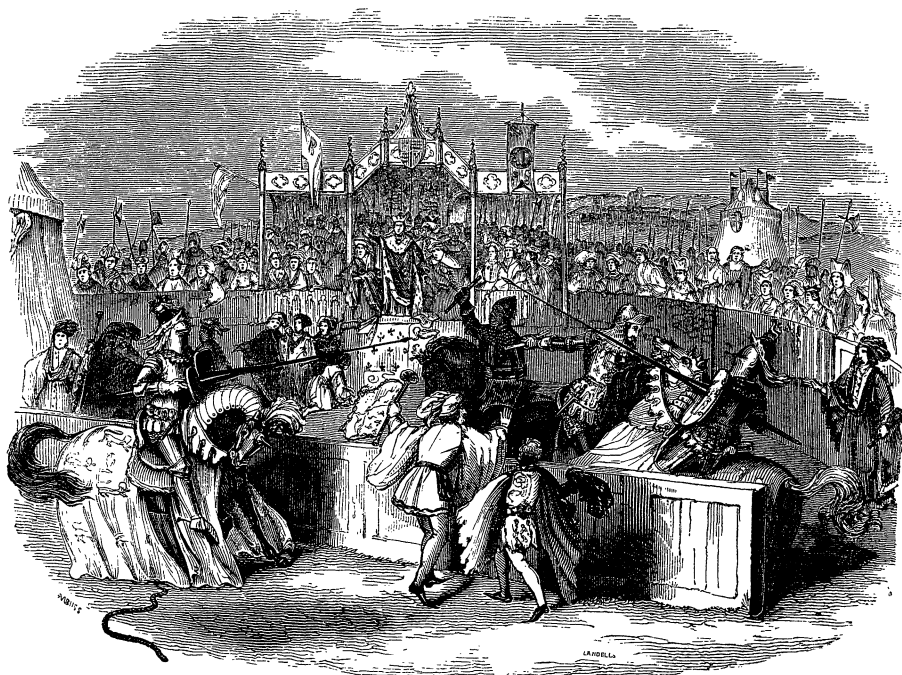
K. RICH. Where lies he ?

^a *Expedient*—prompt—suitable—disengaged from entanglements.

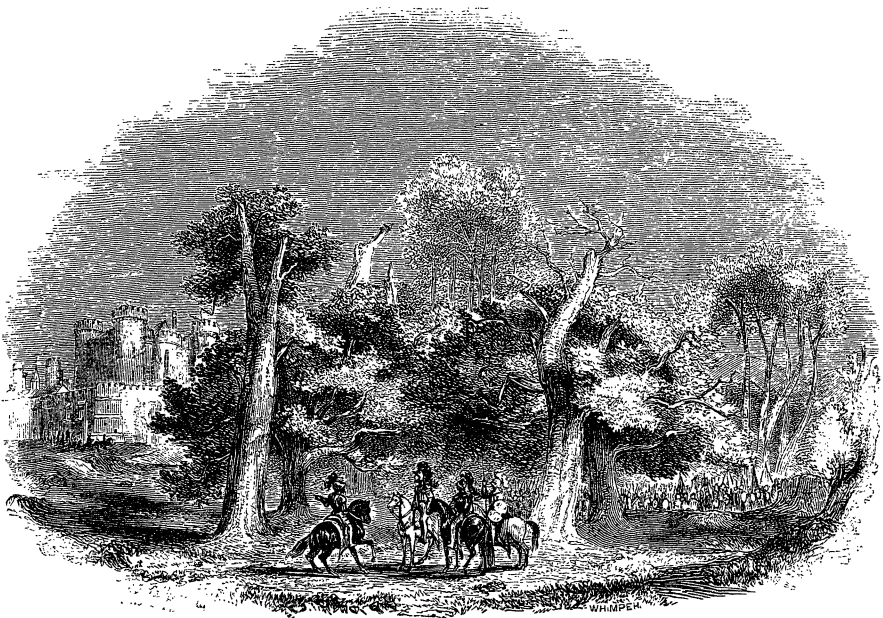
BUSHY. At Ely-house.

K. RICH. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately !
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let 's all go visit him :
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late !

[*Exeunt*



[SCENE III.—“ The king hath thrown his warder down.”]



[SCENE III.—“There stands the castle.”]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in Ely House.*

GAUNT *on a couch* ; the DUKE OF YORK, and others standing by him.

GAUNT. Will the king come? that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaïd youth.

YORK. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

GAUNT. O, but they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before;
The setting sun, and music at the close,

(As the last taste of sweets is sweetest,) last,
 Writ in remembrance, more than things long past^a;
 Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
 My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

YORK. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
 As praises of his state: then, there are found
 Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound
 The open ear of youth doth always listen:
 Report of fashions in proud Italy;
 Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
 Limp after in base imitation.
 Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
 (So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
 That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
 Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
 Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
 Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
 'T is breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

GAUNT. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd;
 And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
 He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
 With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise;
 This fortress, built by nature for herself,
 Against infection^b and the hand of war;

The ordinary reading of this passage is as follows:—

“The setting sun, and music at the close,
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
 Writ in remembrance more than things long past.”

We have adopted the change in the punctuation which was suggested by Monck Mason; by which slight alteration the word *last*, at the end of the second line, is read as a verb, of which the *sun* and *music* form the nominative case.

^b All the ancient copies read *infection*. In ‘England’s Parnassus’ (1600), where the passage is quoted, we read *intestion*. Farmer suggested the substitution of *infestation*, which Malone has adopted. *Infestation* is taken, by Malone, to be an abbreviation of *infestation*, in the same way that, in Bishop Hall, *acception* is used for *acceptation*. *Infestation* appears to have designated those violent incursions of an enemy—those annoying, joy-depriving (*infestus*) ravages—to which an unprotected frontier is peculiarly exposed; and from which the sea, “as a moat defensive to a house,” shut out “this scepter’d isle.” Still, *infection*, being a word of which there can be no doubt of the meaning, is to be preferred, if we can be content to receive the idea in a limited sense—that the sea in some sort kept out pestilence, though not absolutely.

This happy breed of men, this little world ;
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands ;
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 (For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son :
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it,)
 Like to a tenement, or pelting^a farm :
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds ;
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself :
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

Enter KING RICHARD *and* QUEEN ; AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT,
 ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

YORK. The king is come : deal mildly with his youth ;

For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

QUEEN. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

K. RICH. What comfort, man ? How is 't with aged Gaunt ?

GAUNT. O, how that name befits my composition !

Old Gaunt, indeed ; and gaunt in being old :

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;

And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt ?

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :

^a *Pelting*. Whatever doubts there may be as to the origin of this word, its application is perfectly clear. It invariably means something petty—of little worth. The "*pelting farm*" in this passage, and "the poor pelting villages" of Lear, would leave no doubt as to its use. In 'Measure for Measure' we have,

" Could great men thunder

As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,

For every *pelting*, petty officer

Would use his heaven for thunder."

The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast,—I mean my children's looks;
And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt;
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. RICH. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

GAUNT. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,

I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. RICH. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

GAUNT. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. RICH. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest me.

GAUNT. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. RICH. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

GAUNT. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick:

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee.

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd^a now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame to let this land by lease:

But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame to shame it so?

Landlord of England art thou, and not king^b:

Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;

And——

K. RICH. And thou^c a lunatic lean-witted fool,

Presuming on an ague's privilege,

^a *Possess'd*. The second possess'd in this sentence is used in the same way in which Maria speaks of Malvolio, in 'Twelfth Night':—"He is, sure, possessed, madam."

^b This is the reading of the folio of 1623.

^c So the folio. The first quarto reads thus:—

"Gaunt. And thou——

K. Rich. ————— a lunatic lean-witted fool."

Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,
 With fury, from his native residence.
 Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

GAUNT. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son;
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
 My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
 (Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
 May be a precedent and witness good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
 Join with the present sickness that I have;
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age*,
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
 Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*]

K. RICH. And let them die, that age and sullens have;
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

YORK. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
 To wayward sickliness and age in him:
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
 As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. RICH. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love, so his:
 As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

NORTH. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. RICH. What says he?

NORTH. Nay, nothing; all is said:

His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
 Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

YORK. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
 Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

* *Crooked age.* It has been suggested that *age* here means *Time*; and that crooked age is not *bending* age, but *Time* armed with a crook, by which name a sickle was anciently called. The natural meaning of the passage seems to be, like bent old age, which crops the flower of life.

K. RICH. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he ;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be :
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars :
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

YORK. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace, -
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first ;
In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman :
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours ;
But when he frown'd it was against the French,
And not against his friends ; his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won :
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. RICH. Why, uncle, what 's the matter ?

YORK. O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not this heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his customary rights :

Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession ?
Now, afore God, (God forbid, I say true !)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's right,
Call in his letters-patent that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery¹⁴, and deny his offer'd homage.
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. RICH. Think what you will ; we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

YORK. I'll not be by the while : My liege, farewell :
What will ensue hereof there's none can tell ;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good.

[*Exit.*

K. RICH. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight ;
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house
To see this business : To-morrow next
We will for Ireland ; and 't is time, I trow ;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our queen : to-morrow must we part ;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUM., GREEN, and BAGOT.*

NORTH. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

ROSS. And living too ; for now his son is duke.

WILLO. Barely in title, not in revenue.

NORTH. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

ROSS. My heart is great ; but it must break with silence,
Ere 't be disburthen'd with a liberal tongue.

NORTH. Nay, speak thy mind ; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm !

WILLO. Tends that thou 'dst speak to the duke of Hereford ?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man ;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

ROSS. No good at all that I can do for him ;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

NORTH. Now, afore heaven, 't is shame such wrongs are borne,
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.

- The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
- ROSS. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
- WILLO. And daily new exactions are devis'd—
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what;
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
- NORTH. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.
- ROSS. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
- WILLO. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
- NORTH. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.
- ROSS. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
- NORTH. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not^a, but securely perish.
- ROSS. We see the very wrack that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wrack.
- NORTH. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
- WILLO. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
- ROSS. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.
- NORTH. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence
That Harry duke of Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter¹⁵,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,—

^a *Strike not.* To strike sail is to lower sail.

All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
 With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
 Are making hither with all due expedience,
 And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :
 Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
 The first departing of the king for Ireland.
 If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
 Imp out^a our drooping country's broken wing,
 Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
 Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
 And make high majesty look like itself,
 Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh :
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
 Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

ROSS. To horse, to horse ! urge doubts to them that fear.

WILLO. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

BUSHY. Madam, your majesty is too much sad :
 You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
 To lay aside life-harming^b heaviness,
 And entertain a cheerful disposition.

QUEEN. To please the king, I did ; to please myself,
 I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause
 Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
 Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
 As my sweet Richard : Yet, again, methinks,
 Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
 Is coming towards me ; and my inward soul
 With nothing trembles : at something it grieves
 More than with parting from my lord the king.

BUSHY. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
 Which show like grief itself, but are not so :
 For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
 Divides one thing entire to many objects,
 Like perspectives¹⁶, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
 Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry,
 Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty,

^a *Imp out.* To imp a hawk was artificially to supply such wing feathers as were dropped or forced out by accident. To imp is to engraft—to insert.

^b *Life-harming.* So the quarto of 1597. The folio, *self-harming*.

Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of griefs more than himself to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not seen:
Or if it be, 't is with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

QUEEN. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As—though, in thinking, on no thought I think—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

BUSHY. 'T is nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

QUEEN. 'T is nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve;
'T is in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 't is nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

GREEN. Heaven save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen,
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

QUEEN. Why hop'st thou so? 't is better hope he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

GREEN. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.

QUEEN. Now God in heaven forbid!

GREEN. O, madam, 't is too true; and that is worse,—
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

BUSHY. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the rest of the revolted faction traitors?

GREEN. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

QUEEN. So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir :
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy ;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow, join'd.

BUSHY. Despair not, madam.

QUEEN. Who shall hinder me ?

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope ; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

GREEN. Here comes the duke of York.

QUEEN. With signs of war about his aged neck ;
O, full of careful business are his looks !
Uncle,

For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

YORK. [Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :]^a
Comfort 's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
Here am I left to underprop his land ;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

YORK. He was ?—Why so !—go all which way it will !
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster ;—
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound :
Hold, take my ring.

SERV. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship :
To-day, I came by, and called there ;—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

YORK. What is it, knave ?

SERV. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

^a This line is wanting in the folio.

- YORK. Heaven for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to heaven,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there posts despatch'd for Ireland^a?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow [*to the Servant*], get thee home, provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.— [*Exit Servant.*]
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I 'll
Dispose of you:—Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley castle.
I should to Plashy too;—
But time will not permit:—All is uneven,
And everything is left at six and seven. [*Exeunt YORK and QUEEN.*]
BUSHY. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.
GREEN. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.
BAGOT. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
BUSHY. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.
BAGOT. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we have been ever near the king.
GREEN. Well, I 'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle;
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.
BUSHY. Thither will I with you: for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.—
Will you go along with us?
BAGOT. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.

^a The first quarto has *no posts*.

Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,

We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

BUSHY. That 's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

GREEN. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes

Is numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;

Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

BUSHY. Well, we may meet again.

BAGOT.

I fear me, never^a.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Wilds in Glostershire.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

BOLING. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

NORTH. Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Glostershire.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,

Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:

And yet our fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But, I bethink me, what a weary way

From Ravenspurge to Cotswold will be found

In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company;

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

The tediousness and process of my travel:

But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have

The present benefit which I possess:

And hope to joy^b is little less in joy,

Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords

Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

BOLING. Of much less value is my company

Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

NORTH. It is my son, young Harry Percy,

Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—

Harry, how fares your uncle?

PERCY. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

^a We agree with Mr. Collier in assigning the last three lines to the speakers indicated by the quarto editions.

^b *To joy* is here used as a verb.

NORTH. Why, is he not with the queen?

PERCY. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

NORTH. What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd when we last spake together.

PERCY. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

NORTH. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

PERCY. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

NORTH. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

PERCY. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

BOLING. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

NORTH. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

PERCY. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and WILLOUGHBY.

NORTH. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

BOLING. Welcome, my lords: I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

ROSS. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

WILLO. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

BOLING. Evermore thanks, th' exchequer of the poor;

Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKLEY.

NORTH. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

BERK. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

BOLING. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster^a:

And I am come to seek that name in England:

And I must find that title in your tongue,

Before I make reply to aught you say.

BERK. Mistake me not, my lord; 't is not my meaning

To raze one title of your honour out:—

To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)

From the most gracious^b regent of this land,

The duke of York; to know what pricks you on

To take advantage of the absent time,

And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

BOLING. I shall not need transport my words by you;

Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!

[*Kneels.*]

YORK. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,

Whose duty is deceivable and false.

BOLING. My gracious uncle!

YORK. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle^c.

I am no traitor's uncle; and that word, grace,

In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.

Why have these banish'd and forbidden legs

Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?

But more then, why, why have they dar'd to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,

Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,

And ostentation of despised arms^d?

Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,

And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

^a *To Lancaster.* I do not answer to the name of Hereford—my answer is to the name of Lancaster.

^b *Gracious* in the first quarto;—*glorious* in the folio, which also omits *regent*.

^c This is the reading of the first quarto. The folio reads,

“Tut, tut, grace me no grace, nor uncle me.”

In ‘*Romeo and Juliet*’ we have,

“Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds.”

^d *Despised arms.* The ostentation of arms which we despise.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

BOLING. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what conditions stands it, and wherein?

YORK. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

BOLING. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford:

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: Attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

NORTH. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

ROSS. It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

WILLO. Base men by his endowments are made great.

YORK. My lords of England, let me tell you this:—

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,

Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrongs,—it may not be ;
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

NORTH. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own : and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.

YORK. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms ;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left :
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

BOLING. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle ; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

YORK. It may be I will go with you :—but yet I'll pause ;
For I am loth to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are :
Things past redress are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Camp in Wales.*

Enter SALISBURY and a Captain.

CAP. My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king ;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves : farewell.
SAL. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman ;
The king reposeth all his confidence
In thee.

CAP. 'T is thought the king is dead ; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,

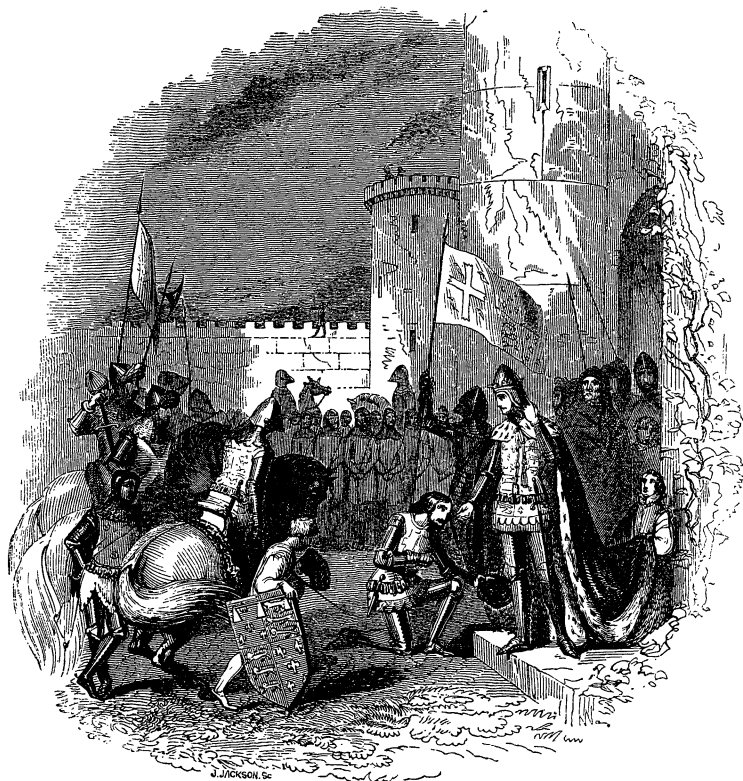
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war :
These signs forerun the death or fall^a of kings.—
Farewell ; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead.

[*Exit.*

SAL. Ah, Richard ! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament !
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest ;
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes ;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

[*Exit.*

^a *Or fall* is not in any of the original copies except the first quarto.



[SCENE III.—“ Thus high at least.”]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bolingbroke's *Camp at Bristol* ¹⁷.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS :
Officers behind, with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.*

BOLING. Bring forth these men.—

Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies,)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 't were no charity : yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,

A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
While you have fed upon my seignories,
Dispark'd my parks^a, and fell'd my forest woods;
From mine own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood—
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.

BUSHY. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England. [Lords, farewell^b.]

GREEN. My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

BOLING. My lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND and others, with Prisoners.

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house:
For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

YORK. A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

BOLING. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday.

[*Exeunt*.]

^a *Dispark'd my parks*. To disafforest a forest is to annul all the peculiar privileges which belong to it, and render it, with reference to the rights of the owner or lord, and the privileges of the tenants or vassals, the same as that of ordinary land. Bolingbroke, we presume, complains that, when the favourites of Richard had disparked his parks, they let out the property to common purposes of pasture or tillage, and at the same time felled his woods;—thus, not only feeding upon his seignories, but destroying their ancient beauty and propriety.

^b *Lords, farewell*, is omitted in the folio.

SCENE II.—*The Coast of Wales. A Castle in View.*

Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.

K. RICH. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?
 AUM. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
 After your late tossing on the breaking seas?
 K. RICH. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,
 To stand upon my kingdom once again.
 Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
 Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
 As a long-parted mother with her child
 Plays fondly with her tears^a and smiles, in meeting;
 So, weeping-smiling, greet I thee, my earth^b,
 And do thee favour with my royal hands.
 Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:
 But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
 And heavy-gaited toads^c, lie in their way;
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
 And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
 Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
 This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king

* The usual mode of reading these two beautiful lines is as follows:—

“As a long-parted mother with her child
 Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting.”

Smiles, in this way, is a verb; but, by the transposition of the comma, it is read as a noun. The “long-parted mother” does not only play fondly with her tears, but with her smiles also. Richard adds,

“So weeping-smiling, greet I thee, my earth.”

^b The repeated use, by Richard, of the word *earth*, would seem to indicate that Shakspeare employs the word in the meaning of *inheritance*,—possession,—“my kingdom,”—“dear earth,”—“my earth,”—“my gentle earth.” Mr. Whiter, in his curious ‘Etymological Dictionary,’ has shown that the word *heir* is derived from *earth*. “The Latin *hæres*, *hæred-is*, or, as it was anciently written, *eres*, is the person who possesses, or is destined to possess, the certain spot of *land*,—or of *earth*, *hertha*, *herda*, &c.” When Capulet, in ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ says,

“She is the hopeful lady of my earth,”

there is little doubt that he means that Juliet is his heiress.

^c *Heavy-gaited toads*. This epithet is one of the many examples of Shakspeare's wonderful accuracy in observing natural objects, and of his power of conveying an image by a word.

Shall falter under foul rebellion's^a arms.

BISHOP. Fear not, my lord; that Power that made you king

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.

[The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,

And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;

The proffer'd means of succour and redress^b.]

AUM. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,

Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. RICH. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,

That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid

Behind the globe, and lights^c the lower world,

Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,

In murders, and in outrage, boldly^d here;

But when, from under this terrestrial ball,

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,

And darts his light^e through every guilty hole,

Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—

Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,

[Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—]^f

Shall see us rising in our throne the east,

His treasons will sit blushing in his face,

Not able to endure the sight of day,

But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea

Can wash the balm from an anointed king:

The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The deputy elected by the Lord:

For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,

To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,

Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay

^a *Rebellion's arms.* So the quarto of 1597. The folio *rebellious*.

^b These four lines, enclosed in brackets, are omitted in the folio.

^c *And lights.* All the old copies read *that lights*. *That*, as a relative, has probably *searching eye* for its antecedent; but the construction is still difficult, whilst a slight alteration removes the difficulty.

^d *Boldly.* All the editions read *bloody*, with the exception of the quarto of 1597, which has "*bouldy*," conjectured by Mr. Collier to be a misprint for "*bouldly*." We agree with Mr. Dyce that "nothing can be plainer than that '*boldly*' is put in opposition to '*trembling*,' in the last line of this glorious passage."

^e *Light.* In the folio, *lightning*.

^f This line is omitted in the folio.

A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall ; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord ; How far off lies your power ?

SAL. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm : Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men :
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

AUM. Comfort, my liege ; why looks your grace so pale ?

K. RICH. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;

And, till so much blood thither come again,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?

All souls that will be safe fly from my side ;

For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

AUM. Comfort, my liege ; remember who you are.

K. RICH. I had forgot myself : Am I not king ?

Awake thou sluggard^a majesty ! thou sleepest.

Is not the king's name forty thousand names ?

Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes

At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,

Ye favourites of a king. Are we not high ?

High be our thoughts : I know, my uncle York

Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who

Comes here ?

Enter SCROOP.

SCROOP. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. RICH. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd ;

The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost ? why, 't was my care ;

And what loss is it to be rid of care ?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?

^a *Sluggard.* So the folio. The quartos have *coward*.

Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects ? that we cannot mend ;
They break their faith to God, as well as us :
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay ;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

SCROOP. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears ;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty ; and boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown :
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state ;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat : both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. RICH. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill,
Where is the earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?
What is become of Bushy ? where is Green ?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

SCROOP. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. RICH. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption !
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man !
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart !
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas !
Would they make peace ? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence !

SCROOP. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate :
Again uncurse their souls ; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands : those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

AUM. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead ?

SCROOP. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

AUM. Where is the duke my father, with his power ?

K. RICH. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak :

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
 Let's choose executors, and talk of wills :
 And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
 Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own but death ;
 And that small model^a of the barren earth,
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones^b.
 For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings :—
 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd^c :
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ;
 All murder'd :—For within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps Death his court ; and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,—¹⁸
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable,—and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle walls, and—farewell king !
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while :
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends :—Subjected thus,
 How can you say to me—I am a king ?

BISHOP. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,

^a *Model*. The word is, probably, here used for something formed or fashioned. The earth assumes the shape of the body which it covers. Douce seems to think it means only measure, portion, or quantity,—a modicum.

^b We copy a remark of Johnson upon this line, to show what criticism upon Shakspeare used to be, even in the hands of one of the ablest of modern writers: "A metaphor, not of the most sublime kind, taken from a *pie*."

^c *Ghosts they have deposed*. Ghosts of those whom they have deposed. This sort of ellipsis is very frequently used by our poet.

Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
 [And so your follies fight against yourself.]^a
 Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
 And fight and die, is death destroying death;
 Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

AUM. My father hath a power, inquire of him;
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. RICH. Thou chid'st me well:—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
 To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
 This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
 An easy task it is to win our own.
 Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

SCROOP. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
 The state and inclination of the day:
 So may you by my dull and heavy eye;
 My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
 I play the torturer, by small and small,
 To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—
 Your uncle York is^b join'd with Bolingbroke;
 And all your northern castles yielded up,
 And all your southern gentlemen in arms
 Upon his faction^c.

K. RICH. Thou hast said enough.—
 Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
 Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
 What say you now? What comfort have we now?
 By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
 That bids me be of comfort any more.
 Go to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
 A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
 That power I have, discharge; and let them go
 To ear the land^d that hath some hope to grow,
 For I have none:—Let no man speak again
 To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

AUM. My liege, one word.

K. RICH. He does me double wrong
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
 Discharge my followers, let them hence.—Away,
 From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[To AUM.]

[Exeunt.]

^a This line is omitted in the folio.

^b *Is*, in the folio; in the quartos, *hath*.

^c *Faction*. The first quarto reads *party*.

^d *Ear the land*—plough the land. So in Shakspeare's dedication of 'Venus and Adonis' to the Earl of Southampton, "never after *ear* so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest." *Ear* is the same as the Latin *arare*, to plough, to till. *Arable* is ear-able.

SCENE III.—Wales. *Before Flint Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces ; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.

BOLING. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd ; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

NORTH. The news is very fair and good, my lord ;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

YORK. It would beseem the lord Northumberland
To say, king Richard : Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head !

NORTH. Your grace mistakes^a ; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

YORK. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head^b, your whole head's length.

BOLING. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

YORK. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Lest you mis-take : The heavens are o'er our heads^c.

BOLING. I know it, uncle ; and oppose not myself
Against their will.—But who comes here ?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome Harry : what, will not this castle yield ?

PERCY. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

BOLING. Royally ?

Why, it contains no king ?

PERCY. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king ; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone :
And with him the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop ; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

NORTH. Oh ! belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.

BOLING. Noble lord,

[*To NORTH.*

^a Hanmer added *me* ;—make a pause after the emphatic *mistakes*, and the metre wants no such addition.

^b *Taking so the head.* Johnson thinks that to take the head is to take undue liberties. We incline to Douce's opinion, that the expression means to take away the sovereign's *chief* title.

^c *Our heads.* So the first quarto. The folio, *your heads*.

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle :
 Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
 Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
 Henry Bolingbroke
 Upon his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand ;
 And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
 To his most royal person : hither come
 Even at his feet to lay my arms and power ;
 Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
 And lands restor'd again, be freely granted :
 If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
 And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
 Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen :
 The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
 It is such crimson tempest should bedrench
 The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
 My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
 Go, signify as much ; while here we march
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

[NORTH. *advances to the castle with a trumpet.*

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
 That from this castle's totter'd^a battlements
 Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
 Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
 With no less terror than the elements
 Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock^b
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
 My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.
 March on ; and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls KING RICHARD, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.

YORK. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
 As doth the blushing discontented sun,
 From out the fiery portal of the east ;
 When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
 To dim his glory, and to stain the track

^a *Totter'd*, for *tottering* ; the passive for the active participle.

^b *Thundering shock*. In the folio and other old copies, *smoke* ; but in the first quarto, *shock*. The passage was written long before the properties of electricity were known ; and the poet attributes, therefore, the thundering shock which "tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven" to the meeting of "the elements of fire and water,"—some obscure notion of the days of conjectural science.

Of his bright passage to the occident^a.
 Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
 Controlling majesty: Alack, alack, for woe,
 That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. RICH. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
 To pay their awful duty to our presence?
 If we be not, show us the hand of God
 That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
 Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
 And though you think that all, as you have done,
 Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
 And we are barren, and bereft of friends;
 Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
 Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
 Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
 Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.
 Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
 That every stride he makes upon my land
 Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope
 The purple testament of bleeding war^b;
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

NORTH. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms
 Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,

[To NORTH.

^a In all the old copies the first six lines of this speech are given to Bolingbroke.

^b There is a very similar line in the first part of 'Jeronimo,' a play which, it is supposed, was produced in 1588 (see Dodsley's 'Old Plays,' edition 1825, vol. iii. p. 51):—

"Then I unclasp the purple leaves of war."

Whiter pointed this out in his 'Specimens of a Commentary,' in 1794, but none of the editors have noticed it. Steevens believed that Shakspeare here used the word *testament* in its legal sense. Whiter says, "Whatever be the *direct* meaning of the words in question, I am persuaded that the idea of a book with a purple covering suggested this combination of words to the mind of our poet."

Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand ;
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,
 That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones ¹⁹ ;
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head ;
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt ;
 And by the worth and honour of himself,
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
 His coming hither hath no further scope,
 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees ;
 Which on thy royal party granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your majesty.
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. RICH. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns :—

His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
 And all the number of his fair demands
 Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
 We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
 To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

[To AUMERLE.

AUM. No, good my lord ; let 's fight with gentle words,
 Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. RICH. O God ! O God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,
 That laid the sentence of dread banishment
 On yon proud man, should take it off again
 With words of sooth^a ! O, that I were as great
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name !
 Or that I could forget what I have been !
 Or not remember what I must be now !
 Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I 'll give thee scope to beat,
 Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

AUM. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. RICH. What must the king do now ? Must he submit ?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd ?

The king shall be contented : Must he lose

^a *Words of sooth*—words of assent—assuaging, *soothing* words. As *sooth*, in its first meaning, is *true* or *truth* ; so to *soothe* is to receive as true ; and thence to assent,—and further to propitiate.

The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
 I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
 My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
 My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
 My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
 My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
 My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
 And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
 A little little grave, an obscure grave:—
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
 Some way of common trade^a, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
 For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
 And, buried once, why not upon my head?
 Aumerle, thou weep'st: My tender-hearted cousin!—
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
 Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
 As thus;—To drop them still upon one place,
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
 Within the earth; and, therein laid,—“There lies
 Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?”
 Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
 Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
 What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.

NORTH. My lord, in the base court^b he doth attend
 To speak with you; may 't please you to come down?

K. RICH. Down, down, I come; like glistening Phaeton,
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[NORTH. retires to BOLING.]

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
 To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down court! Down king!
 For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.

[*Exeunt from above.*]

^a *Some way of common trade.* The early meddling editors changed *trade* into *tread*. The original meaning of *trade* is a course—a path traded or trodden continuously. The trade-winds are not winds favourable to commerce, but winds blowing in a regular course. Our modern usage of the word as intercourse for buying and selling is a secondary meaning, engrafted upon the original meaning of habitual course or practice.

^b *Base court*—lower court—*bas cour*.

BOLING. What says his majesty?

NORTH. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man :
Yet he is come. ‡

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Attendants below.

BOLING. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,—

[*Kneeling.*

K. RICH. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it :
Me rather had my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up ; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least [*touching his own head*], although your knee be low.

BOLING. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. RICH. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

BOLING. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. RICH. Well you deserve :—They well deserve to have
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand : nay, dry your eyes ;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I 'll give, and willing too ;
For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London :—Cousin, is it so ?

BOLING. Yea, my good lord.

K. RICH. Then I must not say no. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Langley. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.

QUEEN. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 LADY. Madam, we 'll play at bowls.

QUEEN. 'T will make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

1 LADY. Madam, we 'll dance.

QUEEN. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief :

Therefore, no dancing, girl ; some other sport.

1 LADY. Madam, we 'll tell tales.

QUEEN. Of sorrow, or of joy^a?

1 LADY. Of either, madam.

QUEEN. Of neither, girl :

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,

It doth remember me the more of sorrow ;

Or if of grief, being altogether had,

It adds more sorrow to my want of joy :

For what I have, I need not to repeat ;

And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1 LADY. Madam, I 'll sing.

QUEEN. 'Tis well that thou hast cause ;

But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep.

1 LADY. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

QUEEN. And I could sing^b, would weeping do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners :

Let 's step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

They 'll talk of state : for every one doth so

Against a change : Woe is forerun with woe.

[QUEEN and Ladies retire.]

GARD. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks^c,

Which, like unruly children, make their sire

Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :

Give some supportance to the bending twigs.

Go thou, and, like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,

That look too lofty in our commonwealth :

^a *Of sorrow or of joy.* All the old copies read of sorrow or of *grief*, which the context clearly shows to be an error. It was corrected by Pope.

^b *And I could sing.* Thus all the old copies ; but Pope, having corrected the error just above, was satisfied that another error existed, and changed *sing* to *weep*. This reading has been adopted in subsequent editions. We believe that the original was right, and that the sense of the passage was mistaken. The Queen, who speaks constantly of her sorrow, it may be presumed does weep, or has been weeping. The lady offers to sing, but the Queen desires sympathy :—" Thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep." The lady could weep, " would it do you good." The Queen rejoins,

" And I could sing, would weeping do me good."

If my griefs were *removed by weeping*,—if my tears could take away my sorrow,—I should be ready to sing,—I could sing, and then, my sorrows being past, I would " never borrow any tear of thee,"—not ask thee to weep, as I did just now.

^c *Apricocks.* Our modern *apricot* is from the French *abricot*. But the name came with the fruit from Persia—*bricoc* ; and we probably derived it from the Italian. Florio, in his 'New World of Words,' has " Berriococoli—Apricock-plumbes."

All must be even in our government.

You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

- 1 SERV. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd^a, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

- GARD. Hold thy peace :—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke ;
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

- 1 SERV. What, are they dead ?

- GARD. They are ;
And Bolingbroke hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—
Oh! what pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! We^b at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees ;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself :
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste,
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

- 1 SERV. What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd ?

- GARD. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'T is doubt, he will be: Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

- QUEEN. O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking!—

^a *Knots disorder'd.* The symmetrical beds of a garden were the knots. (See 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Illustrations of Act I.)

^b *We* is not in the original copies; but it renders the construction less ambiguous. The metrical arrangement is confused in the old copies; but we adhere to the original as much as possible.

Thou, old Adam's likeness [*coming from her concealment*], set to dress this garden,

How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this displeasing news?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee

To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say king Richard is depos'd?

Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,

Divine his downfall? Say where, when, and how

Cam'st thou by these ill-tidings? speak, thou wretch.

GARD. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I

To breathe these news: yet what I say is true.

King Richard, he is in the mighty hold

Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,

And some few vanities that make him light;

But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,

Besides himself, are all the English peers,

And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.

Post you to London, and you'll find it so:

I speak no more than every one doth know.

QUEEN. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me,

And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st

To serve me last, that I may longest keep

Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,

To meet at London London's king in woe.

What, was I born to this! that my sad look

Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?

Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,

I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.*]

GARD. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—

Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,

I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:

Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,

In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*]



[*Exterior of Westminster Hall.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall. *The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and Attendants. Officers behind with BAGOT.

BOLING. Call forth Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless^a end.

BAGOT. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

BOLING. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

BAGOT. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?—

^a *Timeless*—untimely.

Amongst much other talk, that very time,
 I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
 The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
 Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
 Adding withal, how bless'd this land would be
 In this your cousin's death.

AUM. Princes, and noble lords,

What answer shall I make to this base man?
 Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
 On equal terms to give him chastisement?
 Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
 With the attainder of his slanderous lips.
 There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
 That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
 And will maintain what thou hast said is false,
 In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
 To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

BOLING. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

AUM. Excepting one, I would he were the best
 In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

FITZ. If that thy valour stand on sympathies^a,
 There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
 By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,
 I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
 That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
 If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
 And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
 Where it was forged, with my rapier's point^b.

AUM. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

FITZ. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

AUM. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

PERCY. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
 In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
 To prove it on thee to the extremest point
 Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

AUM. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
 And never brandish more revengeful steel
 Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

^a *Sympathies*. Sympathy is, passion with,—mutual passion. Aumerle thinks that to challenge Bagot would dishonour his "fair stars;" the stars that presided over his birth made him Bagot's superior. Fitzwater, who is his equal in blood, throws down his gage with the retort,

"If that thy valour stand on sympathies."

^b *Rapier's point*. The rapier was a weapon not known in the time of Richard. This is an anachronism which the commentators dwell on, but which is justified upon the principle of employing terms which were familiar to an audience.

[LORD. I task the earth^a to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
 And spur thee on with full as many lies
 As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
 From sun to sun^b: there is my honour's pawn;
 Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

AUM. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
 I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
 To answer twenty thousand such as you.]^c

SURREY. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
 The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

FITZ. 'T is very true^d: you were in presence then;
 And you can witness with me, this is true.

SURREY. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
 FITZ. Surrey, thou liest.

SURREY. Dishonourable boy!
 That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
 That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
 Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
 In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
 In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
 Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

FITZ. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
 If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
 I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
 And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
 And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
 To tie thee to my strong correction.
 As I intend to thrive in this new world,
 Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
 Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
 That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
 To execute the noble duke at Calais.

AUM. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
 That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
 If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

^a *Task the earth.* This is the reading of the first quarto. The subsequent editions read *take*. When the lord threw down his gage, he tasked the earth, in the same way that Percy had done by throwing down his gage. Johnson would read *thy oath* instead of *the earth*. Whiter, although he does not suppose that there was a connection between an oath and the earth, when the gage was thrown—or as Warner has it in his 'Albion's England,' when the glove was "*terr'd*"—yet points at an etymological affinity between the Gothic *aith* (juramentum) and *airtha* (terra).

^b *From sun to sun.* The old copies read from *sin* to *sin*. The time appointed for the combats of chivalry was betwixt the rising and the setting sun. Shakspeare, in 'Cymbeline,' uses the phrase in this sense.

^c The challenge of the anonymous lord to Aumerle, and his answer (eight lines in brackets), are omitted in the folio.

^d '*T is very true.*' So the quarto of 1597. The folio reads, "*My lord, 't is very true.*"

BOLING. These differences shall all rest under gage,
 Till Norfolk be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be,
 And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
 To all his land and seignories ; when he 's return'd,
 Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

BISHOP. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
 Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
 For Jesu Christ ; in glorious Christian field
 Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
 Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens :
 And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
 To Italy ; and there, at Venice, gave
 His body to that pleasant country's earth^{so},
 And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
 Under whose colours he had fought so long.

BOLING. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

BISHOP. As sure as I live, my lord.

BOLING. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
 Of good old Abraham !—Lords appellants,
 Your differences shall all rest under gage,
 Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

YORK. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
 From plume-pluck'd Richard ; who with willing soul
 Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
 To the possession of thy royal hand :
 Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
 And long live Henry, of that name the fourth !

BOLING. In God's name, I 'll ascend the regal throne.

BISHOP. Marry, Heaven forbid !—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
 Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
 Would God, that any in this noble presence
 Were enough noble to be upright judge
 Of noble Richard ; then true nobleness^a would
 Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
 What subject can give sentence on his king ?
 And who sits here that is not Richard's subject ?
 Thieves are not judg'd but they are by hear,
 Although apparent guilt be seen in them :
 And shall the figure of God's majesty,

^a *Nobleness*. So the folio, and other old copies. The first quarto, *nobless*. We have authority for the use of nobless in the sense of nobleness, in Ben Jonson (Epigram 102):—

“ But thou, whose noblesse keeps one stature still.”

His captain, steward, deputy elect,
 Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present? O, forfend^a it, God,
 That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
 Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Stirr'd up by heaven, thus boldly for his king.
 My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groan for this foul act;
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
 And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
 Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
 O, if you rear^b this house against this house,
 It will the woefullest division prove
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
 Prevent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
 Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe!

NORTH. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
 Of capital treason we arrest you here:
 My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
 To keep him safely till his day of trial.
 May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

BOLING. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
 He may surrender; so we shall proceed
 Without suspicion.

YORK. I will be his conduct.

[*Exit.*

BOLING. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer:
 Little are we beholden to your love,
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

[*To CARLISLE.*

Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers bearing the crown, &c.

K. RICH. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts

^a *Forfend*. So the quarto of 1597. The folio, *forbid*. We cling to the less common word, as in 'Othello':—

"No, heavens forfend, I would not kill thy soul."

^b *Rear*, in the folio; in the quartos, *raise*.

Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee^a:—
 Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
 To this submission. Yet I well remember
 The favours^b of these men: Were they not mine?
 Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
 So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
 Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
 God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
 Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
 God save the king! although I be not he;
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
 To do what service am I sent for hither?

YORK. To do that office, of thine own good will,
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
 The resignation of thy state and crown
 To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. RICH. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin, seize the crown;
 Here, cousin, on this side my hand; on that side thine^c.
 Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
 That owes two buckets filling one another;
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,
 The other down, unseen, and full of water:
 That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

BOLING. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. RICH. My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine:
 You may my glories and my state depose,
 But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

BOLING. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. RICH. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
 My care is loss of care, by old care done;
 Your care is gain of care, by new care won:
 The cares I give I have, though given away;
 They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

BOLING. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. RICH. Ay, no;—no, ay; for I must nothing be;
 Therefore no, no, for I resign to thee.

^a *Knee*. So the folio. The other early editions, *limbs*.

^b *Favours*—features, countenances.

^c This is the reading of the folio. The quarto of 1608, the only other edition in which the passage appears, reads thus:—

“Give me the crown,—Seize the crown.

Here, cousin, on this side my hand, and on that side yours.”

It appears to us that the repetition of “here, cousin,” is Shaksperian; and that Malone is wrong in omitting “here, cousin,” in the second line.

Now mark me how I will undo myself :—
 I give this heavy weight from off my head,
 And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release all duteous oaths ^a :
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
 My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;
 My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny :
 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !
 God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee !
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd ;
 And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd !
 Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
 And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !
 God save king Henry unking'd Richard says,
 And send him many years of sunshine days !
 What more remains ?

NORTH. No more, but that you read

[*Offering a paper.*]

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
 Committed by your person, and your followers,
 Against the state and profit of this land ;
 That, by confessing them, the souls of men
 May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. RICH. Must I do so ? and must I ravel out
 My weav'd-up follies ? Gentle Northumberland,
 If thy offences were upon record,
 Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
 To read a lecture of them ? If thou wouldst,
 There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
 Containing the deposing of a king,
 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven :—
 Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
 Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
 Showing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates
 Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
 And water cannot wash away your sin.

NORTH. My lord, despatch ; read o'er these articles.

K. RICH. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see :

^a *Duteous oaths.* So the folio. Mr. Collier prints, *duties, rites.*

And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
 But they can see a sort^a of traitors here.
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
 I find myself a traitor with the rest:
 For I have given here my soul's consent
 To undeck the pompous body of a king;
 Made glory base; a sovereignty a slave;
 Proud majesty a subject; state a peasant.

NORTH. My lord,——

K. RICH. No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,
 No, nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
 No, not that name was given me at the font,—
 But 't is usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now what name to call myself!
 O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 To melt myself away in water-drops!—
 Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)
 An if my word^b be sterling yet in England,
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,
 That it may show me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

BOLING. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

NORTH. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. RICH. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

BOLING. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

NORTH. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. RICH. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,

When I do see the very book indeed

Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.

No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck

So many blows upon this face of mine,

And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,

Like to my followers in prosperity,

Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face

That every day under his household roof

Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face

^a A sort—a company. So in 'Richard III.'—

"A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways."

^b Word. So the folio. The quartos, *name*.

That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
 Is this the face which fac'd so many follies,
 That was at last outfac'd by Bolingbroke?
 A brittle glory shineth in this face:
 As brittle as the glory is the face; *[Dashes the glass against the ground.]*
 For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.
 Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
 How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

BOLING. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
 The shadow of your face.

K. RICH. Say that again.
 The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
 'T is very true, my grief lies all within;
 And these external manners of laments^a
 Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
 That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
 There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
 For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
 Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
 How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
 And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
 Shall I obtain it?

BOLING. Name it, fair cousin.

K. RICH. Fair cousin? I am greater than a king:
 For when I was a king my flatterers
 Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
 I have a king here to my flatterer.
 Being so great, I have no need to beg.

BOLING. Yet ask.

K. RICH. And shall I have?

BOLING. You shall.

K. RICH. Then give me leave to go.

BOLING. Whither?

K. RICH. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

BOLING. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. RICH. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers^b are you all,
 That rise thus nimble by a true king's fall.

[Exeunt K. RICHARD, some Lords, and a Guard.]

BOLING. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
 Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[Exeunt all but the ABBOT, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, and AUMERLE.]

^a *Laments* is the reading of the old copies; modern editions, *lament*.

^b *Conveyers*. Conveyer was sometimes used in an ill sense,—as a fraudulent appropriator of property, a juggler. In Tyndall's works we have, "What say ye of this crafty *conveyer*, which feareth not to juggle with the Holy Scripture?" Pistol gives it as a soft name for stealing—"Convey the wise it call."

ABBOT. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

CAR. The woe 's to come ; the children yet unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

AUM. You holy clergymen, is there no plot

To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

ABBOT. Before I freely speak my mind herein,

You shall not only take the sacrament

To bury mine intents, but to effect

Whatever I shall happen to devise :—

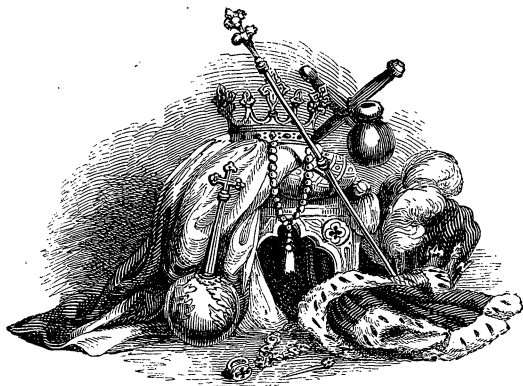
I see your brows are full of discontent,

Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears ;

Come home with me to supper ; I will lay

A plot shall show us all a merry day.

[*Exeunt.*]



[“ I ’ll give this heavy weight from off my head.”]



[Scene I.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN and Ladies.

QUEEN. This way the king will come ; this is the way
 To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected^a tower,
 To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
 Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke :
 Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
 Have any resting for her true king's queen.

^a *Ill-erected*—erected for evil.

Enter KING RICHARD and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither : Yet look up ; behold ;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand^a ;
Thou map of honour ; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard ; thou most beauteous inn^b ;
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest ?

K. RICH. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream ;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this : I am sworn brother^c, sweet,
To grim necessity ; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house :
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

QUEEN. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd ? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect ? Hath he been in thy heart ?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd ; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly ? kiss the rod ;
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts ?

K. RICH. A king of beasts, indeed ; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France :
Think I am dead ; and that even here thou tak'st,

^a The Queen, in a series of bold metaphors, compares her "condemned lord" to a ruin, or a mere outward form of greatness. He is "the model where old Troy did stand"—the representation of the waste on which the most renowned city of antiquity once stood.

^b *Inn*. We doubt whether the word is here used as Falstaff uses it—"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn ?" An inn was originally a dwelling—a place of cover or protection. We have still the Inns of Court ; Lord Braybrook's seat in Essex, commonly called Audley-End, is, properly, Audley-Inn. When the Queen opposes the term *alehouse* to *inn*, she certainly does not mean, as Monck Mason thinks, to discriminate between two classes of houses of entertainment, but between a public-house and a "beauteous mansion."

^c *Sworn brother*. Military adventurers were sometimes leagued to share each others' fortunes—to divide their plunder, and even their honours. They were then *fratres jurati*—sworn brothers.

As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall^a of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathise
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.

NORTH. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. RICH. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

NORTH. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. RICH. Doubly divorc'd!—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made^b.
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;

^a *Fall.* So the folio. The quartos, *tale*.

^b The kiss was an established form of the ancient ceremony of affiancing. (See Illustrations of 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Act II., Scene 2.)

My queen^a to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
 She came adorned hither like sweet May,
 Sent back like Hallowmas^b, or short'st of day.

QUEEN. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. RICH. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

QUEEN. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

NORTH. That were some love, but little policy.

QUEEN. Then whither he goes thither let me go.

K. RICH. So two, together weeping, make one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;

Better far off than near, be ne'er the near'^c.

Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.

QUEEN. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. RICH. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

[*They kiss.*]

QUEEN. Give me mine own again; 't were no good part,

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.

[*Kiss again.*]

So, now I have mine own again, begone,

That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. RICH. We make woe wanton with this fond delay;

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.*

*Enter YORK and his DUCHESS*²¹.

DUCH. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,

When weeping made you break the story off

Of our two cousins coming into London.

YORK. Where did I leave?

DUCH. At that sad stop, my lord,

Where rude misgovern'd hands, from window's tops,

Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

YORK. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,

Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,

^a *Queen.* So the folio. The quartos, *wife*.

^b *Hallowmas.* The first of November,—opposed to "sweet May."

^c *Ne'er the near'.* Some deem this a proverbial expression, meaning not nearer to good. It appears to us here to mean "never the nearer."

With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

DUCH. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the whilst?

YORK. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him^a.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

DUCH. Here comes my son Aumerle.

YORK. Aumerle that was^b;

But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,

^a It is pleasant, in reading what has been written upon Shakspeare, to meet occasionally with the genial criticism of one who understands him. Dryden, speaking of this celebrated passage, says, "The painting of this description is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read anything comparable to it in any other language."

^b *Aumerle that was.* Aumerle was deprived of his dukedom by an act of Henry's first parliament; but was suffered to retain his earldom of Rutland.

And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

DUCH. Welcome, my son: Who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

AUM. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

YORK. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

AUM. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

YORK. You will be there, I know.

AUM. If God prevent it not; I purpose so.

YORK. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom^a?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

AUM. My lord, 't is nothing.

YORK. No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied,—let me see the writing.

AUM. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

YORK. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

DUCH. What should you fear?
'T is nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day^b.

YORK. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

AUM. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

YORK. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say. *[Snatches it, and reads.]*

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

DUCH. What's the matter, my lord?

YORK. Ho! who's within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.

Heaven for his mercy! what treachery is here!

DUCH. Why, what is 't, my lord?

YORK. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:—

Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,

I will appeach the villain.

[Exit Servant.]

DUCH. What's the matter?

^a The seal was formerly not impressed on the deed itself, but attached to it by a slip of parchment. The Great Seal is applied in a similar manner at the present day.

^b Day—omitted in the folio.

YORK. Peace, foolish woman.

DUCH. I will not peace :—What is the matter, son ?

AUM. Good mother, be content ; it is no more

Than my poor life must answer.

DUCH. Thy life answer ?

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

YORK. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

DUCH. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd :

Hence, villain ; never more come in my sight.—

[To the Servant.

YORK. Give me my boots, I say.

DUCH. Why, York, what wilt thou do ?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?

Have we more sons ? or are we like to have ?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time ?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name ?

Is he not like thee ? is he not thine own ?

YORK. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy ?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.

DUCH. He shall be none ;

We 'll keep him here : Then what is that to him ?

YORK. Away,

Fond woman ! were he twenty times my son

I would appeach him.

DUCH. Hadst thou groan'd for him,

As I have done, thou 'dst be more pitiful.

But now I know thy mind ; thou dost suspect

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son :

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind :

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Not like to me, or any of my kin,

And yet I love him.

YORK. Make way, unruly woman.

[Exit.

DUCH. After, Aumerle ; mount thee upon his horse ;

Spur, post ; and get before him to the king,

And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.

I 'll not be long behind ; though I be old,

I doubt not but to ride as fast as York :

And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;
Begone.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, as King; PERCY, and other Lords.

BOLING. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son²²?
'T is full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 't is he.
I would to Heaven, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions—
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

PERCY. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

BOLING. And what said the gallant?

PERCY. His answer was,—he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

BOLING. As dissolute as desperate: yet through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope^a,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.

AUM.

Where is the king?

BOLING.

What means

Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

AUM. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,

To have some conference with your grace alone.

BOLING. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt PERCY and Lords.*]

What is the matter with our cousin now?

^a In the folio these lines stand thus:—

“I see some sparks of better hope; which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?”

The modern reading is certainly an improvement; and one of the quartos has *sparkles*.

AUM. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak. [Kneels.]

BOLING. Intended, or committed, was this fault?

If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

AUM. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

BOLING. Have thy desire.

[AUMERLE locks the door.]

YORK. [Within.] My liege, beware; look to thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

BOLING. Villain, I'll make thee safe.

[Drawing.]

AUM. Stay thy revengeful hand;

Thou hast no cause to fear.

YORK. [Within.] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king;

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?

Open the door, or I will break it open.

[BOLINGBROKE opens the door.]

Enter YORK.

BOLING. What is the matter, uncle? Speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

YORK. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

AUM. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

YORK. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

BOLING. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!

O loyal father of a treacherous son!

Thou sheer^a, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself;
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

YORK. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,

Sheer means separated, unmingled, free from admixture—and thus *pure*.

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
 Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
 Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies;
 Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,
 The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

DUCH. [*Within.*] What ho, my liege! for heaven's sake let me in.

BOLING. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

DUCH. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 't is I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door:

A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

BOLING. Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious thing,

And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King."

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;

I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

YORK. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,

More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;

This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

DUCH. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;

Love, loving not itself, none other can.

YORK. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

DUCH. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege.

[*Kneels.*]

BOLING. Rise up, good aunt.

DUCH. Not yet, I thee beseech:

For ever will I kneel upon my knees^a,

And never see day that the happy sees,

Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

AUM. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.

[*Kneels.*]

YORK. Against them both my true joints bended be.

[*Kneels.*]

[*Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!*]^b

DUCH. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:

He prays but faintly, and would be denied^c;

We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:

^a So the folio. *Walk upon my knees* is the reading of the first quarto. In the Communion Service we have "meekly kneeling on your knees."

^b This line is not in the folio.

^c Blair in his 'Lectures on Rhetoric,' compares this argument to a passage in Cicero, where the orator maintains that the coldness of Marcus Callidius, in making an accusation of an attempt to poison him, was a proof that the charge was false. "An tu, M. Callidi, nisi fingeres, sic ageres?"

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
 Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow :
 His prayers are full of false hypocrisy ;
 Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
 Our prayers do out-pray his ; then let them have
 That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

BOLING. Good aunt, stand up.

DUCH. Nay, do not say—stand up ;

But pardon, first ; and afterwards, stand up.
 An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
 Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.
 I never long'd to hear a word till now ;
 Say—pardon, king : let pity teach thee how :
 The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;
 No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

YORK. Speak it in French, king : say, *pardonnez moy*.

DUCH. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy ?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
 That sett'st the word itself against the word !
 Speak, pardon, as 't is current in our land ;
 The chopping French^a we do not understand.
 Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there :
 Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ;
 That, hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,
 Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

BOLING. Good aunt, stand up.

DUCH. I do not sue to stand,

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

BOLING. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.

DUCH. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee !

Yet am I sick for fear : speak it again ;
 Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,
 But makes one pardon strong.

BOLING. With all my heart

I pardon him.

DUCH. A god on earth thou art.

BOLING. But for our trusty brother-in-law²³, and the abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.

^a *Chopping French*. Chopping is here used in the sense of changing, which is derived from cheaping, trafficking. We still say *a chopping wind*. Malone, we apprehend, mistakes when he explains the word by *jabbering*. York exhorts the King, instead of saying *pardon*, to say *pardonnez moy*—excuse me. The Duchess will have pardon as “'t is current in our land.” The chopping French—the French which changes the meaning of words—which sets “the word itself against the word”—she says, “we do not understand.”

Good uncle, help to order several powers
 To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are :
 They shall not live within this world, I swear,
 But I will have them, if I once know where.
 Uncle, farewell,—and cousin, too, adieu :
 Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

DUCH. Come, my old son ;—I pray Heaven^a make thee new.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter EXTON *and a* Servant.

EXTON. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake ?

“Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear ?”

Was it not so ?

SERV. Those were his very words.

EXTON. “Have I no friend ?” quoth he : he spake it twice.

And urg'd it twice together ; did he not ?

SERV. He did.

EXTON. And speaking it, he wistly^b look'd on me ;

As who should say,—I would thou wert the man

That would divorce this terror from my heart ;

Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let 's go ;

I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. RICH. I have been studying how to compare^c

This prison, where I live, unto the world :

And, for because the world is populous,

And here is not a creature but myself,

I cannot do it ;—yet I 'll hammer it out.

^a *Heaven*. This is the last passage of the play in which we have substituted, according to the authority of the folio of 1623, the word *Heaven* for *God*. It is to be observed that the editors of the folio have retained the name of the Most High when it is used in a peculiarly emphatic or reverential manner, and have not made the change to *Heaven* indiscriminately. The substitution of this word, in most cases, was made in obedience to a statute of James I. (3 Jac. I. c. 21) ; and it appears to us that the modern editors have not exercised good taste, to say the least of it, in restoring the readings of the earliest copies, which were issued at a time when the habits of society sanctioned the habitual, and therefore light, employment of the Sacred Name.

^b *Wistly*. So the old copies. *Wistfully* has crept into the modern editions without authority. *Wistly* is constantly used by the writers of Shakspeare's time,—by Drayton, for example :—

“But when more *wistly* they did her behold.”

^c So the folio. Modern editions, *how I may compare*.

My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
 My soul, the father: and these two beget
 A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
 And these same thoughts people this little world^a;
 In humours like the people of this world,
 For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
 As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
 With scruples, and do set the faith itself
 Against the faith^b;
 As thus,—Come, little ones; and then again,—
 It is as hard to come, as for a camel
 To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
 That many have, and others must sit there:
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.
 Thus play I, in one person, many people,
 And none contented: Sometimes am I king;
 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
 And so I am: Then crushing penury
 Persuades me I was better when a king;
 Then am I king'd again: and by-and-by,
 Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
 And straight am nothing:—but, whate'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be eas'd
 With being nothing. Music do I hear?
 Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet music is,
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept!

[Music.]

^a *This little world.* "The little world of man," as in 'Lear.' Shakspeare here uses the philosophy which is thus described by Raleigh:—"Because in the little frame of man's body there is a representation of the universal, and (by allusion) a kind of participation of all the parts there, therefore was man called *microcosmos*, or the little world."—('History of the World.')

^b So the folio. The quarto of 1597 reads—"The word itself against the word;" which is, perhaps, better taken singly. But in the third scene of this act the Duchess uses precisely the same expression; and the sense of *the word* there being altogether different, the change was, we think, judicious. Modern editors have, however, rejected the reading which we adopt.

So is it in the music of men's lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear,
 To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
 But, for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
 My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
 Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears^a.
 Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's prond joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock^b.
 This music mads me, let it sound no more;
 For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
 In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
 For 't is a sign of love; and love to Richard
 Is a strange brooch^c in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

GROOM. Hail, royal prince!

K. RICH. Thanks, noble peer;
 The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear²⁴.
 What art thou? and how comest thou hither,

^a It is somewhat difficult to follow this reading. Richard says Time has made him a numbering clock. A clock and a watch were formerly the same instruments; a clock so called because it clicketh—a watch so called because it marks the *watches*, the ancient divisions of the day. Comparing, then, himself to such an instrument, he says, his thoughts jar, that is, tick their watches on (unto) his eyes, which are the outward part of the instrument—the dial-plate on which the hours are numbered,—whereto his finger, the dial's point, is pointing. These analogies may appear forced, and somewhat obscure; but it must be observed that, throughout the character of Richard, the poet has made him indulge in those freaks of the imagination which belong to weakness of character.

^b *Jack o' the clock*. An automaton, such as formerly constituted one of the wonders of London before St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street; but which the ruthless hand of improvement has now swept away.

^c *A strange brooch*. According to Malone, the brooch, a valuable ornament, was out of fashion in Shakspeare's time. In 'All's Well that Ends Well' we have, "the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now." Love to Richard is, therefore, called a strange brooch, a thing of value out of fashion. But Mr. Dyce thinks that the word "sign" probably suggested the expression—a sign of love for Richard is a strange thing for any one to *display*, as he would a "brooch," or ornament.

Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog^a
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

GROOM. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometime royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!
K. RICH. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

GROOM. So proudly as if he had disdain'd the ground.

K. RICH. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd by jauncing^b Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

KEEP. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

[*To the Groom.*

K. RICH. If thou love me 't is time thou wert away.

GROOM. What my tongue dares not that my heart shall say.

[*Exit.*

KEEP. My lord will 't please you to fall to?

K. RICH. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

KEEP. My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton, who
Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. RICH. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[*Beats the Keeper.*

KEEP. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.

K. RICH. How now? what means death in this rude assault?

^a *Sad dog.* Sad is here used in the sense of grave, gloomy.

^b *Jauncing.* Richard compares himself to a spur-galled beast that Bolingbroke rides.—Jauncing—jaunting—hurriedly-moving Bolingbroke. It is possible, however, that it may be a contraction of *joyauncing*.

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another, then EXTON strikes him down.*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[*Dies.*

EXTON. As full of valour as of royal blood:

Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me I did well,

Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear.

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE and YORK, with Lords and Attendants.

BOLING. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear

Is, that the rebels have consum'd with fire

Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;

But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

NORTH. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is,—I have to London sent

The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:

The manner of their taking may appear

At large discoursed in this paper here.

[*Presenting a paper.*

BOLING. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;

And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

FITZ. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London

The heads of Brocas, and sir Bennet Seely;

Two of the dangerous consorted traitors

That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

BOLING. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;

Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

PERCY. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave²⁵;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

BOLING. Carlisle, this is your doom :—

Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife :
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a coffin.

EXTON. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear ; herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

BOLING. Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

EXTON. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

BOLING. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee ; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour :
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow :
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black, incontinent ;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand ;—
March sadly after ; grace my mourning here,
In weeping after this untimely bier.

[Exeunt.]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

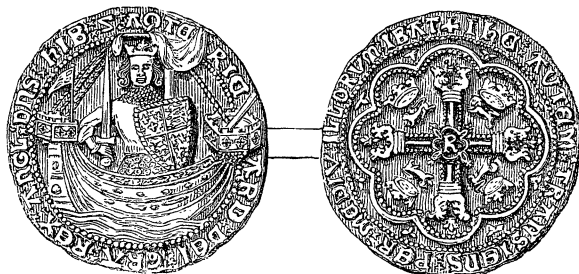
¹ SCENE I.—“*Hast thou, according to thy oath and band?*”

THE appeal of Hereford against Mowbray was to be decided by a “trial by combat.” This practice was very ancient, and traces of it are found in the fifth century. The “oath and band” of John of Gaunt were the *pledges* that he gave for his son’s appearance. Thus, in the ‘Faery Queen’ of Spenser:—

“These three that hardy challenge took in hand,
For Canace with Cambel for to fight;
The day was set, that all might understand,
And *pledges* pawn’d, the same to keep aright.”

² SCENE I.—“*Eight thousand nobles.*”

The following is a representation of the gold noble of Richard II.



³ SCENE I.—“*Then, Bolingbroke.*”

Henry of Lancaster was not called Bolingbroke, or Bullingbrook, till he had ascended the throne. This name of Henry IV. was derived from his birth-place, Bolingbroke Castle, in Lincolnshire. The last remains of this ancient edifice crumbled over their base, in May, 1815. (‘Gentleman’s Magazine,’ vol. lxxxv.)

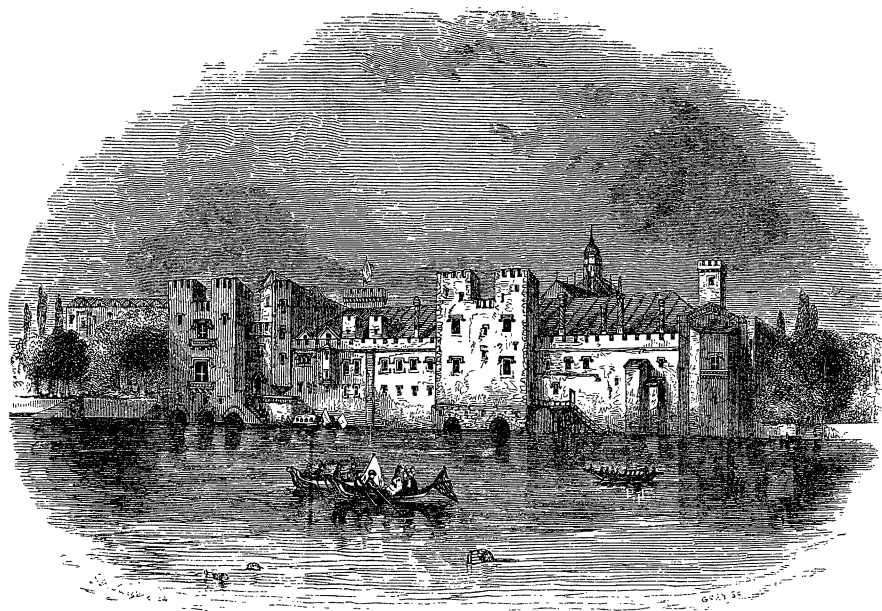
⁴ SCENE I.—“*Our doctors say, this is no month to bleed.*”

Malone says, “This alludes to the almanacs of the time, when particular seasons were pointed out as the most proper times for being bled.” In an English almanac for 1386—the earliest known (and which has been printed, 1812)—we have full directions for blood-letting. (See ‘Companion to the Almanac, 1839,’ p. 55.)

⁵ SCENE II.—“*Duke of Lancaster’s Palace.*”

The *Savoy* Palace, of which some remains

existed within a few years, was situated near the Thames, almost close to the Strand end of Waterloo Bridge. This was anciently the seat of Peter, Earl of Savoy, uncle to Eleanor, queen of Henry III. Upon his death it devolved to the queen, who gave it to her second son, Edmund, afterwards Earl of Lancaster. From that time the Savoy was taken as part and parcel of the earldom and honour of Lancaster, and was used as the London palace of the earls and dukes of that house. John of Gaunt married Blanch, the daughter of Henry, the first duke of Lancaster. Blanch was a co-heiress with her sister Matilda to the vast estates of this duchy: and by the death of Matilda without issue, John became subsequently possessed of all the property, in right of his wife, and was himself created Duke of Lancaster. We have given an ancient view of the Savoy, which was endowed as “The Hospital of the Savoy,” by Henry VII.



[The Savoy.]

⁶ SCENE II.—*“Duchess of Gloster.”*

The following is a portrait of Eleanor Bohun, widow of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster.



⁷ SCENE II.—*“Edward’s seven sons.”*

The seven sons of the great Edward III. were, 1. Edward of Woodstock, the Black Prince; 2. William of Hatfield; 3. Lionel, Duke of Clarence; 4. John of Gaunt; 5. Edmund of Langley, Duke of York; 6. William of Windsor; 7. Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster.

⁸ SCENE II.—*“Be Mowbray’s sins so heavy in his bosom.”*

Did not this fine description suggest the equally fine scene in ‘Ivanhoe,’ where the guilty Templar falls without a blow?

⁹ SCENE II.—*“Unfurnish’d walls.”*

“The usual manner,” says Percy, in his preface to the ‘Northumberland Household Book,’ “of hanging the rooms in the old castles, was only to cover the naked stone walls with tapestry, or arras, hung upon tenter-hooks, from which they were easily taken down upon every removal.”

¹⁰ SCENE III.—*“Lord marshal.”*

Mowbray was himself earl marshal of England; but the Duke of Surrey officiated as marshal on this occasion.

¹¹ SCENE III.—*"Aumerle."*

The eldest son of the Duke of York was created Duke of Aumerle, or Albemarle,—a town in Normandy. He officiated as high constable at the lists of Coventry.

¹² SCENE III.—*"Our part therein we banish."*

The king here alludes to a disputed question amongst writers on public law:—Is a banished man tied in his allegiance to the State which exiled him? Richard requires them to swear by their duty to heaven; for "our part" in

your duty "we banish with yourselves." Hobbes and Puffendorf held this opinion;—Cicero thought differently.

¹³ SCENE III.—*"The frosty Caucasus."*

"In the language of the Calmuc Tartars, *C'hasu* signifies snow," according to Mr. Wilford, in the sixth volume of '*Asiatic Researches*.' There are two papers in the '*Censura Literaria*' of Sir E. Brydges, which refute this notion of the origin of the name of Caucasus.—Vol. iv. p. 412; vol. v. p. 87.



[Richard II. Portrait in the Jerusalem Chamber.]

HISTORICAL.

Shakspeare's '*History of Richard II.*' presents, in one particular, a most remarkable contrast to that of King John. In the '*King John*,' for the purpose of securing a dramatic unity of action,

the chronological succession of events, as they occurred in the real history of the times, is constantly disregarded. In the 'Richard II.' that chronological succession is as strictly adhered to. The judgment of the poet is remarkably exhibited in these opposite modes of working. He had to mould a drama out of the disjointed materials of the real history of John, in which events, remote in the order of time, and apparently separated as to cause and consequence, should all conduce to the development of one great action—the persecution of Arthur by his uncle, and the retribution to which the fate of Arthur led. In the life of Richard II. there were two great dramatic events, far separated in the order of time, and having no connection in their origin or consequences. The rebellion of Wat Tyler, in 1381, might, in itself, have formed the subject of a drama not unworthy of the hand of Shakspeare. It might have stood as the "First Part" of the Life of Richard II. Indeed, it is probable, that a play in which this event formed a remarkable feature did exist. But the greater event of Richard's life was the banishment and the revolt of Bolingbroke, which led to his own deposition and his death. This is the one event which Shakspeare has made the subject of the great drama before us. With a few very minute deviations from history—deviations which are as nothing compared with the errors of the contemporary historian, Froissart—the scenes which this play presents, and the characters which it develops, are historically true to the letter. But what a wonderful vitality does the truth acquire in our poet's hands! The hard and formal abstractions of the old chroniclers—the figures that move about in robes and armour, without presenting to us any distinct notions of their common human qualities,—here show themselves to us as men like ourselves,—partaking of like passions and like weaknesses; and, whilst they exhibit to us the natural triumph of intellectual vigour and decision over frailty and irresolution, they claim our pity for the unfortunate, and our respect for the "faithful amongst the faithless." But in the 'Chronicles,' Shakspeare found the rude outline ready to his hand, which he was to fill up with his surpassing colouring. There was nothing in the course of the real events to alter for the purposes of dramatic propriety. The history was full of the most stirring and picturesque circumstances; and the incidents came so thick and fast upon one

another, that it was unnecessary for the poet to leap over any long intervals of time. Bolingbroke first appealed Norfolk of treason, in January, 1398. Richard was deposed in September, 1399.

The *first scene* of this Act exhibits the course of the quarrel between Bolingbroke and Mowbray, as it proceeded, after Harry Hereford's "boisterous late appeal." We must observe, that the Bolingbroke of Shakspeare is called Duke of Hereford (or Earl of Derby, his former title) by all the old historians; it being pretty clear that he was not distinguished by the name of Bolingbroke till after he had assumed the crown. Drayton states this without any qualification. We must, however, follow the poet in calling him Bolingbroke. It is somewhat difficult to understand the original cause of the quarrel between Bolingbroke and Norfolk. They were each elevated in rank at the Christmas of 1398, probably with the view, on the part of Richard, to propitiate men of such power and energy. They were the only two who remained of the great lords who, twelve years before, had driven Richard's favourites from his court and kingdom, and had triumphantly asserted their resistance to his measures at the battle of Radcot Bridge. The Duke of Gloster, the uncle of the king, with whose party Bolingbroke and Norfolk had always been confederated, was murdered at Calais, in 1398. Bolingbroke, in the same year, had received a full pardon in parliament for his proceedings in 1386. "In this parliament, holden at Shrewsbury," says Holinshed, "Henry Duke of Hereford accused Thomas Mowbray of certain words, which he should utter in talk, had betwixt them as they rode together lately before, betwixt London and Brainford, sounding highly to the king's dishonour." Froissart (we quote from Lord Berners' translation) gives a different version of the affair, and says—"On a day the Earl of Derby and the Earl Marshal communed together of divers matters; at last, among other, they spake of the state of the king and of his council, such as he had about him, and believed them; so that, at the last, the Earl of Derby spake certain words which he thought for the best, wenyng that they should never have been called to rehearsal, which words were neither villainous nor outrageous." Froissart then goes on to make the Earl Marshal repeat these words to the king, and Derby to challenge him as a false traitor,

after the breach of confidence. Shakspeare has followed Holinshed. The accusation of Bolingbroke against Norfolk was first made, according to this chronicler, at Shrewsbury; and "there was a day appointed, about six weeks after, for the king to come unto Windsor, to hear and to take some order betwixt the two dukes which had thus appealed each other." The scene then proceeds in the essential matters very much as is exhibited by Shakspeare, except that the appellant and defendant each speak by the mouth of a knight that had "license to speak." Norfolk is accused of being a false and disloyal traitor—of appropriating eight thousand nobles, which he had received to pay the king's soldiers at Calais—of being the occasion of all the treason contrived in the realm for eighteen years—and, by his false suggestions and malicious counsels, having caused the Duke of Gloster to be murdered. Norfolk, in the answer by his knight, declares that Henry of Lancaster hath "falsely and wickedly lied as a false and disloyal knight;" and he then, in his own person, adds the explanation which Shakspeare gives about the use of the money for Calais. The chronicler, however, makes him say not a word about Gloster's death; but he confesses that he once "laid an ambush to have slain the Duke of Lancaster that there sitteth." The king once again requires them to be asked, if they would agree and make peace together; "but they both flatly answered that they would not; and withal the Duke of Hereford cast down his gage, and the Duke of Norfolk took it up. The king, perceiving this demeanour betwixt them, sware by St. John Baptist, that he would never seek to make peace betwixt them again." The combat was then appointed to be done at Coventry, "some say upon a Monday in August; other, upon St. Lambert's day, being the 17th September; other, on the 11th September."

The narrative of Holinshed, upon which Shakspeare has founded the third Scene of this Act, is most picturesque. We see all the gorgeous array of chivalry, as it existed in an age of pageants, called forth with unusual magnificence upon an occasion of the gravest import. The old stage of Shakspeare's time could exhibit none of this magnificence. The great company of men appareled in silk sendall—the splendid coursers of the combatants, with their velvet housings—the king on his throne, surrounded by his peers and his ten thousand men in

armour—all these were to be wholly imagined upon the ancient stage. Our poet, in his chorus to 'Henry V.' thus addresses his audience:—

"Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth."

To assist our readers in seeing the "imaginary puissance" of the lists of Coventry, we subjoin Holinshed's description:—

"The Duke of Aumerle, that day, being high constable of England, and the Duke of Surry, marshal, placed themselves between them, well armed and appointed; and when they saw their time, they first entered into the lists with a great company of men appareled in silk sendall, embroidered with silver, both richly and curiously, every man having a tipped staff to keep the field in order. About the hour of prime came to the barriers of the lists, the Duke of Hereford, mounted on a white courser barded with green and blue velvet, embroidered sumptuously with swans and antelopes of goldsmith's work, armed at all points. The constable and marshal came to the barriers, demanding of him what he was; he answered 'I am Henry of Lancaster Duke of Hereford, which am come hither to do mine endeavour against Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk, as a traitor untrue to God, the king, his realm, and me.' Then, incontinently, he sware upon the holy evangelists, that his quarrel was true and just, and upon that point he required to enter the lists. Then he put by his sword, which before he held naked in his hand, and, putting down his visor, made a cross on his horse, and with spear in hand entered into the lists, and descended from his horse, and set him down in a chair of green velvet, at the one end of the lists, and there reposed himself, abiding the coming of his adversary.

"Soon after him, entered into the field with great triumph, King Richard, accompanied with all the peers of the realm, and in his company was the Earl of St. Paul, which was come out of France in post to see this challenge performed. The king had there above ten thousand men in armour, least some fray or tumult might rise amongst his nobles, by quarrelling or par-taking. When the king was set in his seat, which was richly hanged and adorned, a king-at-arms made open proclamation, prohibiting all men, in the name of the king, and of the

high constable and marshal, to enterprise or attempt to approach, or touch any part of the lists upon pain of death, except such as were appointed to order or marshal the field. The proclamation ended, another herald cried: 'Behold here Henry of Lancaster Duke of Hereford appellant, which is entered into the lists royal to do his devoir against Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk defendant, upon pain to be found false and recreant.'

"The duke of Norfolk hovered on horseback at the entrance of the lists, his horse being barded with crimson velvet, embroidered richly with lions of silver and mulberry trees; and when he had made his oath before the constable and marshal that his quarrel was just and true, he entered the field manfully, saying aloud: 'God aid him that hath the right,' and then he departed from his horse, and sate him down in his chair, which was of crimson velvet, curtained about with white and red damask. The lord marshal viewed their spears, to see that they were of equal length, and delivered the one spear himself to the duke of Hereford, and sent the other unto the duke of Norfolk by a knight. Then the herald proclaimed that the traverses and chairs of the champions should be removed, commanding them on the king's behalf to mount on horseback, and address themselves to the battle and combat.

"The duke of Hereford was quickly horsed,

and closed his beaver, and cast his spear into the rest, and when the trumpet sounded, set forward courageously towards his enemy, six or seven paces. The duke of Norfolk was not fully set forward, when the king cast down his warder, and the heralds cried, 'Ho, ho!' Then the king caused their spears to be taken from them, and commanded them to repair again to their chairs, where they remained two long hours, while the king and his council deliberately consulted what order was best to be had in so weighty a cause."

The sentence of Richard upon Bolingbroke and Norfolk was, in effect, the same as Shakspeare has described it; but the remission of a portion of the term of Bolingbroke's banishment did not take place at the lists of Coventry. Froissart says, that when Bolingbroke's day of departure approached, he came to Eltham, to the king, who thus addressed him:—"As God help me, it right greatly displeaseth me the words that hath been between you and the earl marshal; but the sentence that I have given is for the best, and for to appease thereby the people, who greatly murmured on this matter; wherefore, cousin, yet to ease you somewhat of your pain, I release my judgment from ten year to six year. Cousin, take this aworth, and ordain you thereafter." The earl answered and said; "Sir, I thank your grace, and when it shall please you, ye shall do me more grace."

ACT II.

¹⁴ SCENE I.—"*His livery.*"

MALONE gives the following explanation of this passage:—"On the death of every person who held by knight's service, the escheator of the court in which he died summoned a jury, who inquired what estate he died seised of, and of what age his next heir was. If he was under age, he became a ward of the king's; but if he was found to be of full age, he then had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster le main*,—that is, *his livery*,—that the *king's hand might be taken off*, and the land *delivered* to him." Bolingbroke had appointed attorneys to execute this office for him, if his father should die during the period of his banishment.

¹⁵ SCENE I.—"*That late broke from the Duke of Exeter.*"

Thomas, the son of the Earl of Arundel, was in the custody of the Duke of Exeter, and escaped from his house—broke from him. The description could not apply to "Reignold, Lord Cobham;"—and, therefore, Malone has introduced a line, which he supposes, or something like it, to have been accidentally omitted:—

"*The son of Richard, Earl of Arundel,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter.*"

¹⁶ SCENE II.—"*Like perspectives.*"

These perspectives were produced by cutting a board, so that it should present a number of

sides, or flats, when looked at obliquely. To these sides, a print or drawing, cut into parts was affixed; so that looked at "awry" the whole picture was seen—looked at *direct*—"rightly

gaz'd upon"—it showed "nothing but confusion." Dr. Plot, in his 'History of Staffordshire,' describes these "perspectives."



[John of Gaunt.]

HISTORICAL.

John of Gaunt, who, in the first line of this play, is called,—

"Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,"

was the fourth son of Edward III., by his Queen Philippa. He was called of Gant or Ghent, from the place of his birth;—was born in 1340, and died in 1399. The circumstance of the king naming him as *Old* John of Gaunt, has many examples in the age of Shakspeare. Spenser calls the Earl of Leicester an old man, though he was then not fifty; Lord Huntingdon represents Coligny as very old, though he died at fifty-three. There can be little doubt, we apprehend, that the average duration of human life has been much increased during the last two centuries; and, at that period, marriages were much earlier, so that it was not uncommon for a man to be at the head of a family before he was twenty. When John of Gaunt was fifty-eight (in the year of Bolingbroke's appeal against Mowbray), Henry of Monmouth, his grandson, was eleven years old; so that Bolingbroke, who

was born in 1366, must have been a father at twenty-one. Froissart thus speaks of the death of John of Gaunt:—"So it fell, that, about the feast of Christmas, Duke John of Lancaster, who lived in great displeasure, what because the King had banished his son out of the realm for so little a cause, and also because of the evil governing of the realm by his nephew, King Richard; (for he saw well if he long persevered, and were suffered to continue, the realm was likely to be utterly lost)—with these imaginations and other, the duke fell sick, whereon he died; whose death was greatly sorrowed of all his friends and lovers."

Shakspeare found no authority in the 'Chronicles' for the fine death-scene of John of Gaunt; but the principal circumstance for which he reproaches the king—that England "is now leas'd out"—is distinctly supported. Fabian says, "In this 22nd year of King Richard, the common fame ran, that the king had *letten to farm* the realm unto Sir William Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to

Sir John Bushey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Green, Knights." The subsequent reproach of the confederated lords, that

"Daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks, benevolences,"

is also fully supported. The "blanks" were most ingenious instruments of pillage, principally devised for the oppression of substantial and wealthy citizens. For these blanks they of London "were fain to seal, to their great charge, as in the end appeared. And the like charters were sent abroad into all shires within the realm, whereby great grudge and murmuring arose amongst the people; for when they were so sealed, the king's officers wrote in the same what liked them, as well for charging the parties with payment of money, as otherwise."

The general condition of the country, while the commons were "pill'd," and the nobles "fin'd," by Richard and his creatures, was, according to Froissart, most lamentable. We copy the passage, as it is highly characteristic of the manners of the times. The period thus described is that immediately before the departure of Richard for Ireland:—"The state generally of all men in England began to murmur and to rise one against another, and ministering of justice was clean stopped up in all courts of England; whereof the valiant men and prelates, who loved rest and peace, and were glad to pay their duties, were greatly abashed: for there rose in the realm companies in divers routs, keeping the fields and highways, so that merchants durst not ride abroad to exercise their merchandise for doubt of robbing: and no man knew to whom to complain to do them right, reason, and justice, which things were right prejudicial and displeasing to the good people of England, for it was contrary to their accustomed usage; for all people, labourers and merchants in England, were wont to live in rest and peace, and to occupy their merchandise peaceably, and the labourers to labour their lands quietly; and then it was contrary, for when merchants rode from town to town with their merchandise, and had either gold or silver in their purses, it was taken from them; and from other men and labourers out of their houses these companions would take wheat, oats, beefs, muttons, porks, and the poor men durst speak no word. These evil deeds daily multiplied so, that great complaints and lamentations were made thereof throughout the realm, and the good people said, the time is

changed upon us from good to evil, ever since the death of good King Edward the Third, in whose days justice was well kept and ministered: in his days there was no man so hardy in England to take a hen or a chicken, or a sheep, without he had paid truly for it; and now-a-days, all that we have is taken from us, and yet we dare not speak; these things cannot long endure, but that England is likely to be lost without recovery: we have a king now that will do nothing; he intendeth but to idleness, and to accomplish his pleasure, and by that he sheweth he careth not how every thing goeth, so he may have his will. It were time to provide for remedy, or else our enemies will rejoice and mock us." There is a remarkable corroboration of the state of cruel oppression in which the common people lived, furnished by a copy of the stipulations made by the Duke of Surrey, in 1398, on taking upon him the government of Ireland:—"Item, That he, the lieutenant, may have, at sundry times, out of every parish, or every two parishes, in England, a man and his wife, at the cost of the king, in the land of Ireland, to inhabit the same land where it is wasted upon the marshes." (Cotton MS.) This compulsory colonization must have been most odious to the people, who knew that the "wild men" of Ireland, amongst whom they were to be placed, kept the government in constant terror.

The seizure of Bolingbroke's patrimony by Richard, after the death of Gaunt, is thus described by Holinshed; and Shakspeare has most accurately followed the description as to its facts: "The death of this duke gave occasion of increasing more hatred in the people of this realm toward the king, for he seized into his hands all the goods that belonged to him, and also received all the rents and revenues of his lands, which ought to have descended unto the Duke of Hereford, by lawful inheritance, in revoking his letters patent, which he had granted to him before, by virtue whereof he might make his attorney general to sue livery for him, of any manner of inheritances or possessions that might from thenceforth fall unto him, and that his homage might be respited with making reasonable fine: whereby it was evident that the king meant his utter undoing." The private malice of Richard against his banished cousin—

"The prevention of poor Bolingbroke,
About his marriage"—

is also detailed in the 'Chronicles.'

Fired with revenge by these aggressions, and encouraged by letters from the leading men of England—nobility, prelates, magistrates, and rulers, as Holinshed describes them—promising him all their aid, power, and assistance, in “expulsing” King Richard—Bolingbroke took the step which involved this land in blood for nearly a century. He quitted Paris, and sailed from *Port Blanc*, in Lower Brittany, with very few men-at-arms, according to some accounts—with three thousand, according to others. This event took place about a fortnight after Richard had sailed for Ireland. His last remaining uncle, the Duke of York, had been left in the government of the kingdom. He was, however, unfitted for a post of so much difficulty and danger; and Shakspeare has well described his perplexities, upon hearing of the landing of Bolingbroke:—

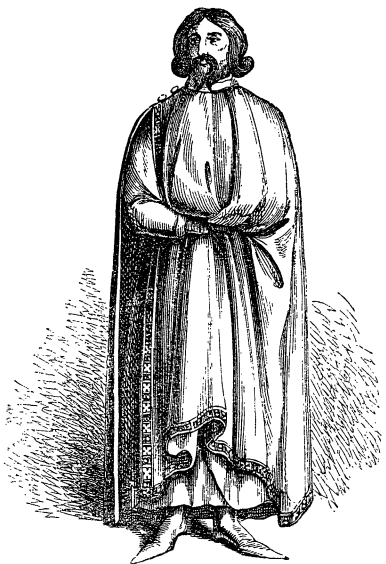
————— “if I know
How, or which way to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me.”

He had been little accustomed to affairs of state. Hardyng, in his ‘Chronicle,’ thus describes him at an early period of his life:—

————— “Edmonde hyght of Langley of good chere,
Glad and mery and of his own ay lyved
Without wrong as chronicles have breved.
When all the lordes to counsell and parylament
Went, he wolde to hunt, and also to hawekyng.
All gentyll disporte as to a lorde appent,
He used aye, and to the pore supportyng.”

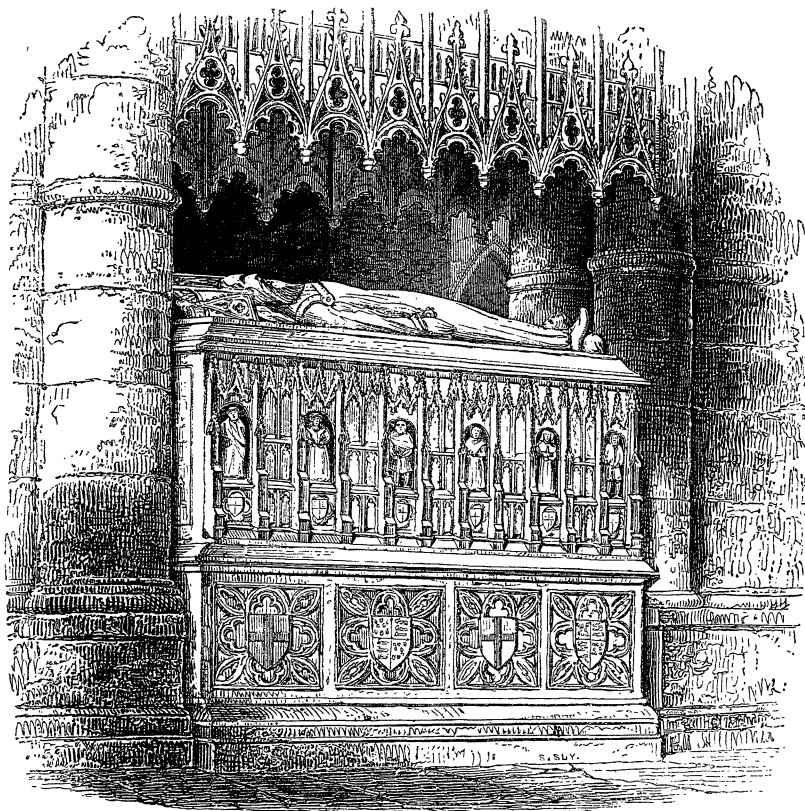
Froissart describes him as living at his own castle with his people, interfering not with what was passing in the country, but taking all things as they happened. According to Holinshed, the army that he raised to oppose Bolingbroke, “boldly protested that they would not fight against the Duke of Lancaster, whom they knew to be evil dealt with.” It seems to be agreed, on all hands, that Froissart, who makes Bolingbroke land at Plymouth, and march direct to London, was incorrectly informed. Holinshed, upon the authority of “our English writers,” says, “the Duke of Lancaster, after that he had coasted alongst the shore a certain time, and had got some intelligence how the people’s minds were affected towards him, landed, about the beginning of July, in Yorkshire, at a place sometimes called Ravenspur, betwixt Hull and Bridlington, and with him not past threescore persons, as some write: but he was so joyfully received of the lords, knights, and gentlemen of those parts, that he found

means (by their help) forthwith to assemble a great number of people, that were willing to take his part.” The subsequent events, previous to the return of Richard, are most correctly delineated by our poet. Bolingbroke was joined by Northumberland and Harry Percy, by Ross and Willoughby. “He sware unto those lords that he would demand no more but the lands that were to him descended by inheritance from his father, and in right of his wife.” From Doncaster, with a mighty army, Bolingbroke marched through the counties of Derby or Nottingham, Leicester, Warwick, and Worcester;— “through the countries coming by Evesham unto Berkley.” The Duke of York had marched towards Wales to meet the king, upon his expected arrival from Ireland. Holinshed says, he “was received into the Castle of Berkley, and there remained till the coming thither of the Duke of Lancaster, whom when he perceived that he was not able to resist, on the Sunday after the feast of St. James, which, as that year came about fell upon a Friday, he came forth into the church that stood without the castle, and there communed with the Duke of Lancaster On the morrow after, the foresaid dukes with their power went towards Bristow, where (at their coming) they shewed themselves before the town and castle, being



[Edmund of Langley.]

an huge multitude of people." The defection of the Welsh under Salisbury is detailed in the writers of the period ; and so is the prodigy of the withered bay-trees.



[Tomb of Edward III.]

ACT III.

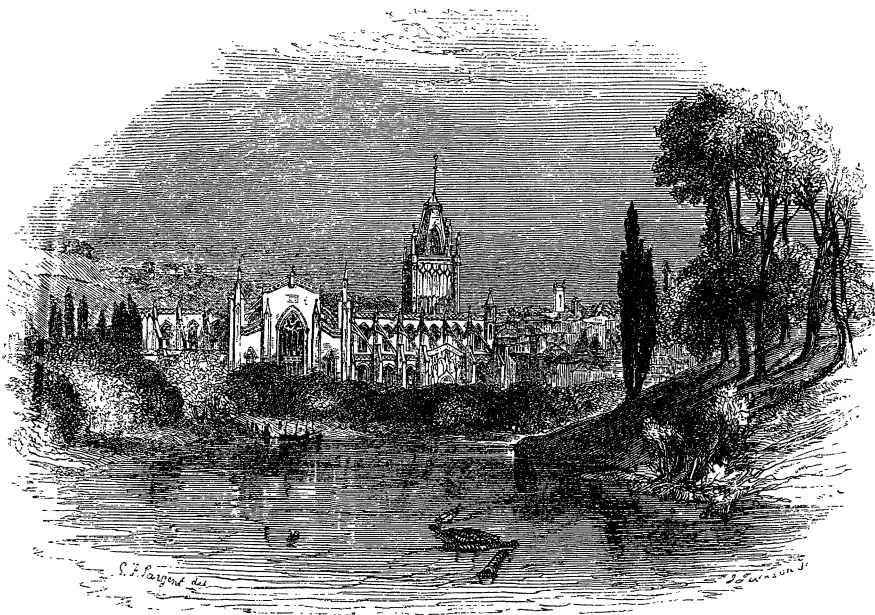
¹⁷ SCENE I.—“ *Bolingbroke's camp, at Bristol.*”

WE have given, on the next page, an ancient view of Bristol. Redcliffe Church, which is the prominent object in the view, was completed in 1376.

¹⁸ SCENE II.— ————“ *There the antick sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.*”

WE have given a fac-simile from the seventh

in the fine series of wood-cuts, called *Imagines Mortis*, improperly attributed to Holbein. It is a wonderful composition ; and it is by no means improbable, as suggested by Douce, that the engraving furnished Shakspeare with the hint of these splendid lines.



[Bristol.]

19 SCENE III.

*"By the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones."*

The reverence in which the memory of the

illustrious Edward III. was held by his descendants, and by the people, made this oath of peculiar solemnity. And yet Bolingbroke violated it, in an oath-breaking age.



HISTORICAL.

We have hitherto traced the course of events in Shakspeare's History of Richard II. by the aid of the 'Chronicles.' Froissart was a contemporary of Richard; and in the days of the king's prosperity had presented him with a book "fair enlumined and written," of which, when the king demanded whereof it treated, the maker of histories "shewed him how it treated matters of love, whereof the king was glad, and looked in it, and read it in many places, for he could speak and read French very well." Holinshed was, in another sense, a "maker of histories." He compiled, and that admirably well, from those who had written before him; and he was properly Shakspeare's great authority for the incidents which he dramatized. But we have now to turn to one of the most remarkable documents that affords materials for the history of any period—the narrative of an eye-witness of what took place from the period when Richard, being in Ireland, received the news of Bolingbroke's landing, to the time when the king was utterly prostrate at the feet of the man whom he had banished and plundered. All the historians have been greatly indebted to this narrative. It is entitled '*Histoire du Roy d'Angleterre Richard, traictant particulièrement la Rebellion de ses subiectz et prinse de sa personne. Composee par un gentlehom'e Francois de marque, qui fut a la suite du diet Roy, avecq permission du Roy de France, 1399.*' The most beautiful, and, apparently, the earliest copy of this manuscript is in the British Museum. It contains sixteen illuminations, in which the identity of the portraits and of the costume is preserved throughout. It appears to have been the property of Charles of Anjou, Count of Maine, and formed part of the Harleian collection. Another manuscript of the same history, which is in the library at Lambeth, was that consulted and quoted by the early historians, and it is called, by Holinshed, "A French Pamphlet that belongeth to Master John Dee :—" the name of John Dee, with the date 1575, appears in the last leaf. The author of the 'Metrical History' informs us, in his title, that he was "Un gentilhom'e Francois de marque;" and, when brought before Bolingbroke, the writer says of himself and his companion, "The herald told him, in the English language, that

we were of France, and that the king had sent us with King Richard into Ireland for recreation, and to see the country." This manuscript has been re-published in the twentieth volume of the 'Archæologia,' with a most admirable translation, and notes alike distinguished for their learning and good sense, by the Rev. John Webb.

The author of the 'Metrical History,' with his companion, "in the year one thousand and four hundred save one, quitted Paris, full of joy;" and, travelling late and early, reached London. He found that Richard had set out, anxious to journey day and night. He followed him to Milford Haven, where "he waited ten days for the north-wind, and passed his time pleasantly amidst trumpets and the sounds of minstrelsy." The king had proceeded to Waterford, whither the French knight at length followed him. Six days afterwards the king took the field, with the English, for Kilkenny, whence, after a fortnight's delay, he marched directly towards Macmore (the Irish chieftain) into the depths of the deserts, who, with his wild men—Shakspeare's "rough, rug-headed kerns"—defied England and its power. The usual accompaniment of war was not wanting on this occasion:—"Orders were given by the king that every thing should be set fire to." Neither were the pageantries of chivalry,—the gilding of the horrors,—absent from this expedition. Henry of Monmouth, the son of Bolingbroke, being then eleven years old, was with the king; and Richard knighted him, making, at the same time, eight or ten other knights. The English army appears to have suffered greatly from the want of provisions. A negotiation took place with Macmore, which ended in nothing. The king's face grew pale with anger, and he swore, in great wrath, by St. Edward, that no, never, would he depart from Ireland till, alive or dead, he had Macmore in his power. The want of provisions dislodged the army and drove them to Dublin, where, for six weeks, they lived "easy of body as fish in Seine." No news came from England. The winds were contrary. At last, "a barge arrived, which was the occasion of much sorrow." Those who came in her related to the king how Scrope was beheaded by Bolingbroke—how the people had been stirred to insurrection—how

the invader had taken towns and castles for his own. "It seemed to me," says the French knight, "that the king's face at this turned pale with anger, while he said, 'Come hither, friends. Good Lord, this man designs to deprive me of my country.'" Richard consulted his council on a Saturday, and they agreed to put to sea on the next Monday. The king, however, according to this writer, was deceived and betrayed by Aumerle, who persuaded him to remain himself, and send Salisbury to raise the Welch against Bolingbroke. The French knight and his companion departed with Salisbury, and landed at Conway. Salisbury raised, it seems, forty thousand men within four days. The earl kept them in the field a fortnight; but they then deserted him, as Shakspeare has represented, because they heard "no tidings from the king." He "tarried eighteen days," says the French knight, "after our departure from Ireland. It was very great folly."

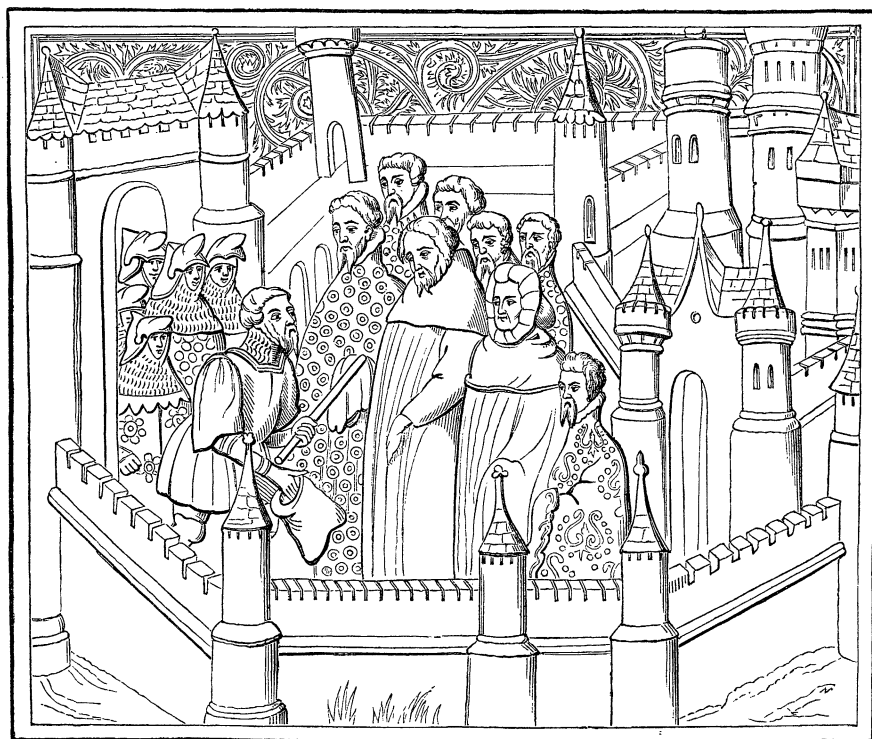
The 'Metrical History' now proceeds to the events which followed the landing of Richard upon the Welch coast. "He did not stop there," says the history, "considering the distress, complaints, and lamentations of the poor people, and the mortal alarm of all. Then he resolved that, without saying a word, he would set out at midnight from his host, attended by a few persons, for he would on no account be discovered. In that place he clad himself in another garb, like a poor priest of the Minors (Franciscans), for the fear that he had of being known of his foes. . . . Thus the king set out that very night, with only thirteen others, and arrived, by break of day, at Conway." He here met Salisbury. "At the meeting of the king and the earl, instead of joy, there was very great sorrow. Tears, lamentations, sighs, groans, and mourning, quickly broke forth. Truly it was a piteous sight to behold their looks and countenances, and woeful meeting. The earl's face was pale with watching. He related to the king his hard fate." Aumerle, the constable, according to this writer, basely went off with the king's men—his last hope. "The king continued all sorrowful at Conway, where he had no more with them than two or three of his intimate friends, sad and distressed. . . . Reckoning nobles and other persons, we were but sixteen in all." From Conway they went to Beaumaris, and thence to Carnarvon. "In his castles, to which he retired, there was no furniture, nor had he any-

thing to lie down upon but straw. Really, he lay in this manner for four or six nights; for, in truth, not a farthing's worth of victuals or anything else was to be found in them." In consequence of this poverty the king returned to Conway. The 'Metrical History' then details, at considerable length, and with great spirit and circumstantiality, the remarkable incident of Northumberland entrapping Richard to leave Conway, so that he might convey him as his prisoner to Flint Castle. "This is one of the instances," says Mr. Courtenay ('Shakspeare's Historical Plays considered Historically'), "in which a more minute knowledge of history might have furnished Shakspeare with some good scenes and further discriminations of character." One would suppose, from this remark, that the account of the meeting between Northumberland and the king at Conway, and the king's agreement, upon Northumberland's assurances of safety, to go with him to Flint, was unrecorded by the chronicler whom Shakspeare is known to have consulted. Holinshed relates this affair with great distinctness; and he moreover gives an account of the ambush described by the French knight. We must, therefore, conclude that Shakspeare knew his own business as a dramatist in the omission of the scene. The passage is also given very fully in Stow; and is versified by Daniel in his 'Civil Warres.'

"In the castle of Flint," says the 'Metrical History,' "King Richard awaited the coming of the Duke of Lancaster, who set out from the city of Chester on Tuesday, the 22nd of August, with the whole of his force." King Richard, "having heard mass, went up upon the walls of the castle, which are large and wide in the inside, beholding the Duke of Lancaster as he came along the sea-shore with all his host." Messengers came from Henry to Richard, and an interview took place between them. Shakspeare has made Northumberland the negotiator on this occasion, as he really was at Conway. "The king went up again upon the walls, and saw that the army was two bow-shots from the castle; then he, together with those that were with him, began anew great lamentation." At length Lancaster entered the castle. "Then they made the king, who had dined in the donjon, come down to meet Duke Henry, who, as soon as he perceived him at a distance, bowed very low to the ground; and, as they approached each other, he bowed a second time, with his cap in his hand; and then the king took off his bonnet, and spake

first in this manner: 'Fair cousin of Lancaster, you be right welcome.' Then Duke Henry replied, bowing very low to the ground, 'My lord, I am come sooner than you sent for me: the reason wherefore I will tell you. The common report of your people is such, that you have, for the space of twenty or two and twenty years, governed them very badly and very rigorously, and in so much that they are not well contented therewith. But if it please our Lord I will help you to govern them better than they have been governed in time past.' King Richard then answered him, 'Fair cousin, since it pleaseth you, it pleaseth us well.' And be assured that these are the very words that they two spake together, without taking away or adding anything: for I heard and understood them very well." This version of the remarkable dialogue between Bolingbroke and Richard is not given by Holinshed, although he quotes all the substance of what had previously taken place between Nor-

thumberland and Richard "out of Master Dee's book." Holinshed thus describes the interview:—"Forthwith as the duke got sight of the king, he shewed a reverend duty, as became him, in bowing his knee; and, coming forward, did so likewise the second and third time, till the king took him by the hand, and lift him up, saying, 'Dear cousin, ye are welcome.' The duke, humbly thanking him, said, 'My sovereign lord and king, the cause of my coming at this present, is (your honor saved) to have again restitution of my person, my lands, and heritage, through your favourable license.' The king hereunto answered, 'Dear cousin, I am ready to accomplish your will, so that ye may enjoy all that is yours, without exception.'" Shakspeare's version of the scene appears to lie between the two extremes of Bolingbroke's defiance, as recorded by the French knight, and copied by Stow; and of his assumed humility, as described by Holinshed.



Meeting of Richard and Bolingbroke. Illumination xiv, Metrical History.]

ACT IV.

²⁰ SCENE I. *"And there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth."*

THE remains of Thomas Mowbray were interred in St. Mark's Church, in Venice, A.D. 1399; but his ashes were removed to England in 1533. The slab which originally covered these remains at the latter end of the seventeenth century stood under the gallery of the ducal palace; and the arms of Thomas Mowbray being very

elaborately engraved upon it, the stone was described, by an Italian writer in 1682, as a Venetian hieroglyphic. By the indefatigable inquiries of Mr. Rawdon Brown, an English gentleman residing in Venice, this most curious monument was traced, in 1839, to the possession of a stonemason; and it has been sent to England, and is now safe in the custody of Mr. Howard, of Corby.

HISTORICAL.

The fourth Act of Shakspeare's history of 'Richard II.' opens with the assembly of Bolingbroke and the peers in Parliament. The entry of the triumphant Henry of Lancaster and the captive king into London is reserved by the poet for the unequalled description by York to his Duchess, in the fifth Act. But, as we are following the course of real events, we will very briefly describe the proceedings between the surrender of Richard at Flint Castle and his deposition.

After the interview between Richard and Bolingbroke, the author of the 'Metrical History' thus proceeds: "The said Duke Henry called aloud with a stern and savage voice, 'Bring out the king's horses,' and then they brought him two little horses that were not worth forty francs. The king mounted one, and the Earl of Salisbury the other." Henry, with his captives, set out from Flint, and proceeded to Chester, where they stayed three days. The duke then dismissed many of his followers, saying that thirty or forty thousand men would be sufficient to take the king to London. At Lichfield, the unhappy Richard attempted to escape by night, letting himself down into a garden through a window of his tower. The French knight goes on to record that a deputation arrived from London, to request Henry, on the part of the commons, to cut off the king's head; to which Henry replied, "Fair Sirs, it would be a very great disgrace to us for ever if we should thus put him to death; but we will bring him to London, and there he shall be judged by the Parliament." Proceeding by Coventry, Daventry, Northampton, Dun-

stable, and St. Alban's, the army reached within six miles of London. Here the cavalcade was met by the Mayor, accompanied by a very great number of the Commons. "They paid much greater respect," says the writer, "to Duke Henry than to the king, shouting with a loud and fearful voice, 'Long live the Duke of Lancaster.'" Richard was taken, according to this relation, to Westminster. Henry, who entered the city at the hour of vespers, "alighted at St. Paul's, and went all armed before the High Altar to make his orisons. He returned by the tomb of his father, which is very nigh to the said altar, and there he wept very much, for he had never seen it since his father had been laid there." The personal narrative of the French knight here closes; the remainder of his narrative being given on the faith of another person, a clerk. From Westminster Richard was removed to the Tower. The Parliament, which began on the 13th September, drew up thirty-three "Articles objected to King Richard, whereby he was counted worthy to be deposed from his principality."

The scene of fiery contention in Westminster Hall, with which this Act opens, follows the chroniclers very literally. Shakspeare has, however, placed this remarkable exhibition of vindictive charges and recriminations before the deposition of Richard. It took place after Henry's coronation. The protest of the Bishop of Carlisle, whom Holinshed calls "a bold bishop and a faithful," also, according to most authorities, followed the deposition. It is stated to have been made on a request from the Commons

that Richard might have "judgment decreed against him, so as the realm were not troubled by him." There is considerable doubt whether this speech was delivered at all. It does not appear that Richard made his resignation in Parliament, but that Northumberland and other peers, prelates, and knights, with justices and notaries, attended the captive on the 29th September, 1399, in the chief chamber of the king's lodging in the Tower, where he read aloud and subscribed the scroll of resignation, saying that, if it were in his power, he would that the Duke of Lancaster there present should be his successor. These instruments were read to the Parliament the day following. So Holinshed relates the story. Froissart, however, details the ceremonies of the surrender with more minuteness: "On a day the Duke of Lancaster, accompanied by lords, dukes, prelates, earls, barons, and knights, and of the notablest men of London, and of other good towns, rode to the Tower, and there alighted. Then King Richard was brought into the hall, appareled

like a king in his robes of state, his sceptre in his hand, and his crown on his head; then he stood up alone, not holden nor stayed by no man, and said aloud: 'I have been King of England, Duke of Aquitaine, and lord of Ireland, about twenty-one years, which signiory, royalty, sceptre, crown, and heritage I clearly resign here to my cousin Henry of Lancaster; and I desire him here, in this open presence, in entering of the same possession, to take this sceptre:' and so delivered it to the duke, who took it." There can be no doubt that this apparently willing resignation, which his enemies said was made even with a merry countenance, was extorted from Richard by the fear of death. Northumberland openly proclaimed this when he rebelled against Henry. In a very curious manuscript in the library of the king of France, from which copious extracts are given in Mr. Webb's notes to the 'Metrical History,' there is a detailed account of a meeting between Richard and Bolingbroke in the Tower, at which York and Aumerle were present,—where the



[Richard and Bolingbroke arrived in London. Illumination xv., Metrical History.]

king, in a most violent rage, says, "I am king, and will still continue king, in spite of all my enemies." Shakspeare has most skilfully portrayed this natural struggle of the will of the unhappy man, against the necessity by which he was overwhelmed. The deposition scene shows us,—as faithfully as the glass which the poet introduces exhibits the person of the king,—the vacillations of a nature irresolute and yielding, but clinging to the phantom of power when the substance had passed away. There can be no doubt that Shakspeare's portrait of Richard II. is as historically true as it is poetically just.

The chroniclers have shown us the fierce, and, as we should call them in modern times, the brutal contests of the peers in the first Parliament of Henry IV. But we have had lately opened to us a most curious record of the days of Richard, which shows us a Parliament that more nearly approaches to our notions of an assembly of men called together for the public good, but not forgetting their private interests in their peaceful moods; and deporting themselves as men do who have mighty questions to deliberate upon, but who bring to that deliberation the sloth, the petty feelings, and the other individual characteristics that remind us that

great legislators are sometimes small men. The Camden Society, which is doing for literature the very reverse of what the Roxburgh Club did—which is making unpublished and rare Tracts accessible to all men, instead of gaining a petty reputation by rendering scarce things known, and then causing them to be scarcer,—has published an 'Alliterative Poem on the Deposition of King Richard II.' This most curious production is printed from a manuscript in the Public Library at Cambridge. There seems to be no doubt that the poem was written about the time when Richard fell into the hands of his enemies:—the first lines represent the author as being informed that "Henri was entrid on the est half" of the kingdom, while Richard "werrid be west on the wilde Yrisshe." The author of the poem appears to have been a partisan of Bolingbroke;—the transcriber was of the opposite faction;—and to this circumstance we owe the loss of the more important part of the original composition;—for he broke off abruptly in the description of Richard's servile Parliament,—the Parliament that, giving a colour to his exactions and despotic exercise of authority, led to the great revolution which ended in his deposition. Of this famous Parliament, the following is



[SCENE I.—Throwing the Gage. Illumination in Froissart.]

a part of the description to which we have alluded :—

“ And somme slombrid and slepte, and said but a lite;
And somme maffid with the mouth, and nyst what they ment;

And somme had hire, and held ther-with evere,
And wolde no fforther a foot, for fier of her maistris;
And some were so soleyne, and sad of her wittis,
That er they come to the clos a-combred they were,
That thei the conclucioun than constrewe ne couthe
No burne of the benche, of borowe nother ellis,
So blynde and so ballid and bare was the reson;
And some were so ffers at the ffist come,
That they bente on a bouet, and bare a topte saile
A-for the wynde ffresshely, to make a good fare.”

We venture upon a free prose translation of the old English :—

“ And some slumbered and slept, and said but a little; and some stammered with the mouth, and knew not what they meant; and some were paid, and held to that, and would no further a-foot for fear of their masters; and some were so sullen and grave in their wits, that before they came to the close they were so much encumbered, that their conclusions could be construed by no baron of the bench, nor by no one else of the borough,—so blind, and so bald, and so bare was their reason. And some were so fierce at the first coming, that they were bent on a bout, and bare a topsail afore the wind freshly, to make a good fare.”—Unchangeable human nature !

ACT V.

21 SCENE II.—“ *Duchess of York.*”

THE mother of Aumerle died in 1394. Edmund of Langley was subsequently married.

22 SCENE III.—“ *Can no man tell of my unthrifty son ?*”

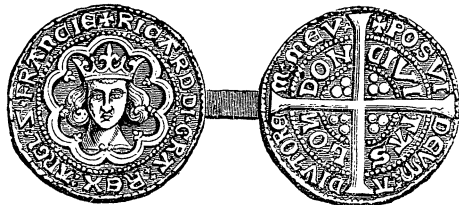
Shakspeare has here laid the connection between this play and that of ‘Henry IV.,’ by a dramatic relation of the real events of history. Henry of Monmouth was at this time only twelve years old. Richard had taken him with his army to Ireland; had knighted him; and had kept him as a hostage when he knew of Bolingbroke’s invasion.

23 SCENE III.—“ *Our trusty brother-in-law.*”

John, Duke of Exeter (own brother to Richard II.), who married Elizabeth, the sister of Bolingbroke.

24 SCENE V.—“ *The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.*”

We subjoin a representation of the groat of Richard II.



25 SCENE VI.—“ *Hath yielded up his body to the grave.*”

William de Colchester, Abbot of Westminster, according to Holinshed’s ‘Chronicle,’ which Shakspeare followed, died about this time. The relation is not correct. He outlived Henry IV. The portrait, which we give below, is from his tomb in Westminster Abbey.



HISTORICAL

We have avoided any previous illustration of the history and character of Richard's queen, reserving a short notice for this Act, in which she occupies so interesting a position. Richard was twice married. His first wife, who was called the good Queen Anne, died in 1394. His second wife, the queen of this play, was Isabel, eldest daughter of Charles VI., of France. When Richard espoused her, on the 31st of October, 1396, she was but eight years old. The alliance with France gave the greatest dissatisfaction in England, and was one amongst the many causes of Richard's almost general unpopularity. Froissart mentions Richard's obstinacy in this matter with great naïveté: "It is not pleasant to the realm of England that he should marry with France, and it hath been shewed him that the daughter of France is over young, and that this five or six year she shall not be able to keep him company; thereto he hath answered and saith, that she shall grow right well in age." Isabel was espoused at Paris, by proxy. Froissart says, "as I was informed, it was a goodly sight to see her behaviour: for all that she was but young, right pleasantly she bare the port of a queen." Isabel lived at Windsor, under the care of Lady de Coucy: but this lady was dismissed for her extravagance, and an Englishwoman, Lady Mortimer, succeeded her in the charge. It appears from the 'Metrical History' that Richard was very much attached to her. In his lamentations in Conway Castle he uses these passionate expressions: "My mistress and my consort! accursed be the man, little doth he love us, who thus shamefully separateth us two. I am dying of grief because of it. My fair sister, my lady, and my sole desire. Since I am robbed of the pleasure of beholding thee, such pain and affliction oppreseth my whole heart, that, oftentimes, I am hard upon despair. Alas! Isabel, rightful daughter of France, you were wont to be my joy, my hope, and my consolation; I now plainly see, that through the great violence of fortune, which hath slain many a man, I must wrongfully be removed from you." When we observe, that Froissart describes the girl of eight years old, as deporting herself right pleasantly as a queen, and read of the lamentations of Richard for their separation, as described by one who witnessed

them, we may consider that there was an historical as well as a dramatic propriety in the character which Shakspeare has drawn of her. In the garden scene at Langley we have scarcely more elevation of character than might belong to a precocious girl. In one part, however, of the last scene with Richard, we have the majesty of the high-minded woman;

"What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd? Hath Bolingbroke
Deposed thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?"

The poet, however, had an undoubted right to mould his materials to his own purpose. Daniel, in his descriptive Poem of the Civil Wars, which approaches to the accuracy of a chronicle, makes "the young affected queen" a much more prominent personage than Shakspeare does. These are her words, as she witnesses the procession of Richard and Bolingbroke—an imaginary situation altogether:—

"And yet, dear lord, though thy ungrateful land
Hath left thee thus; yet I will take thy part:
I do remain the same, under thy hand;
Thou still doth rule the kingdom of my heart:
If all be lost, that government doth stand;
And that shall never from thy rule depart:
And, so thou be, I care not how thou be:
Let greatness go, so it go without thee."

Poor Isabel was sent back to France; and there she became, a second time, the victim of a state alliance, being married to the eldest son of the Duke of Orleans, who was only nine years old. Her younger sister became the wife of our Henry V.

The writer of the 'Metrical History' appears to have conceived a violent suspicion of Aumerle and of all his proceedings. He represents him as the treacherous cause of Richard's detention in Ireland; and, in the conspiracy of the Abbot of Westminster and the other lords, he is described as basely becoming privy to their designs, that he might betray them to Henry IV. Shakspeare's version of the story is the more dramatic one which is given by Holinshed.

"This Earl of Rutland departing before from Westminster, to see his father the Duke of York, as he sat at dinner had his counterpart of the indenture of the confederacy in his bosom. The father, espying it, would needs see what it was: and though the son humbly denied to shew it,

the father being more earnest to see it, by force took it out of his bosom, and, perceiving the contents thereof, in a great rage caused his horses to be saddled out of hand, and spitefully reproving his son of treason, for whom he was become surety and mainpernour for his good bearing in open parliament, he incontinently mounted on horseback to ride towards Windsor to the king, to declare to him the malicious intent of his son and his accomplices. The Earl of Rutland, seeing in what danger he stood, took his horse and rode another way to Windsor, in post, so that he got thither before his father, and when he was alighted at the castle-gate, he caused the gates to be shut, saying, that he must needs deliver the keys to the king. When he came before the king's presence, he kneeled down on his knees, beseeching him of mercy and forgiveness, and declaring the whole matter unto him in order as everything had passed; obtained pardon; and therewith came his father, and, being let in, delivered the indenture which he had taken from his son, unto the king; who thereby perceiving his son's words to be true, changed his purpose for his going to Oxford, and dispatched messengers forth to signify unto the Earl of Northumberland his high constable, and to the Earl of Westmorland his high marshal, and to others his assured friends, of all the doubtful danger and perilous jeopardy."

The death of Richard the Second is one of those historical mysteries which, perhaps, will never be cleared up. The story which Shakspeare has adopted, of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exton and his followers, was related by Caxton in his addition to Hygden's 'Polychronicon;' was copied by Fabyan, and, of course, found its way into Holinshed. The honest old compiler, however, notices the other stories—that he died either by compulsory famine or by voluntary pinning. Caxton borrowed his account, it is supposed, from a French manuscript in the royal library at Paris, written by a partisan of Richard. In his 'Chronicle,' printed two years before the additions to the 'Polychronicon,' Caxton takes no notice of the story of the assassination by Sir Piers of Exton; but says "He was enfastened unto the death by his keeper, yet much people in England, and in other lands, said, that he was alive many year after his death." It is a remarkable confirmation of the belief that Richard did not die by the wounds of a battle-axe, that when his tomb was opened in Westminster Abbey, some years since, his

skull was found uninjured. Thomas of Walsingham, who was living at the time of Richard's death, relates that the unhappy captive voluntarily starved himself. His body was removed to the Tower, where it was publicly exhibited. The story of his voluntary starvation is, however, doubtful; that of his violent assassination seems altogether apocryphal. In an important document, whose publication we owe to Sir Henry Ellis—the manifesto of the Percies against Henry the Fourth, issued just before the battle of Shrewsbury—Henry is distinctly charged with having caused Richard to perish from hunger, thirst, and cold, after fifteen days and nights of sufferings unheard of among Christians. Two years afterwards Archbishop Scroop repeats the charge; but he adds, what unquestionably weakens its force, "*ut vulgariter dicitur.*" There is one other story which has formed the subject of a very curious controversy, but which it would be out of place here to detail—that espoused by Mr. Tytler—that Richard escaped, and lived nineteen years in Scotland. The various arguments for and against this incredible tale may be found in a paper, by the late amiable and accomplished Lord Dover, read before the Royal Society of Literature. The conflicting evidence as to the causes of Richard's death in Pomfret Castle is very ably detailed by Mr. Amyot, in the 20th volume of the 'Archæologia.' The prison-scene in Shakspeare will, perhaps, more than any accredited relation, continue to influence the popular belief; and yet, on the other hand, we have the beautiful passage in Gray's Bard, to support the less dramatic story:—

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,

While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's spray,

That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

Fill high the sparkling bowl,

The rich repast prepare,

Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:

Close by the regal chair

Fell thirst and famine scowl

A baleful smile upon their baffled guest."

The body of Richard was brought to London; and being publicly exposed, was removed to Langley for interment. Henry V., who appears always to have cherished a generous regard for the memory of the unfortunate king, caused it to be removed, in great state, to Westminster Abbey.

SCENES.

Of the architectural drawings by Mr. Poynter, the room in the Palace, Act I., is imaginary, but it presents an example of the architectural style of the period. The interior is represented as tapestried, with the well-known cognizances of Richard II., the sun and the white hart. The street leading to the Tower, Act V., is also imaginary. The exterior of Westminster Hall, Act IV., is an attempt at restoration. Hollar has left a view of New Palace Yard, dated 1647. It was at that time surrounded by

houses, but many of its earlier features were preserved, and the engraving affords a key to explain several authentic particulars as to its condition two centuries and a half earlier. Westminster Hall was erected by Richard, and finished in 1399. The first business of the meeting of Parliament in the edifice which the king had caused to be built out of his exactions of the wealth of his subjects, was to proceed to his deposition.

COSTUME.

For the male costume of this play we are overwhelmed with authorities. Not only do we possess elaborately-executed portraits and monumental effigies of Richard, and the greater number of the other historical personages, but the time is particularly rich in illuminated manuscripts, and in anecdotes illustrative of the dress and armour of the people at large.

The poems of Chaucer and the chronicles of Froissart are full of information on these points; and in the Harleian Collection of MSS. there is the well-known and invaluable 'Metrical History' of the deposition of Richard II., by a gentleman of the household of Charles the VI. of France, and who attended Richard during the whole of the period he describes^a. The MS. is liberally illustrated by miniatures exhibiting all the principal scenes of that eventful story, and containing portraits, of the dress at least, of Richard II., Bolingbroke, the Earls of Northumberland, Westmorland, Exeter, Salisbury, the Bishop of Carlisle, &c., &c.

This circumstance is the more fortunate, as, although we possess numberless illuminated copies of Froissart, all that have come under our notice have been executed as late, at least, as the commencement of the reign of our Henry VI., and, consequently, present us with the dress and armour of another century. We take this opportunity of impressing this fact upon the minds of our readers, by at once re-

ferring them to the cuts in this number, taken from an illuminated copy of Froissart, and representing the quarrel and combat between the Earls of Hereford and Norfolk, and Richard II. surrendering his crown to Bolingbroke, by comparison of which with those from the 'Metrical History,' they will perceive the difference in the fashions of the times, and avoid confounding the former with those which are given as undoubted authorities for the costume of this play.

The foppery of dress prevailing during the reign of Richard II. is the universal theme of satire and reprobation amongst the poets and historians of the day; and York, in the first Scene of the second Act of this play, speaks with perfect truth of our "apish nation" limping in base imitation after the "fashions in proud Italy," or wherever the "world thrusts forth a vanity;" a passage which Dr. Johnson has presumed, of course, to be a mistake of Shakspeare, or, rather, a wilful anachronism of the man who gave "to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners of his own!" Richard himself was (as the Rev. Mr. Webb has remarked in his description of the 'Metrical History' aforesaid—'Archæologia,' vol. xx.) the greatest fool of his day^a. He had a coat estimated at thirty thousand marks, the value of which must chiefly have arisen from

^a See Historical Illustrations to Act III.

^a The Monk of Evesham describes him as extravagantly splendid in his entertainments and dress.

the quantity of precious stones with which it was embroidered, such being one of the many extravagant fashions of the time^a. Those of working letters and mottoes on the dresses, and cutting the edges of the mantles, hoods, &c., into the shape of leaves and other devices, will be seen by referring to the portrait of Richard in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster, and the illuminations of the 'Metrical History.' Bolingbroke, in the miniatures of that work, is represented in mourning for his father. When he entered London with the captive Richard in his train, he was dressed, according to Froissart, in a short jack, or jacket, of cloth of gold, "a la façon d'Almayne."

Of John of Gaunt we are told that he wore his garments "not wide," and yet they became him "full well." In the Cotton MS., marked D 6, he is represented granting the claims at the coronation of Richard II., as Lord High Steward of England. He is attired in a long party-coloured robe, one half white, the other blue, such being the family colours of the House of Lancaster. White and red were, however, assumed by Richard II. as his livery colours, and, as such, worn by the courtiers and citizens on state occasions.

The sleeves of John of Gaunt's robe, it will be observed, are tight, and reach to the wrist, after the old fashion of Edward the III.'s time: but bearing out the words of the old poet before quoted, who praises him for not giving way to the extravagancies of his nephew's court; Chaucer, the Monk of Evesham, and the author of an anonymous work, cited by Camden, and called 'The Eulogium,' all complain of the large, long, and wide sleeves, reaching almost to the feet, which even the servants wore in imitation of their masters.

The shoes had excessively long pikes, sometimes crooked upwards, and then called cracowes (probably from Cracow, in Poland), and, according to the author of 'The Eulogium,' occasionally fastened to the knees by chains of gold or silver. The chaperon, or hood, of this reign is of a most indescribable shape, and is sometimes worn over the capucium or cowl. Single ostrich feathers are also seen occasionally in front of the hood, or cap. The hair was worn long in the neck and at the sides, and elderly persons are generally represented with forked beards.

The decoration of the white hart, crowned

and chained under a tree, was worn by all Richard's friends and retainers. In the wardrobe account of his twenty-second year is an entry of a belt and sheath of a sword, of red velvet, embroidered with white harts crowned, and with rosemary branches.

The armour of this reign was nearly all of plate; a neck-piece of chain fastened to the bascinet, and called the camail, and the indented edge of the chain-apron depending below the jupon, or surcoat, being nearly all the mail visible. The jupon introduced during the preceding reign was a garment of silk, or velvet, richly embroidered with the armorial bearings of the wearer, fitting tight to the shape, and confined over the hips by a magnificent girdle. (*Video* that of the Black Prince at Canterbury.) In the 'Metrical History,' however, Richard and his knights are represented in loose surcoats, sometimes with sleeves, and embroidered all over with fanciful devices, the king's being golden ostrich feathers. The armour worn by Bolingbroke, when he entered the lists at Coventry, was manufactured expressly for him at Milan by order of Galeazzo Visconti, to whom he had written on the subject.

The chronicler Hall (and Holinshed follows him), describing this event, asserts, but without quoting his authority, that Bolingbroke's horse was caparisoned with blue and green velvet, embroidered all over with swans and antelopes (his badges and supporters), and that the housings of the Duke of Norfolk's charger were of crimson velvet, embroidered with silver lions (his paternal arms) and mulberry trees, a punning device, the family name being Mowbray. The vizor of the bascinet, or war helmet of this time, was of a singular shape, giving to the wearer almost the appearance of having the head of a bird. A specimen is to be seen in the Tower of London, and a still more perfect one is in the armoury of Sir S. Meyrick, at Goodrich Court.

No feathers, as yet, decorated the helmet unless they formed the heraldic crest of the family, and then only the tournament helmet.

Of the female characters in the play, the Duchess of Gloster is the only one for whose dress we have any precise authority; and it is probable that she is represented on her monumental brass in Westminster Abbey, which furnishes it, in the habit of a nun of Barking Abbey, to which place she retired after her husband's murder, and took the veil. The nuns of

^a The statute passed in prohibition of such vanities calls these dresses "apparel broider'd of stone."

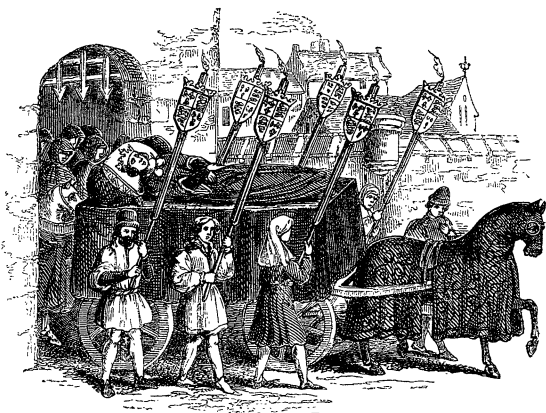
Barking, however, being of the order of St. Benedict, the dress, both in hue and form, would resemble the mourning habit of a widow of high rank at that period, which was quite conventual in its appearance, even to the *barbe*, or plaited chin-cloth.

The general dress of ladies of quality, during the reign of Richard II., consisted of the kirtle, a sort of low-bodied gown, with long tight sleeves, and made to fit very close to the figure, over which was worn a singularly-shaped sleeveless gown, or robe, with a very full skirt and train, the front and edges generally trimmed with ermine, or other rich furs, and giving the appearance of a tight spencer over a loose dress, instead of which it is, as nearly as possible, the exact reverse.

Over this, on state occasions, was worn a long

mantle, which, as well as the skirt of the gown, or robe, was frequently embroidered with armorial bearings. Leithieullier, in his observations on Sepulchral Monuments, has remarked, that in such cases, the arms on the mantle are always those of the husband, and the others those of the lady's own family.

The hair was worn in a gold fret, or caul, of net-work, surmounted by a chaplet, or garland, of goldsmith's work, a coronet, or a veil, according to the fancy or rank of the wearer. The effigy of Anne of Bohemia, and the illuminated MS. entitled '*Liber Regalis*,' preserved in Westminster Abbey, and executed in the time of Richard II., may be considered the best authorities for the royal and noble female costume of the period.



[Funeral of Richard II. Illumination in Froissart



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

ON KING HENRY IV., PARTS I. AND II.

THE first edition of 'Henry IV., Part I.,' appeared in 1598. Five other editions were printed before the folio of 1623. The first edition of 'Henry IV., Part II.,' appeared in 1600. Another edition was issued the same year. No subsequent edition appeared till the folio of 1623. The text of the folio, from which we print, does not materially differ from the original quartos, in the First Part. In the Second Part there are large additions, and those some very important passages, in the folio.

Shakspeare found the stage in possession of a rude drama, 'The Famous Victories of Henry V.,' upon the foundation of which he constructed not only his two Parts of 'Henry IV.,' but his 'Henry V.' That old play was acted prior to 1588; Tarleton, a celebrated comic actor, who played the clown in it, having died in that year. It is, in many respects, satisfactory that this very extraordinary performance has been preserved. None of the old dramas exhibit in a more striking light the marvellous reformation which Shakspeare, more than all his contemporaries, produced in the dramatic amusements of the age of Elizabeth. Of 'The Famous Victories of Henry V.,' the comic parts are low buffoonery, without the slightest wit, and the tragic monotonous stupidity, without a particle of poetry. And yet Shakspeare built upon this thing, and for a very satisfactory reason—the people were familiar with it.

In 'The Famous Victories' we are introduced to the "Young Prince" in the opening scene. His companions are "Ned," "Tom," and "Sir John Oldcastle," who bears the familiar name of "Jockey." They have been committing a robbery upon the king's receivers; and Jockey informs the prince that his (the prince's) man hath robbed a poor carrier. The plunder of the receivers amounts to a thousand pounds;

and the prince worthily says, "As I am a true gentleman, I will have the half of this spent to-night." He shows his gentility by calling the receivers villains and rascals. The prince is sent to the "counter" by the Lord Mayor. "Gadshill," the prince's man, who robbed the carrier, is taken before the Lord Chief Justice; and the young prince, who seems to have got out of the counter as suddenly as he got in, rescues the thief. The scene ends with the Chief Justice committing Henry to the Fleet. He is, of course, released. "But whither are ye going now?" quoth Ned. "To the court," answers the true gentleman of a prince, "for I hear say my father lies very sick. . . . The breath shall be no sooner out of his mouth but I will clap the crown on my head." To the court he goes, and there the bully becomes a hypocrite. The great scene in 'The Second Part of Henry IV.,'—

"I never thought to hear you speak again,"

is founded, probably, upon a passage in Holinshed; but there is a similar scene in 'The Famous Victories.' It is, perhaps, the highest attempt in the whole play.

And now that we have seen what the popular notion of the conqueror of Agincourt was at a period when Shakspeare began to write, and, perhaps, indeed, up to the time when he gave us his own idea of Henry of Monmouth,—and when we know that nearly all the historians up to the time of Shakspeare took pretty much the same view of Henry's character,—we may, perhaps, be astonished to be told that Shakspeare's fascinating representation of Henry of Monmouth, "as an historical portrait, is not only unlike the original, but misleading and unjust in essential points of character."^a Shakspeare was, in truth, the *only*

^a 'Henry of Monmouth,' by J. Ednell Tyler, B.D., vol. i., page 356.

man of his age who rejected the imperfect evidence of all the historians as to the character of Henry of Monmouth, and nobly vindicated him even from his own biographers, and, what was of more importance, from the coarser traditions embodied in a popular drama of Shakspeare's own day.

In the play of 'The Famous Victories of Henry V.' we have, as already mentioned, the character of "Sir John Oldcastle." This personage, like all the other companions of the prince in that play, is a low, worthless fellow, without a single spark of wit or humour to relieve his grovelling profligacy. But he is also a very insignificant character, with less stage business than even "Ned" and "Tom." Dericke, the clown, is, indeed, the leading character throughout this play. Altogether, Oldcastle has only thirty lines put in his mouth in the whole piece. We have no allusion to his being fat; we hear nothing of his gluttony. Malone, however, calls this Sir John Oldcastle "a pampered glutton." It is a question whether this Oldcastle, or Jockey, suggested to Shakspeare his Falstaff. We cannot discover the very slightest similarity; although Malone decidedly says, "Shakspeare appears evidently to have caught the idea of the character of Falstaff from a wretched play entitled 'The

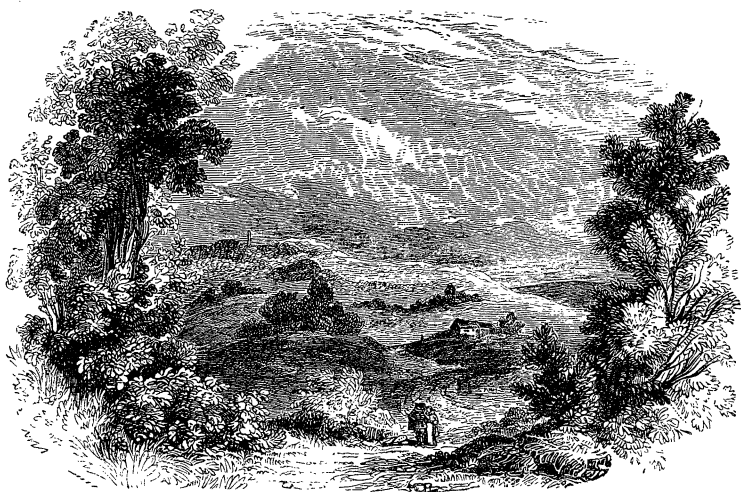
Famous Victories of King Henry V.'" But Malone is arguing for the support of a favourite theory. Rowe has noticed a tradition that Falstaff was written originally under the name of Oldcastle. This opinion would receive some confirmation from the fact that Shakspeare has transferred other names from the old play, Ned, Gadshill,—and why not, then, Oldcastle? The prince in one place calls Falstaff "my old lad of the castle;" but this may be otherwise explained. The Sir John Oldcastle of history, Lord Cobham, was, as is well known, one of the most strenuous supporters of the Reformation of Wickliffe; and hence it has been argued that the original name of Shakspeare's fat knight was offensive to zealous Protestants in the time of Elizabeth, and was accordingly changed to that of Falstaff. Whether or not Shakspeare's Falstaff was originally called Oldcastle, he was, after the character was fairly established as Falstaff, anxious to vindicate himself from the charge that he had attempted to represent the Oldcastle of history. In the epilogue to 'The Second Part of Henry IV.' we find this passage:—"For anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<p style="text-align: center;">KING HENRY IV. <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5.</p> <p>HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, <i>son to the King</i>. <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.</p> <p>PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, <i>son to the King</i>. <i>Appears</i>, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5.</p> <p>EARL OF WESTMORELAND, <i>friend to the King</i>. <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 5.</p> <p>SIR WALTER BLUNT, <i>friend to the King</i>. <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.</p> <p>THOMAS PERCY, <i>Earl of Worcester</i>. <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5.</p> <p>HENRY PERCY, <i>Earl of Northumberland</i>. <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 3.</p> <p>HENRY PERCY, <i>surnamed Hotspur, son to the Earl of Northumberland</i>. <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.</p> <p>EDMUND MORTIMER, <i>Earl of March</i>. <i>Appears</i>, Act III. sc. 1.</p> <p>SCROOP, <i>Archbishop of York</i>. <i>Appears</i>, Act IV. sc. 4.</p> <p>SIR MICHAEL, <i>a friend of the Archbishop</i>. <i>Appears</i>, Act IV. sc. 4.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ARCHIBALD, <i>Earl of Douglas</i>. <i>Appears</i>, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">OWEN GLENDOWER. <i>Appears</i>, Act III. sc. 1.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">SIR RICHARD VERNON. <i>Appears</i>, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">SIR JOHN FALSTAFF. <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">POINS. <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GADSHILL. <i>Appears</i>, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PETO. <i>Appears</i>, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">BARDOLPH. <i>Appears</i>, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2.</p> <p>LADY PERCY, <i>wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer</i>. <i>Appears</i>, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.</p> <p>LADY MORTIMER, <i>daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer</i>. <i>Appears</i>, Act III. sc. 1.</p> <p>MRS. QUICKLY, <i>hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap</i>. <i>Appears</i>, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3.</p> <p><i>Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Two Carriers, Travelers, and Attendants.</i></p>
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SCENE,—ENGLAND.

* * There is no List of Characters in the old copies.



[SCENE II.—*Gadshill*. “Early at Gadshill.”]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

K. HEN. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds^a afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance^b of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood ;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,

^a *Stronds*—strands—shores.

^b *Entrance*. In the variorum editions of Shakspeare, except Malone's of 1821, we have the following correction of the text:—

“No more the thirsty *Erinnys* of this soil.”

This reading was suggested by Monck Mason, and adopted by Steevens. *Erinnys*, according to Monck Mason, is the Fury of Discord. The first conjecture of Steevens was that the word was *entrants* ; the suggestion of Douce was *entrails*. The original text is somewhat obscure ; but the obscurity is perfectly in the manner of Shakspeare, and in great part arises from the boldness of the metaphor. *Entrance* is put for *mouth* ; and if we were to read, “No more the thirsty mouth of this earth shall daub her lips with the blood of her own children,” we should find little more difficulty than with the passage in Genesis, which was probably in Shakspeare's mind when he wrote the line:—“And now art thou cursed from the *earth*, which hath *opened her mouth to receive thy*

Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock
 And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
 March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
 (Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed and engag'd to fight,)
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy^a;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
 And bootless 't is to tell you—we will go;
 Therefore we meet not now^b:—Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

WEST. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits^c of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,

brother's blood from thy hand." The terms entrance and mouth are convertible even now—as the mouth of a river, for the entrance of a river.

But Malone gives a passage in the old 'King John' of 1591, which, he says, may throw some light on that before us:—

"Is all the *blood* y-spilt on either part,
 Closing the *crannies* of the thirsty earth,
 Grown to a love-game and a bridal feast?"

A correspondent, who lighted upon this passage, would read

"No more the thirsty *crannies* of this soil
 Shall daub *their* lips with her own children's blood."

^a *Levy*. Gifford (Ben Jonson, v. 138) has properly rebuked the rash disposition of Steevens to meddle with the text, in a remark upon the passage before us. Steevens says, to *levy* a power as far as to the sepulchre of Christ is an expression quite unexampled, if not corrupt; and he proposes to read *lead*. "The expression is neither unexampled nor corrupt," says Gifford, "but good authorised English. One instance of it is before me: 'Scipio, before he *levied* his force to the walls of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the citie in a cake to be devoured.'—Gosson's 'School of Abuse,' 1587."

^b *Therefore we meet not now*. We do not meet now on that account.

^c *Limits*. To limit is to define; and therefore the limits of the charge may be the calculations, the estimates.

Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered :
 Upon whose dead corpses^a there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done^b, as may not be,
 Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

K. HEN. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

WEST. This, match'd with other like, my gracious lord.
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did report^c :
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. HEN. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news :
 The earl of Douglas is discomfited ;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
 Balk'd^d in their own blood, did sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plains : Of prisoners, Hotspur took

^a *Corpses*. So the folio; the quartos, *corpse*.

^b *Welshwomen*, &c. The story is told in Walsingham, and may be found in Andrews's 'History of Great Britain,' vol. i., part ii., p. 4.

^c The first quarto, which has been followed in modern editions, reads thus:—

“ This, match'd with other, *did*, my gracious lord,
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did *import*.”

The quarto of 1604 has *like*, *for*, and *import*. We retain the reading of the folio, substituting *for* in the place of *far*.

^d *Balk'd*. To balk is to raise into ridges,—as in Minshew—“ to balke, or make a balk in earing of land.” Thus, the ten thousand bold Scots, balk'd in their own blood, are the slain heaped up—the “hills of dead” of Pope's translation of the ‘Iliad.’ Some conjecture the passage ought to be “*bak'd* in their own blood,”—as in Heywood's ‘Iron Age,’—

“ Troilus lies *embal'd*
 In his cold blood.”

Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas; and the earl of Athol,
 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
 And is not this an honourable spoil?
 A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not^a?

WEST. In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. HEN. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
 In envy that my lord Northumberland
 Should be the father of so bless'd a son:
 A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
 Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
 Who is sweet Fortune's minion, and her pride:
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow
 Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
 In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
 And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
 But let him from my thoughts:—What think you, coz',
 Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
 Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
 To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
 I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

WEST. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
 Malevolent to you in all aspects;
 Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
 The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. HEN. But I have sent for him to answer this:
 And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
 Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
 Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
 Will hold at Windsor; and so inform the lords;
 But come yourself with speed to us again;
 For more is to be said, and to be done,
 Than out of anger can be uttered.

WEST. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a All the quarto editions, and the folio, make the King answer himself—"In faith, it is." This was probably *not* an error.

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.**Enter HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, and FALSTAFF.*

FAL. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. HEN. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffata; I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

FAL. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, that wandering knight so fair¹. And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)——

P. HEN. What! none?

FAL. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. HEN. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

FAL. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the knight's body be called thieves of the day's beauty^a; let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. HEN. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof^b. Now, a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by^c; and spent with crying—bring in^d: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder: and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

FAL. Thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. HEN. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle^e. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance^f.

^a *Day's beauty.* Perhaps *beauty* is meant to be pronounced *booty*, as it is sometimes provincially.

^b *As for proof.* We point this according to the punctuation of the old copies. Modern editions read, *As for proof; now.*

^c *Lay by*—stop. To lay by, in navigation, is to slacken sail.

^d *Bring in*—the call to the drawers for more wine.

^e *Old lad of the castle.* Lad of the castle was a somewhat common term in Shakspeare's time, and is found in several contemporary writers. Farmer says it meant *lad of Castile*—a Castilian. The passage in the text, in connection with other circumstances, has given rise to the notion that Sir John Oldcastle was pointed at in the character of Falstaff. (See Introductory Notice.)

^f *Robe of durance.* The *buff-jerkin*, the coat of ox-skin (*bauf*), was worn by sheriffs' offi-

FAL. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. HEN. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

FAL. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. HEN. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

FAL. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. HEN. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not I have used my credit.

FAL. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. HEN. No; thou shalt.

FAL. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave judge.

P. HEN. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

FAL. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. HEN. For obtaining of suits?

FAL. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. I am as melancholy as a gib cat^a, or a lugged bear.

P. HEN. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

FAL. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe².

P. HEN. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch³?

FAL. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascaldest, sweet young prince. But Hal, I prithee trouble me no more with vanity. I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. HEN. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

FAL. O, thou hast damnable iteration^b: and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before

cers. It was a robe of durance, an "everlasting garment," as in 'The Comedy of Errors;'—but it was also a robe of "durance" in a sense that would not furnish an agreeable association to one who was always in debt and danger, as Falstaff was.

^a *Gib cat*. Gib and Tib were old English names for a male cat. We have Tybalt called "king of cats" in 'Romeo and Juliet.' Tyb rt is the cat in 'Reynard the Fox.' Chaucer, in 'The Romaunt of the Rose,' gives "Gibbe," as the translation of "Thibert," the cat. The name appears to have been applied to an *old* male cat, whose gravity approaches to the character of melancholy.

^b *Iteration*—repetition—not mere citation, as some have thought. Falstaff does not complain only of Hal's quoting a scriptural text, but that he has been retorting and *distorting* the meaning of his words throughout the scene. For example, Falstaff talks of the *sun and moon*—the Prince retorts with the *sea and moon*; Falstaff uses *hanging* in one sense—the Prince in another; so of *judging*; and so in the passage which at last provokes Falstaff's complaint.

I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now I am, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. HEN. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

FAL. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

P. HEN. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

FAL. Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a watch^a. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried Stand, to a true man.

P. HEN. Good morrow, Ned.

POINS. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack and-Sugar⁴? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

P. HEN. Sir John stands to his word,—the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs,—he will give the devil his due.

POINS. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. HEN. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

POINS. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill⁵: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

FAL. Hear ye^b, Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

POINS. You will, chops?

FAL. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. HEN. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

FAL. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings^c.

^a *Set a watch.* The folio reads thus; the quartos, *set a match*. Steevens says, "As no *watch* is afterwards *set*, I suppose *match* is the true reading." To "*set a match*" appears, from a passage in Ben Jonson, to be to "*make an appointment*." But Gadshill, it seems to us, was in communication with the chamberlain of the Rochester inn; and this chamberlain, who was to have a share in the "*purchase*," was the watch or spy that Gadshill had *set*. When Gadshill meets Falstaff and Poins he is received with "*O, 't is our setter*."

^b *Hear ye.* This, which is the reading of the old editions, has been changed into the feeble *Hear me*. "*Hear ye*" is the same as "*Hark ye*."

^c *Ten shillings* was the value of the *royal*. Hence Falstaff's quibble.

P. HEN. Well, then, once in my days, I'll be a madcap.

FAL. Why, that's well said.

P. HEN. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

FAL. I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

P. HEN. I care not.

POINS. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

FAL. Well, mayst thou have the spirit of persuasion and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. HEN. Farewell the^a latter spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer^b!

[Exit FALSTAFF.]

POINS. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill^c, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. HEN. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

POINS. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail: and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. HEN. Ay, but 't is like that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

POINS. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah^d, I have cases of buckram for the nonce^e, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. HEN. But, I doubt they will be too hard for us.

POINS. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason I'll

^a *The latter spring.* So all the old copies. Pope first read "*thou latter spring*"—more emphatic, but less correct.

^b *All-hallown summer*—summer in November, on the first of which month is the feast of All-hallows, or All Saints.

^c *Falstaff, &c.* In the old copies we read, "*Falstaff, Harvey, Rossil, and Gadshill.*" Harvey and Rossil were, most probably, the names of actors; for Bardolph and Peto were two of the four robbers. (See Act II.) The correction was made by Theobald.

^d *Sirrah*, in this and other passages, is used familiarly, and even sharply, but not contemptuously. The word is supposed to have meant, originally, *Sir, ha!* which etymology agrees with Shakspeare's general application of the term.

^e *For the nonce.* Gifford's explanation of this phrase (which is also the interpretation of Lord Hailes) is undoubtedly the true one. "*For the nonce* is simply *for the once*—for the *one thing* in question, whatever it be. * * * The progress of this expression is distinctly marked in our early writers,—'a ones'—'an anes'—'for the ones'—'for the nanes'—'for the nones'—'for the nonce.'" (Ben Jonson's Works, iii. 218.)

forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. HEN. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary and meet me.

To-morrow night^a in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

POINS. Farewell, my lord.

[*Exit* POINS.]

P. HEN. I know you all, and will awhile uphold

The unyok'd humour of your idleness;

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world,

That when he please again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.

If all the year were playing holidays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But when they seldom come they wish'd-for come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,

And pay the debt I never promised,

By how much better than my word I am

By so much shall I falsify men's hopes^b;

And like bright metal on a sullen ground,

My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,

Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes

Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

I'll so offend to make offence a skill;

Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[*Exit*.]

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and others.

K. HEN. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,

Unapt to stir at these indignities,

^a *To-morrow night*. Steevens thinks we should read *to-night*, for the robbery was to be committed at four in the morning. But the prince is thinking less of the exploit at Gadshill than of "the virtue of this jest—when we meet at supper,"—*after* the robbery. Perhaps some intermediate place of meeting was thought of by the Prince;—but he breaks off exultingly, with his head full of the supper "to-morrow night." We have ventured to point the passage in this sense.

^b *Hopes*—expectations. Thus, the Tanner of Tamworth said to Edward IV., "*I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow.*"

And you have found me ; for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience : but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition^a ;
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
 And that same greatness too which our own hands
 Have help to make so portly.

NORTH. My lord,—

K. HEN. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye :
 O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier^b of a servant brow.
 You have good leave to leave us ; when we need
 Your use and counsel we shall send for you.—
 You were about to speak.

[Exit Wor.
 To NORTH.]

NORTH. Yea, my good lord.
 Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
 Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
 As was deliver'd to your majesty :
 Either envy, therefore, or misprision^c,
 Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

HOR. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly^d dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;
 He was perfumed like a milliner ;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon

^a *Condition*—temper of mind.

^b *Frontier*. Stevens says "frontier was anciently used for *forehead*," but assuredly it is not so used here. What means "the moody forehead of a brow?" Capell, who has been unwisely neglected, through his general obscurity, tells us that "frontier is a metaphorical expression, highly proper, implying—armed to oppose: opposition to the will of a master being as plainly indicated by such a 'brow' as the king is describing, as war by a town or town's frontier furnished against invasion." ('Notes and Various Readings,' vol. i., p. 155.)

^c *Misprision*. So the quartos. The folio reads,

"Who either through envy or misprision."

^d *Neat and trimly*. All the old copies have *and*, which all modern editions omit.

He gave his nose, and took 't away again ;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff^a : and still he smil'd and talk'd ;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;
He should, or should not ;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark !)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly^b, as I said ;
And, I beseech you, let not this report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

BLUNT. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. HEN. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners ;
But with proviso, and exception,
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ;
Who, in my soul, hath wilfully betray'd

^a *Snuff*. Aromatic powders were used as snuff long before the introduction of tobacco.

^b *I answer'd indirectly*. So the quartos. The folio, "made me to answer indirectly."

The lives of those that he did lead to fight
 Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower ;
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
 Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
 Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home ?
 Shall we buy treason ? and indent with feres ^a,
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve ;
 For I shall never hold that man my friend
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

HOT. Revolted Mortimer !

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 But by the chance of war ;—To prove that true
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower :
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks ⁷,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
 Never did base and rotten policy ^b
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer
 Receive so many, and all willingly :
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. HEN. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him ;

He never did encounter with Glendower :
 I tell thee,
 He durst as well have met the devil alone,
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 Art thou not asham'd ? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,

^a *Feres*. The usual reading is *fears*. We have explained our reasons for the change in the 6th Illustration to this act.

^b *Base and rotten policy*. This is the reading of the folio; the quartos, *bare*. Bare policy, Monck Mason well observes, is no policy at all.

We license your departure with your son :—
Send us your prisoners, or you 'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.

HOT. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them :—I will after straight,
And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

NORTH. What, drunk with choler ? stay, and pause awhile ;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

HOT. Speak of Mortimer ?
'Zounds, I will speak of him ; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him :
In his behalf^a I 'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

NORTH. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

[*To* WORCESTER.

WOR. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone ?

HOT. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners ;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale ;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

WOR. I cannot blame him : Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood ?

NORTH. He was : I heard the proclamation :
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon !) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition ;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

WOR. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

HOT. But, soft, I pray you ; Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Mortimer
Heir to the crown ?

NORTH. He did ; myself did hear it.

HOT. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.

^a *In his behalf.* This is the reading of the folio ; the quartos, *yea, on his part.*

But shall it be that you, that set the crown
 Upon the head of this forgetful man,
 And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
 Of murtherous subornation, shall it be,
 That you a world of curses undergo,
 Being the agents, or base second means,
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
 O, pardon^a, if that I descend so low,
 To show the line and the predicament
 Wherein you range under this subtle king.
 Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
 That men of your nobility and power
 Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
 As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker^b, Bolingbroke?
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
 By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
 No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again:
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
 Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
 To answer all the debt he owes unto you,
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
 Therefore, I say,—

WOR. Peace, cousin, say no more;

And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
 As full of peril, and adventurous spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

HOT. If he fall in, good night:—or sink or swim:—

Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south,
 And let them grapple;—the blood more stirs
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

NORTH. Imagination of some great exploit

^a *O, pardon, if.* So the folio, and some of the quartos; the first quarto, and that of 1604, *O, pardon me.*

^b *This canker.* The canker is the dog-rose—the rose of the hedge, not of the garden. In 'Much Ado about Nothing' we have, "I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace."

Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOT. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

WOR. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while,
And list to me^a.

HOT. I cry you mercy.

WOR. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

HOT. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

WOR. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

HOT. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

WOR. Hear you, cousin; a word.

HOT. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

WOR. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

NORTH. Why, what a wasp-tongued^b and impatient fool

^a *And list to me.* This short line is found in the folio, but not in the quartos.

^b *Wasp-tongued.* *Wasp-stung*, which finds a place in most editions, is the reading of the first quarto. Steevens says Shakspeare knew the sting of a wasp was not situated in its mouth;—Malone properly replies, "It means only having a tongue as peevish and mischievous as a wasp."

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;

Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

HOT. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear

Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—What d' ye call the place?—

A plague upon 't—it is in Gloucestershire;—

'T was where the madcap duke his uncle kept;

His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,

When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

NORTH. At Berkley castle.

HOT. You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look,—“when his infant fortune came to age,”

And,—“gentle Harry Percy,”—and, “kind cousin,”—

O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

WOR. Nay, if you have not, to 't again;

We'll stay your leisure.

HOT. I have done, in sooth.

WOR. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,

And make the Douglas' son your only mean

For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons,

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,

Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,

[To NORTH.

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,

Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,

The archbishop.

HOT. Of York, is 't not?

WOR. True; who bears hard

His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.

I speak not this in estimation^a

As what I think might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;

And only stays but to behold the face

Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

HOT. I smell it.

Upon my life it will do wond'rous well.

NORTH. Before the game's a-foot thou still lett'st slip^b.

^a *Estimation*—conjecture.

^b *Let't'st slip*. The greyhound is held in slips, and is loosened when “the game's a-foot.”

HOT. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—
And then the power of Scotland and of York;—
To join with Mortimer, ha?

WOR. And so they shall.

HOT. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

WOR. And 't is no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

HOT. He does, he does; we 'll be reveng'd on him.

WOR. Cousin, farewell;—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course,
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly^a.
I 'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

NORTH. Farewell, good brother; we shall thrive, I trust.

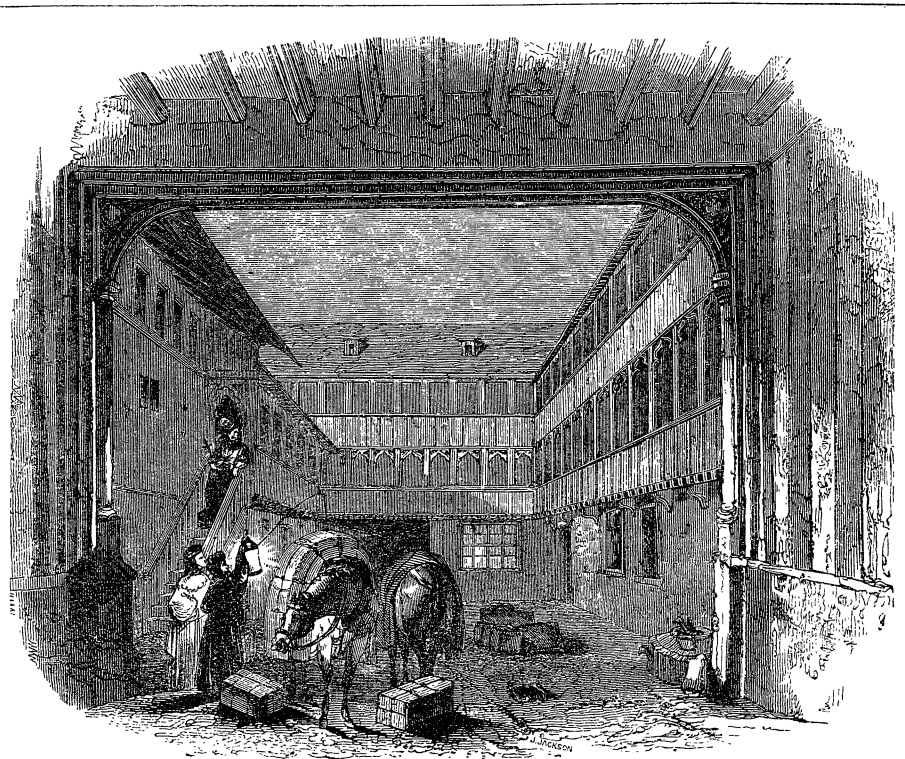
HOT. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*

^a *Suddenly.* We make the sentence here end, putting a comma after *course*, as in the old editions. The modern editors read,

“No further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe,” &c.





[Scene I.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1 CAR. Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain^a is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

OST. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 CAR. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess^b.

Enter another Carrier.

2 CAR. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and this is the next way to

^a *Char'es' wain*—the churl's wain—the countryman's waggon. The popular name for the constellation of the Great Bear.

^b *Out of all cess.* Ex-cess-ively. The French *sans cesse* is supposed by Cotgrave to be the same as *out of all cess*.

give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

- 1 CAR. Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose⁸; it was the death of him.
- 2 CAR. I think this is the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench⁹.
- 1 CAR. Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.
- 2 CAR. Why, you will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.
- 1 CAR. What, ostler! come away, and be hanged, come away.
- 2 CAR. I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger^a, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross¹⁰.
- 1 CAR. 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An't were not as good a deed as drink to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

GADS. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 CAR. I think it be two o'clock^b.

GADS. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 CAR. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that.

GADS. I prithee, lend me thine.

2 CAR. Ay, when? canst tell^c?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry I'll see thee hanged first.

GADS. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 CAR. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. *[Exeunt Carriers.]*

GADS. What, ho! chamberlain!

CHAM. *[Within.]* At hand, quoth pickpurse.

GADS. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

CHAM. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin in the wild of Kent^d hath brought three hundred

^a *Razes of ginger*—roots of ginger. The Spanish has *rays de gengibre*. In the old play of 'The Famous Victories' we have a "great race of ginger."

^b *Two o'clock*. The carrier is deceiving Gadshill. He has just said it is four o'clock.

^c *Ay, when? canst tell?*—a slang phrase, which we also find in 'The Comedy of Errors.' It seems equivalent to the modern "I wish you may get it."

^d *Wild of Kent*. Undoubtedly the *weald* of Kent.

marks with him in gold : I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper ; a kind of auditor ; one that hath abundance of charges too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter : They will away presently.

GADS. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks^a I'll give thee this neck.

CHAM. No, I'll none of it : I prithee, keep that for the hangman ; for I know thou worshipp'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

GADS. What talkest thou to me of the hangman ? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows : for if I hang, old sir John hangs with me ; and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut ! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace ; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers^b ; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms^c : but with nobility and tranquillity ; burgomasters and great one-yers^d ; such as can hold in ; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray : And yet I lie ; for they pray continually unto their saint, the commonwealth ; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her ; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

CHAM. What, the commonwealth their boots ? will she hold out water in foul way ?

GADS. She will, she will ; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure ; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible¹¹.

CHAM. Nay, by my faith ; I think rather you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

GADS. Give me thy hand : thou shalt have a share in our purchase^e, as I am a true man.

CHAM. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

GADS. Go to ; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [Exeunt.]

^a *Saint Nicholas' clerks*—thieves. See Illustrations to 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Act III.

^b *Sixpenny-strikers*—petty footpads—robbers for sixpence.

^c *Malt-worms*—drunkards.

^d *Oneyers*. Pope interprets this *oneraires*—trustees or commissioners ; Theobald, *moneyers* ; Hanmer, *owners* ; Hardinge, *moniers*—mintmen ; Capell, *mynheers* ; Malone, *onyers*, public accountants. Johnson wisely dispenses with such subtleties, and thinks that *great oneyers* is merely a cant phrase for *great ones*. The variorum editions contain many comments on other parts of Gadshill's slang, which leave the text pretty much as they found it.

^e *Purchase*. This was another soft name for a theft, of the same kind as convey. (See note to 'Richard II.,' Act IV.) The folio has *purpose* ; but the quartos agree in the better reading of *purchase*.

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS; BARDOLPH and PETO, *at some distance.*

POINS. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. HEN. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. HEN. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep!

FAL. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. HEN. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

[Pretends to seek POINS.]

FAL. I am accurs'd to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire^a further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt-not but to die a fair death for all this, if I'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years; and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—A plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon 't, when thieves cannot be true one to another^b! *[They whistle.]* Whew!—A plague light upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. HEN. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

FAL. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt^c me thus?

P. HEN. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

FAL. I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. HEN. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

FAL. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

^a *By the squire*—by the rule.

^b *One to another*, in all the early copies; the usual reading is *to one another*.

^c *To colt*—to trick.

Enter GADSHILL.

GADS. Stand.

FAL. So I do, against my will.

POINS. O, 't is our setter: I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

BARD. What news?

GADS. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 't is going to the king's exchequer.

FAL. You lie, you rogue; 't is going to the king's tavern.

GADS. There's enough to make us all.

FAL. To be hanged.

P. HEN. You four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

PETO. How many be there of them?

GADS. Some eight, or ten.

FAL. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. HEN. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

FAL. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather: but yet no coward, Hal.

P. HEN. We'll leave that to the proof.

POINS. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

FAL. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. HEN. Ned, where are our disguises?

POINS. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and POINS.*]

FAL. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 TRAV. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

THIEVES. Stand.

TRAV. Jesu bless us!

FAL. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 TRAV. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

FAL. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs^a; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves, young men must live: You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Exeunt FALS., &c., driving the Travellers out.*]

^a *Chuffs*. The word *chuff* seems to mean a swollen pampered glutton.

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. HEN. The thieves have bound the true men^a: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

POINS. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

FAL. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck.

P. HEN. Your money.

[*Rushing out upon them.*

POINS. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the PRINCE and POINS set upon them. They all run away; and FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind^b.*

P. HEN. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse;

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear

So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;

Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,

And lards the lean earth as he walks along:

Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

POINS. How the rogue roar'd!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle*¹³.*Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.*

——“But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.”—He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. “The purpose you undertake is dangerous;”—Why, that's certain; 't is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. “The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great

^a *True men.* The narrative of robberies at Gadshill (see Illustrations to Act I.) gives us an example of the peculiar meaning of “true men.” The robbers “got to the east end of Gadshill, and there turned about all their horses on the faces of the true men.”

^b The original stage-direction has been inconsiderately deviated from in the modern editions, which read, “Falstaff, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away;” whereas Falstaff, staying behind, after the rest have run away, and giving “a blow or two,” is clearly not the coward which it has been the fashion to consider him.

an opposition.”—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal I could brain him with his lady’s fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! hang him! Let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

LADY. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I, this fortnight, been

A banish’d woman from my Harry’s bed?

Tell me, sweet lord, what is ’t that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;

And start so often when thou sitt’st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;

And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,

To thick-ey’d musing and curs’d melancholy?

In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch’d,

And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:

Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;

Cry, Courage!—to the field! And thou hast talk’d

Of sallies and retires^a; of trenches, tents;

Of palisadoes, frontiers^b, parapets;

Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin¹³;

Of prisoners’ ransom, and of soldiers slain,

And all the current^c of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,

And thus hath so bestirr’d thee in thy sleep,

^a *Retires*—retreats.

^b *Frontiers*. A frontier is something standing in front Thus the *frontier* of a territory is the part opposed to, fronting, another territory; and in this way a fort is a frontier, as in this passage.

^c *Current*. So the folio. Some editions read *currents*, for occurrences, occurrences. But surely “the current of a heady fight”—the course, the rush—presents no difficulty.

That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream :
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden hest^a. O, what portents are these ?
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

HOT. What, ho ! is Gilliams with the packet gone ?

Enter Servant.

SERV. He is, my lord, an hour ago^b.

HOT. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff ?

SERV. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

HOT. What horse ? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not ?

SERV. It is, my lord.

HOT. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight : *Esperancé*^c !—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*]

LADY. But hear you, my lord.

HOT. What say'st thou, my lady ?

LADY. What is it carries you away ?

HOT. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

LADY. Out, you mad-headed ape !

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In sooth,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title ; and hath sent for you,

To line his enterprise : But if you go—

HOT. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

LADY. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly to this question that I shall ask^d.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

^a *Hest*. So the first quarto. Subsequent editions *haste*. We restore the original word *hest*—*behest*—*commend*—in accordance with Mr. Collier's reading.

^b *Ago*. So the quartos. The folio *agone*, which makes an unpleasant jingle with the *gone* of the preceding line.

^c *Esperancé*. This is the motto of the Percy family. Hotspur pictures himself on his roan,—his throne,—and leading on his men with the family war-cry. The passage is generally printed *O Esperance* ; but not so in all the old editions. The passage is printed as prose in the early copies. But it is evidently metrical ; and, omitting the *O*, *Esperancé* must be read as four syllables, as in Act V., scene 2, according to the rule of French metre, that *e* final always forms a syllable.

^d *Shall ask*. So the folio. Modern editions omit *shall*. This, and the previous speech of the lady, are also printed as prose in the early copies.

HOT. Away,

Away, you trifier!—Love?—I love thee not,
 I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
 To play with mammets^a and to tilt with lips:
 We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
 And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
 What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

LADY. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
 Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,
 I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
 Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

HOT. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
 And when I am a horseback, I will swear
 I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
 I must not have you henceforth question me
 Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
 Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
 I know you wise; but yet no further wise
 Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
 But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
 No lady closer; for I will believe
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

LADY. How! so far?

HOT. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
 Whither I go thither shall you go too;
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
 Will this content you, Kate?

LADY. It must of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern*¹⁴.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. HEN. Ned, prithee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

POINS. Where hast been, Hal?

P. HEN. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis¹⁵. They take it already upon their salvation, that,

^a *Mammets*—puppets.

though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy: and tell^a me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy (by the Lord, so they call me^b), and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering^c, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar^d, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker^e; one that never spake other English in his life, than—“Eight shillings and sixpence,” and “You are welcome;” with this shrill addition,—“Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,” or so. But, Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside and I’ll show thee a precedent.

POINS. Francis!

P. HEN. Thou art perfect.

POINS. Francis!

[*Exit* POINS.]

Enter FRANCIS.

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. HEN. Come hither, Francis.

FRAN. My lord.

P. HEN. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

FRAN. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

POINS. [*Within*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir.

P. HEN. Five years! by’r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

FRAN. O lord, sir, I’ll be sworn upon all the books in England I could find in my heart—

POINS. [*Within*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir.

^a *And tell.* The folio, telling.

^b The folio omits this parenthetical expression of the Prince, which is found in the earlier quartos.

^c *Breathe in your watering.* To take breath when you are drinking. To *water* was a common word for to *drink*, as we still say to *water* a horse. Some mechanics have still their *watering-time* in the afternoon.

^d *Pennyworth of sugar*—to sweeten the wine. (See Illustrations to Act I.)

^e *Under-skinker*—an under-drawer, or waiter—one that supplies *skink* or drink. Ben Jonson calls the landlord of the Devil Tavern, “Old Sim, the king of skinkers.”

P. HEN. How old art thou, Francis?

FRAN. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

POINS. [*Within*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, sir.—Pray you stay a little, my lord.

P. HEN. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me,—'t was a pennyworth, was 't not?

FRAN. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. HEN. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt have it.

POINS. [*Within*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, anon.

P. HEN. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

FRAN. My lord?

P. HEN. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal button, nott-pated^a, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter^b, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

FRAN. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. HEN. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

FRAN. What, sir?

POINS. [*Within*] Francis!

P. HEN. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call? [*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

VINT. What! stand'st thou still and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRANCIS.*] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. HEN. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.* Poins!]

Re-enter POINS.

POINS. Anon, anon, sir.

P. HEN. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

POINS. As merry as crickets, my lad. But, hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what 's the issue?

P. HEN. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours, since

^a *Nott-pated*—with the hair cut close. A word of contempt equivalent to the roundhead of the next half-century.

^b *Puke-stocking.* *Puke, puce*, is a sober brown colour. The Prince describes the drawer's master as a person whose dress and appearance were entirely opposite to those of the gay courtiers who frequented his house. The *caddis-garter*, the garter of ferret, matches the puce-stocking.

the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age^a of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter FRANCIS with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir.

P. HEN. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—“Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.” “O my sweet Harry,” says she, “how many hast thou killed to-day?” “Give my roan horse a drench,” says he; and answers, “Some fourteen”—an hour after; “a trifle, a trifle.” I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. “Rivo” says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

POINS. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

FAL. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too^b. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

P. HEN. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter (pitiful-hearted Titan) that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound^c.

FAL. You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villainous coward. Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything^d: A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. HEN. How now, woolsack? what mutter you?

FAL. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of

^a *Pupil age*—the young time of this present midnight, contrasted with the old days of goodman Adam. Bacon, on the contrary, makes the present time the old days, and the days of Adam the pupil age, of the world.

^b *And foot them* is omitted in the folio.

^c *Didst thou never see Titan*, &c. We have three mortal pages of commentary on this passage in the variorum editions. We adopt Warburton's reading, which appears to present no difficulty: “Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter that melted at the sweet tale of the sun?” “Pitiful-hearted Titan” is parenthetical. The first quarto reads “at the sweet tale of the son's”—the quarto of 1604 and the folio, “of the sun.” Falstaff is the “compound” that looks like a dish of butter in the sun.

^d This is the reading of the early quartos. The corrections in the folio make a large concession to a more decorous system of morals, which some deemed puritanical. For example, in this passage we have “all manner of songs.”

lath^a, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. HEN. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

FAL. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

POINS. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee^b.

FAL. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. HEN. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

FAL. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*]

P. HEN. What's the matter?

FAL. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning^c.

P. HEN. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FAL. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four us.

P. HEN. What, a hundred, man?

FAL. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. HEN. Speak, sirs; how was it?

GADS. We four set upon some dozen,—

FAL. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

GADS. And bound them.

PETO. No, no, they were not bound.

FAL. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

GADS. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

FAL. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. HEN. What, fought ye with them all?

^a *Dagger of lath*. The Vice in the old moralities was thus armed, as described in 'Twelfth Night:—

“ In a trice, like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain:
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage, and his wrath.”

The modern Harlequin, who is the lineal descendant of the Vice, retains the lath.

^b In the folio of 1623 this speech is assigned to the Prince. It belongs to Poins in the first quarto.

^c *This day morning*. An expression which has still local use. It is found in the first two quartos; and we agree with Mr. Collier in its restoration.

FAL. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. HEN. Pray Heaven you have not murthered some of them^a.

FAL. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid: two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

P. HEN. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

FAL. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS. Ay, ay, he said four.

FAL. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. HEN. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

FAL. In buckram.

POINS. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FAL. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. HEN. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

FAL. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. HEN. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FAL. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,——

P. HEN. So, two more already.

FAL. Their points being broken,——

POINS. Down fell their hose.

FAL. Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

P. HEN. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FAL. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green^b came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. HEN. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool: thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch^c,——

FAL. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. HEN. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was

^a This line belongs to the Prince in the early quartos; Poins was substituted in the folio. It seems more correct that Poins should not interpose.

^b *Kendal green* was the livery of Robin Hood and his merry archers.

^c *Ketch*. All the old copies read *catch*. A *ketch* is a tub—a cask; a tallow-cask is no unapt comparison for Falstaff. Modern editions read *keech*, and Dr. Percy says that a *keech* of tallow is the fat of an ox rolled up in a lump. *Catch* and *ketch* appear to have been formerly spelt the same. Our musical *catch* is *ketch* in Beaumont and Fletcher. *Ketch* and *cask* are each derived from the French *caisse*.

so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; What sayest thou to this?

POINS. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FAL. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado¹⁶, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. HEN. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

FAL. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. HEN. Well, breathe awhile, and then to't again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but thus^a.

POINS. Mark, Jack.

P. HEN. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

FAL. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. HEN. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

FAL. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

HOST. My lord the prince,—

P. HEN. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

HOST. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

^a *Thus, in the folio; the quartos, this.*

P. HEN. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

FAL. What manner of man is he?

HOST. An old man.

FAL. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. HEN. Prithee, do, Jack.

FAL. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.]

P. HEN. Now, sirs; by'r lady you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

BARD. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. HEN. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

PETO. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

BARD. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. HEN. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and were taken with the manner^a, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rann'st away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

BARD. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. HEN. I do.

BARD. What think you they portend?

P. HEN. Hot livers and cold purses.

BARD. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. HEN. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

FAL. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado¹⁷, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welch hook¹⁸,—What, a plague, call you him?—

^a Taken with the manner—taken with a stolen thing in hand. (See 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Act I., Scene 1.)

POINS. O, Glendower.

FAL. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and the sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs a horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. HEN. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

FAL. You have hit it.

P. HEN. So did he never the sparrow.

FAL. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him: he will not run.

P. HEN. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running!

FAL. A horseback, ye cuckoo! but afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. HEN. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

FAL. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. HEN. Then 't is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

FAL. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art not thou horribly afraid, thou being heir apparent? Could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. HEN. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

FAL. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father; if thou do love me, practise an answer.

P. HEN. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FAL. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. HEN. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

FAL. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses' vein.

P. HEN. Well, here is my leg.

FAL. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

HOST. This is excellent sport, i' faith.

FAL. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

HOST. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

FAL. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful^a queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

HOST. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

^a *Tristful*. All the old copies read *trustful*. Rowe made the change.

FAL. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher^a, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. HEN. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

FAL. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. HEN. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

FAL. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. HEN. Well, here I am set.

FAL. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. HEN. Now, Harry, whence come you?

FAL. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. HEN. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FAL. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

P. HEN. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that

^a *Micher*—truant. In Akerman's 'Glossary of Wiltshire Words'—(quoted by Mr. Dyce) we find—"Moocher, a truant; a blackberry-moocher—a boy who plays truant to pick blackberries."

reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning^a, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

FAL. I would your grace would take me with you^b. Whom means your grace?

P. HEN. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

FAL. My lord, the man I know.

P. HEN. I know thou dost.

FAL. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, Heaven help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned; if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poin: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. HEN. I do, I will.

[A knocking heard.

[*Exeunt* Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running*.

BARD. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most, most^c monstrous watch, is at the door.

FAL. Out, you rogue! play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, *hastily*.

HOST. O, my lord, my lord!—

FAL. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick; What's the matter?

HOST. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

FAL. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. HEN. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

FAL. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. HEN. Go, hide thee behind the arras¹⁹;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

^a *Cunning*—skilful.

^b *Take me with you*. A common expression for let me know your meaning.

^c *Most, most*. So in the folio. The repetition of *most* is in character.

FAL. Both which I have had : but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the PRINCE and POINS*^a.

P. HEN. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what is your will with me ?

SHER. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. HEN. What men ?

SHER. One of them is well known, my gracious lord ;

A gross fat man.

CAR. As fat as butter. ✓

P. HEN. The man, I do assure you, is not here ;

For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man,

For anything he shall be charg'd withal :

And so let me entreat you leave the house.

SHER. I will my lord : There are two gentlemen

Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. HEN. It may be so : if he have robb'd these men

He shall be answerable ; and, so, farewell.

SHER. Good night, my noble lord.

P. HEN. I think it is good morrow ; Is it not ?

SHER. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

P. HEN. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

POINS. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. HEN. Hark, how hard he fetches breath : Search his pockets. [*POINS searches.*] What hast thou found ?

POINS. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. HEN. Let's see what be they : read them.

POINS. Item, A capon,

2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce,

4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons,

5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper,

2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

ob^b.

^a This stage-direction is wholly modern. In the old copies the subsequent dialogue about the contents of Falstaff's pockets is between the Prince and *Peto*. Mr. Collier has restored *Peto*; Johnson transferred the dialogue to Poins,—saying—"Poins has the Prince's confidence, and is a man of courage—they all retired but Poins, who, with the Prince, having only robbed the robbers, had no need to conceal himself from the travellers." Near the end of Act IV. the Prince says, "Go, *Peto*, to horse;" and yet *Peto* has not been on the scene. The probability is that in the MS. *P.* was indifferently used for *Peto* and Poins.

^b *Ob.* The old mode of writing a halfpenny. But we must give expression to the meaning, or the passage would be unintelligible on the modern stage.

P. HEN. O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score^a. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

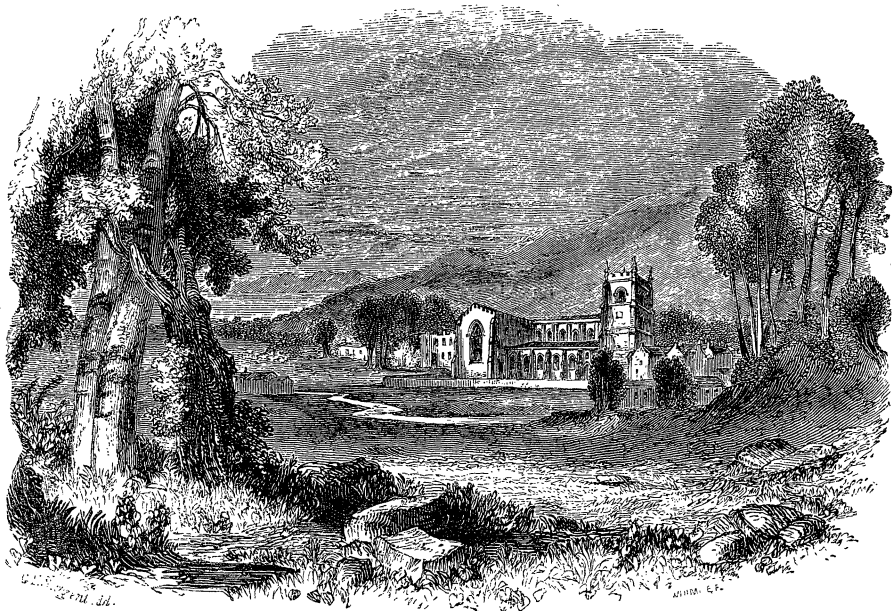
POINS. Good morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *Twelve-score.* The common phraseology for twelve score yards. We have in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' "This boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easily as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score."



[*Scene IV.—Room in the Boar's Head.*]



[Bangor.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.

MORT. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction^a full of prosperous hope.

HOT. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down?—
And, uncle Worcester :—A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

GLEND. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you,
His cheek looks pale, and, with a rising sigh,
He wisheth you in heaven.

^a *Induction*, synonymous with *introduction*—a leading in, a beginning. In 'Richard III.' we have,
"Plots have I laid, *inductions* dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams."

Here the word is used in its metaphysical sense of *deductions* from facts or propositions, and not in the sense of *introduction*, as in the passage before us.

HOT. And you in hell, as often as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

GLEND. I cannot blame him : at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets²⁰ ; and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

HOT. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had
but kittened, though yourself had never been born.

GLEND. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

HOT. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

GLEND. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

HOT. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions : oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples^a down
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

GLEND. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes ;
The goats ran from the mountains²¹, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is the living,—clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

HOT. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh : I'll to dinner.

MORT. Peace, cousin Percy : you will make him mad.

GLEND. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOT. Why, so can I ; or so can any man :

But will they come, when you do call for them ?

^a *Topples*. So the quartos ; *tumbles* in the folio.

GLEND. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command the devil.

HOT. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,

By telling truth ; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.—

MORT. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

GLEND. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head

Against my power : thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

HOT. Home without boots, and in foul weather too ?

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name ?

GLEND. Come, here's the map ; Shall we divide our right,

According to our three-fold order ta'en ?

MORT. The archdeacon hath divided it

Into three limits, very equally :

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,

By south and east, is to my part assign'd :

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,

And all the fertile land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower :—and, dear coz, to you

The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn :

Which being sealed interchangeably,

(A business that this night may execute,)

To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,

And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,

To meet your father, and the Scottish power,

As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days :—

Within that space, [to GLEND.] you may have drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

GLEND. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords.

And in my conduct shall your ladies come :

From whom you now must steal, and take no leave ;

For there will be a world of water shed,

Upon the parting of your wives and you.

HOT. Methinks, my moiety^a, north from Burton here,

^a *Moiety*. Hotspur calls his third share a "moiety." Lear divides his kingdom into three parts, and yet Gloster talks of either duke's "moiety." In his dedication to 'The Rape of Lucrece' Shakspeare uses "moiety" in the sense of a small part of a whole. The explanation which we find in modern deeds, of moiety—"a moiety or half-part"—would show that it anciently signified any part: otherwise the explanation is superfluous. In Derbyshire, we are informed, "moiety" is still used in the sense of a portion, or share.

In quantity equals not one of yours :
 See how this river comes me cranking^a in,
 And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
 A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle^b out.
 I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;
 And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
 In a new channel, fair and evenly :
 It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
 To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

GLEND. Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see it doth.

MORT. Yea,

But mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
 With like advantage on the other side ;
 Gelding the opposed continent as much
 As on the other side it takes from you.

WOR. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
 And on this north side win this cape of land ;
 And then he runs straight and even.

HOT. I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

GLEND. I will not have it alter'd.

HOT.

Will not you ?

GLEND. No, nor you shall not.

HOT.

Who shall say me nay ?

GLEND. Why, that will I.

HOT.

Let me not understand you then ;

Speak it in Welsh.

GLEND. I can speak English, lord, as well as you :

For I was trained up in the English court ;
 Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
 Many an English ditty, lovely well,
 And gave the tongue^c a helpful ornament ;
 A virtue that was never seen in you.

HOT. Marry, and I'm glad of 't with all my heart :

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
 Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ;
 I had rather hear a brazen canstick^d turn'd,
 Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;
 And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;
 'T is like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

^a *Cranking*—bending.

^b *Cantle*—a corner, according to some etymologists ; a portion, or parcel, according to others.

^c *The tongue*—the English language, according to Johnson.

^d *Canstick*. So the quartos. *Canstick* is not an uncommon word in the old poets ; but the folio has *candlestick*.

GLEND. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

HOT. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land

To any well-deserving friend:

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,

I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

GLEND. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:

I'll haste the writer^a and, withal,

Break with your wives of your departure hence:

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,

So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

[*Exit.*

MORT. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

HOT. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me,

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,

Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;

And of a dragon and a finless fish,

A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,

A couching lion, and a ramping cat,

And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—

He held me, last night, at least nine hours,

In reckoning up the several devils' names

That were his lackeys: I cried, hum,—and well,—go to,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious

As is a tired horse, a railing wife;

Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live

With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,

Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,

In any summer-house in Christendom.

MORT. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;

Exceedingly well read, and profited

In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,

And wondrous affable; and as bountiful

As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?

He holds your temper in a high respect,

And curbs himself even of his natural scope,

When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:

I warrant you that man is not alive

Might so have tempted him as you have done,

Without the taste of danger and reproof;

But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

WOR. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;

And since your coming hither, have done enough

^a *I'll haste the writer.* So all the old copies. The modern editors read "*I'll in and haste the writer.*"

To put him quite beside his patience.
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault :
 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
 And that 's the dearest grace it renders you,—
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
 Defect of manners, want of government,
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain :
 The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
 Loseth men's hearts ; and leaves behind a stain
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
 Beguiling them of commendation.

HOT. Well, I am school'd ; good manners be your speed !
 Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER with the Ladies.

MORT. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—

My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

GLEND. My daughter weeps ; she will not part with you,

She 'll be a soldier too, she 'll to the wars.

MORT. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt Percy,

Shall follow in your conduct speedily. [*GLENDOWER speaks to his daughter
in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*]

GLEND. She 's desperate here ; a peevish self-will'd harlotry,

One that no persuasion^a can do good upon.

[*Lady M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*]

MORT. I understand thy looks : that pretty Welsh

Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,

I am too perfect in ; and, but for shame,

In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*Lady M. speaks.*]

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,

And that 's a feeling disputation :

But I will never be a truant, love,

•Till I have learn'd thy language : for thy tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,

With ravishing division, to her lute.

GLEND. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[*Lady M. speaks again.*]

MORT. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

GLEND. She bids you on the wanton rushes²² lay you down^b,

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,

^a *That no persuasion.* All the old copies retain *that*, but they print the passage as prose.

^b All the old copies gives this as one line. Steevens reads

"She bids you

Upon the wanton rushes lay you down."

And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

MORT. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:

By that time will our book²³, I think, be drawn.

GLEND. Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

HOT. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: Come, quick, quick; that I
may lay my head in thy lap.

LADY P. Go, ye giddy goose.

GLENDOWER *speaks some Welsh words, and then the Music plays.*

HOT. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;

And 't is no marvel, he's so humorous.

By'r lady, he's a good musician.

LADY P. Then would you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether
governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

HOT. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

LADY P. Wouldst have thy head broken?

HOT. No.

LADY P. Then be still.

HOT. Neither; 't is a woman's fault.

LADY P. Now God help thee!

HOT. To the Welsh lady's bed.

LADY P. What's that?

HOT. Peace! she sings.

A Welsh Song, sung by Lady M.

HOT. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

LADY P. Not mine, in good sooth.

HOT. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife!

Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend
me; and, As sure as day:

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,

As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,

A good mouth-filling oath: and leave in sooth,

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread^a,
To velvet-guards²⁴, and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

LADY P. I will not sing.

HOT. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher²⁵. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [Exit.]

GLEND. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book is drawn; we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

MORT. With all my heart.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, and Lords.

K. HEN. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference^b: But be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.— [Exeunt Lords.]
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. HEN. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof^c of many tales devis'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—

^a *Pepper-gingerbread*—spice-gingerbread.

^b *Private conference*. So all the old copies. Steevens omits *private*.

^c *Reproof*—disproof.

By smiling pickthanks and base newsmongers,
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
 Find pardon on my true submission.

- K. HEN. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the court and princes of my blood:
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
 Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession;
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
 That men would tell their children,—This is he;
 Others would say,—Where? which is Bolingbroke?
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
 And dress'd myself in such humility,
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus I did keep my person fresh, and new;
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
 Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters and rash bavin^a wits,
 Soon kindled and soon burn'd: carded^b his state;
 Mingled his royalty with carping^c fools,

^a *Bavin*. Bavin is brushwood, used for kindling fires.

^b *Carded*. It is possible that Henry simply means that "the skipping king" *discarded* his state. But in the sense in which Shelton, in his translation of 'Don Quixote,' uses the word—"it is necessary that this book be *carded* and purged of certain base things"—we may consider that Richard fretted away his state, as the *wool-carder* makes the lock attenuated by continual tearing.

^c *Carping*. So the folio, and all the quartos except that of 1598, which reads *capring*. *Carping* was formerly used in the sense of *jesting*.

Had his great name profaned with their scorns :
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative :
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :
But rather drows'd, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou :
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation ; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. HEN. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. HEN. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg ;
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession :
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm :
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws ;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas ; whose high deeds,

Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ!
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate^a against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me, under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

- P. HEN. Do not think so, you shall not find it so;
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours^b in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;

^a *Capitulate*—to settle the heads of an agreement.

^b *Favours*—features. So in 'Richard II.'—

"Yet I well remember

The favours of these men."

And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here :
 The which if He be pleas'd I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty, may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. HEN. A hundred thousand rebels die in this :—
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

BLUNT. So hath the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
 That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
 The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 If promises be kept on every hand,
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. HEN. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day ;
 With him my son, lord John of Lancaster ;
 For this advertisement is five days old :—
 On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward ;
 On Thursday, we ourselves will march :
 Our meeting is Bridgnorth : and, Harry, you
 Shall march through Glostershire ; by which account,
 Our business valued, some twelve days hence
 Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
 Our hands are full of business : let's away ;
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

FAL. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate?
 do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose
 gown; I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that
 suddenly, while I am in some liking^a; I shall be out of heart shortly, and

^a *In some liking*—in some substance.

then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

BARD. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

FAL. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

BARD. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

FAL. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life; Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 't is in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

BARD. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

FAL. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two-and-thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

BARD. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

FAL. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

HOST. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

FAL. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

HOST. Who, I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

FAL. Go to, I know you well enough.

HOST. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you

owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

FAL. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

HOST. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell²⁶. You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

FAL. He had his part of it; let him pay.

HOST. He? alas, he is poor: he hath nothing.

FAL. How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

HOST. I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

FAL. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF meets the PRINCE, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

FAL. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

BARD. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

HOST. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. HEN. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

HOST. Good my lord, hear me.

FAL. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. HEN. What sayest thou, Jack?

FAL. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. HEN. What didst thou lose, Jack?

FAL. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. HEN. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

HOST. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

P. HEN. What! he did not?

HOST. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

FAL. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

HOST. Say, what thing? what thing?

FAL. What thing? why, a thing to thank Heaven on.

HOST. I am no thing to thank Heaven on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

FAL. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

HOST. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

FAL. What beast? why, an otter?

P. HEN. An otter, sir John! why an otter?

FAL. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

HOST. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. HEN. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

HOST. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. HEN. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

FAL. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

HOST. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

FAL. Did I, Bardolph?

BARD. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

FAL. Yea: if he said my ring was copper.

P. HEN. I say 't is copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

FAL. Why, Hal, thou knowest as thou art but a man, I dare: but as thou art a prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. HEN. And why not as the lion?

FAL. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, let my girdle break.

P. HEN. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why thou whoreson, impudent, embossed^a rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy, to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

FAL. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. HEN. It appears so by the story.

FAL. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, prithee, be gone.

^a Embossed. Swollen, puffed up. In 'Lear' we have "embossed carbuncle."

[*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: For the robbery, lad,—
How is that answered?

P. HEN. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is
paid back again.

FAL. O, I do not like that paying back, 't is a double labour.

—P. HEN. I am good friends with my father, and may do anything.

FAL. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed
hands too.

BARD. Do, my lord.

P. HEN. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

FAL. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well?

O, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabout! I am
heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend
none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. HEN. Bardolph,—

BARD. My lord?

P. HEN. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,

To my brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—

Go, Poins^a, to horse, to horse; for thou and I

Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time.

Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall,

At two o'clock in the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge: and there receive

Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high:

And either they, or we, must lower lie.

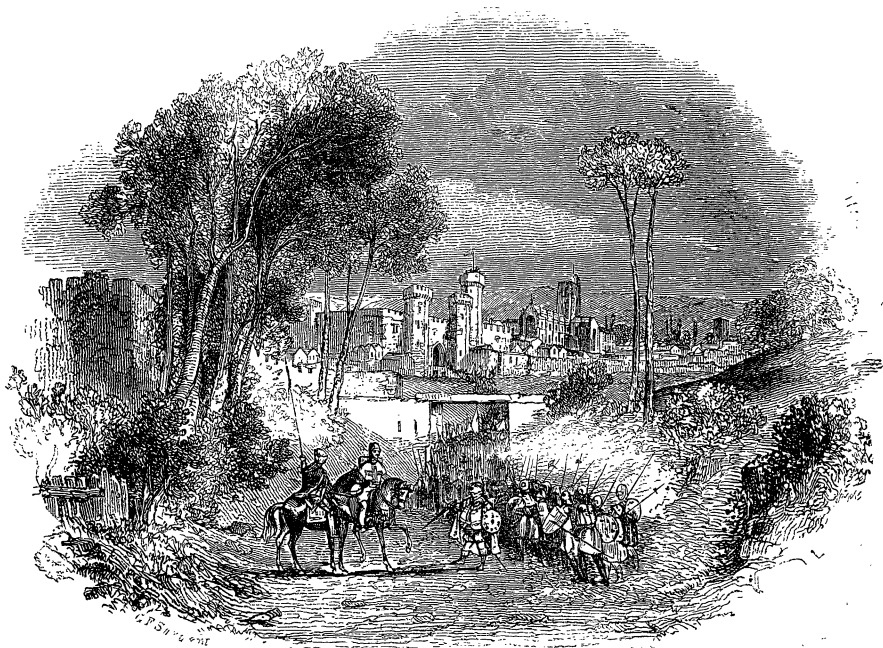
[*Exeunt PRINCE, POINS, and BARDOLPH.*]

FAL. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum.

[*Exit.*]

^a *Poins.* The original copies have *Peto*; but he is not in the scene.



[Scene II.—Road near Coventry.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

HOT. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth,
 In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
 Such attribution should the Douglas have,
 As not a soldier of this season's stamp
 Should go so general current through the world.
 By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
 The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
 In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
 Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

DOUG. Thou art the king of honour:
 No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
 But I will beard him.

HOT. Do so, and 't is well:—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

MESS. These letters come from your father,—

HOT. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

MESS. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

HOT. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

MESS. His letters bear his mind, not I his mind^a.

WOR. I prithee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

MESS. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;

And at the time of my departure thence,

He was much fear'd by his physicians.

WOR. I would the state of time had first been whole,

Ere he by sickness had been visited:

His health was never better worth than now.

HOT. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise:

'T is catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes me here,—that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd, but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—

That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;

Because the king is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

WOR. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

HOT. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—

And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

It were not good: for therein should we read^b

^a *Not I his mind.* The folio reads *not I his mind*, and so the quarto of 1604;—the earliest quarto, *not I my mind*. The general reading, upon the correction of Capell, is, *not I, my lord*.

^b *Read.* By receiving this word in its literal and secondary meaning the commentators have been much perplexed with this passage. Steevens says, "sight being necessary to reading, *to read* is here used, in Shakspeare's licentious language, for *to see*." This is really most marvellous ignorance of our primitive English; in which *to discover* is a meaning of the word *read* as well

The very bottom and the soul of hope;
 The very list, the very utmost bound
 Of all our fortunes.

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should;
 Where now remains a sweet reversion:
 We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
 Is to come in:

A comfort of retirement lives in this.—

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
 If that the devil and mischance look big
 Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.
 The quality and air^a of our attempt
 Brooks no division: It will be thought
 By some, that know not why he is away,
 That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
 Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;
 And think, how such an apprehension
 May turn the tide of fearful faction,
 And breed a kind of question in our cause:
 For, well you know, we of the offering side^b
 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;
 And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
 This absence of your father draws a curtain,
 That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
 Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
 I, rather, of his absence make this use:—
 It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
 A larger dare to your^c great enterprise,

understood as its peculiar meaning with regard to written language. "*Arede* my riddle" is scarcely obsolete.

^a *Air*. The folio reads *heire*; the first quarto *haire*, and so the quarto of 1599. In the modern editions of 'Macbeth' we have

"The crown does sear mine eyeballs: and thy *air*,
 Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first."

Now in the folio the *air* in this passage also is spelt *haire*. It seems to us that the correction is as much called for in the text before us as in 'Macbeth'; although "*hair*" is retained in the modern editions. Worcester considers that not only the *quality* but the *appearance* of their attempt "brooks no division." Mr. Dyce considers that I have altered the word "rashly." The alteration in 'Macbeth' is equally rash, if *hair* is to be taken for *complexion*, *character*, as it is maintained to be in the passage before us.

^b *Offering side*—assailing side.

^c *Your*. So the folio and the quartos. There is no necessity to change the pronoun to *our*, the common reading. Indeed, following "*you strain too far*," there is more force and propriety in *your*.

Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
 If we, without his help, can make a head
 To push against the kingdom, with his help
 We shall o'eturn it topsy-turvy down.
 Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
 Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
 Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear^a.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

HOT. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.
 VER. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
 The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
 Is marching hitherwards; with him^b, prince John.
 HOT. No harm: What more?
 VER. And further, I have learn'd,
 The king himself in person hath set forth,
 Or hitherwards intended speedily,
 With strong and mighty preparation.
 HOT. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
 The nimble-footed madcap prince of Wales,
 And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
 And bid it pass?
 VER. All furnish'd, all in arms:
 All plum'd, like estridges that with the wind
 Bated,—like eagles having lately bath'd^c;
 Glittering in golden coats, like images^d;
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

^a *Term of fear.* So the first quarto; the folio, *dream of fear*.

^b *Him* is not in the early copies.

^c This passage has always been given thus since the time of Johnson:—

“All furnish'd, all in arms,
 All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind;
 Bated like eagles having lately bath'd.”

Johnson substituted *wing* for *with*, the ancient reading. But the passage thus changed has become even more perplexed and contradictory. We have ventured to restore *with*, and to change the punctuation. The meaning appears to us to be this:—the prince and his comrades, all furnished, all in arms, are plumed like estridges (*falcons*, not ostriches) that *with* the wind bated—(to *bate* is to swoop upon the quarry, a term of falconry)—like eagles having lately bathed. Their plumes, their caparisons, are as smooth as the unruffled feathers of the hawk that flies with the wind upon his prey;—as brilliant as the eagles that have just dipped their wings in the crystal waters of the mountain tarn. We are indebted to Z. Jackson in part for this suggestion.

^d *Images.* “The rich vestments” of “the holy saints” in Romish churches, noticed by Spenser, are here alluded to.

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on ^a,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

HOT. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
 This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-eye'd maid of smoky war,
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours:—Come, let me take ^b my horse,
 Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
 Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
 Harry to Harry, shall hot ^c horse to horse
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse!
 O, that Glendower were come!

VER. There is more news:

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power these fourteen days.

DOUG. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

WOR. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

HOT. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

VER. To thirty thousand.

HOT. Forty let it be;

My father and Glendower being both away,

The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us take ^d a muster speedily:

^a *Beaver*. This, which is a part of the helmet, is often used to express a helmet generally. It is so used in 'Richard III':—

"What, is my *beaver* easier than it was?"

But in the following passage from 'Henry IV., Part II.,' we have the word used for a part of the helmet, as it also is in 'Hamlet':—

"Their armed staves in charge, their *beavers* down."

In our Illustrations in Part II. we shall enter into the subject more fully.

^b *Take* is the reading of the folio. The first two quartos have *taste*. The word was used (but rarely) in the sense of to *try*. Mr. Collier adopts *taste*.

^c *Hot* is the reading of the first quarto. *Not*, that of the quartos of 1604 and 1613, and of the folio.

^d *Take*. All the old copies read "*take* a muster;"—most modern editions "*make* a muster." Hotspur eagerly inquires as to the number of the King's forces, and then desires to take an account—a muster-roll—of his own. He would not wish to *make* a muster—to assemble his troops—to collect them together—for they were all with him; but he desires to know the exact number of "the powers of us" which are to oppose the King's "thirty thousand."

Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.
 DOUG. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
 Of death, or death's hand, for this one half-year.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II.—*A public Road near Coventry.**Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

FAL. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack; our soldiers shall march through: we'll to Sutton-Cop-hill^a to-night.

BARD. Will you give me money, captain?

FAL. Lay out, lay out.

BARD. This bottle makes an angel.

FAL. An if it do take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

BARD. I will, captain: farewell.

[*Exit.*]

FAL. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter^b, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old-faced ancient^c: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat;—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had

^a *Sutton-Cop-hill.* So all the old copies read; modern editions, "Sutton Coldfield." If the ancient names of places are allowed to be altered without explanation, we gradually lose the key to much local knowledge. We therefore restore the reading.

^b *Toasts and butter.* According to Fynes Moryson, the "Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow-bell, are in reproach called cockneys, and eaters of buttered toasts."

^c *Old-faced ancient*—an old, patched-up standard. A few lines above we have "ancients" for those who bore the standard. We use *ensign* in the same way.

gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but^a a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry: But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

P. HEN. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

FAL. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

WEST. 'Faith, sir John, 't is more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to-night^b.

FAL. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. HEN. I think to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

FAL. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. HEN. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

FAL. Tut, tut; good enough to toss^c: food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

WEST. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

FAL. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that: and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

P. HEN. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

FAL. What, is the king encamped?

WEST. He is, sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

FAL. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,

Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

HOT. We'll fight with him to-night.

WOR. It may not be.

^a But—the correction of Rowe, from the original *not*, which at any rate is obscure.

^b To-night. So the folio; the quartos, *all night*.

^c Toss—toss upon a pike.

DOUG. You give him then advantage.

VER. Not a whit.

HOT. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

VER. So do we.

HOT. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

WOR. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

VER. Do not my lord.

DOUG. You do not counsel well;

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

VER. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life.)

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives ^a:—

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

DOUG. Yea, or to-night.

VER. Content.

HOT. To-night, say I.

VER. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are ^b,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition: Certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half of himself.

HOT. So are the horses of the enemy

In general, journey-bated, and brought low;

The better part of ours are full of rest.

WOR. The number of the king exceedeth ours:

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in. [*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

BLUNT. I come with gracious offers from the king,

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

HOT. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; And 'would to God

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well: and even those some

Envy your great deservings and good name,

^a *This day lives.* So all the old copies; modern editions omit *this day*.

^b *As you are.* These words, which are in all the old copies, are also omitted in modern editions.

Because you are not of our quality^a,

But stand against us like an enemy.

BLUNT. And Heaven defend but still I should stand so,

So long as, out of limit and true rule,

You stand against anointed majesty!

But to my charge.—The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs^b; and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty: If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,

You shall have your desires, with interest;

And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,

Herein misled by your suggestion.

HOR. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

My father, my uncle, and myself,

Did give him that same royalty he wears:

And,—when he was not six-and-twenty strong,

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,

A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—

My father gave him welcome to the shore:

And,—when he heard him swear and vow to God,

He came but to be duke of Lancaster,

To sue his livery^c, and beg his peace;

With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—

My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,

Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.

Now, when the lords and barons of the realm

Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,

The more and less came in with cap and knee;

Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;

Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,

Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,

Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,

Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.

He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—

Steps me a little higher than his vow

Made to my father, while his blood was poor,

Upon the naked shore at Ravenspur;

^a *Quality*—of the same *kind* with us.

^b *Griefs*—grievances.

^c *His livery*. See 'Richard II.,' Illustrations of Act II.

And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lay too heavy on the commonwealth :
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs ; and, by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites, that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

BLUNT. Tut, I came not to hear this.

HOT. Then, to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the king ;
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life ;
 And, in the neck of that, task'd^a the whole state :
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
 (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd
 Indeed his king) to be engag'd^b in Wales,
 There without ransom to lie forfeited :
 Digrac'd me in my happy victories ;
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board ;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong :
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety ; and, withal, to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

BLUNT. Shall I return this answer to the king ?

HOT. Not so, sir Walter ; we'll withdraw awhile.

Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again,
 And in the morning early shall my uncle
 Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

BLUNT. I would you would accept of grace and love.

HOT. And 't may be, so we shall.

BLUNT. 'Pray heaven you do !

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *Task'd.* A tax was anciently a *task*.

^b *Engag'd.* So the old copies ; Theobald *corrected* it to *encag'd*. To be *engaged* is to be a captive retained as a hostage.

SCENE IV.—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's House.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.

ARCH. Hie, good sir Michael ; bear this sealed brief^a,
With winged haste, to the lord marshal ;
This to my cousin Scroop ; and all the rest
To whom they are directed : if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

GENT. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

ARCH. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must 'bide the touch : For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry : and I fear, sir Michael,—
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
(Whose power was in the first proportion,)
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
(Who with them was a rated sinew^b too,
And comes not in, over-rul'd by prophecies,)—
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

GENT. Why, my good lord, you need not fear ; there 's Douglas,
And lord Mortimer.

ARCH. No, Mortimer is not there.

GENT. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,
And there 's my lord of Worcester ; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

ARCH. And so there is : but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together ;—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt ;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

GENT. Doubt not, my lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

ARCH. I hope no less, yet needful 't is to fear ;
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed :
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,

^a *Brief*—a letter. *Breve* is the old word for the king's letter to the sheriff.

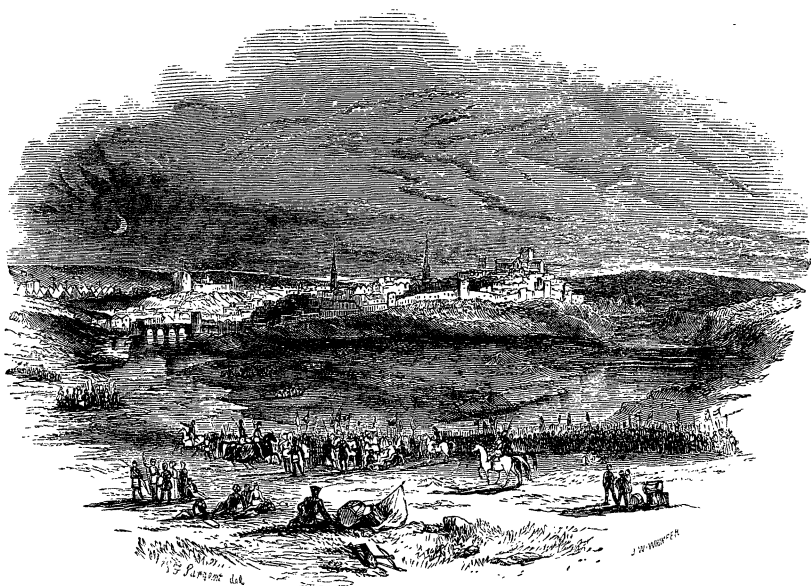
^b *A rated sinew*. So the quartos ; the folio, *rated firmly*.

For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 't is but wisdom to make strong against him;
Therefore make haste: I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.

[Exeunt severally.]



[“ I saw young Harry—with his beaver on.”]



[*Army before Shrewsbury.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, and *Sir* JOHN FALSTAFF.

K. HEN. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky^a hill²⁷! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. HEN. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

K. HEN. Then with the losers let it sympathise;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 't is not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms

Busky—bosky, woody.

As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. HEN. You have not sought it! how comes it then?

FAL. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. HEN. Peace, chewet^a, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The danger of the time: You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we sware our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help; what with the absent king;
What with the injuries of a wanton time;
The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king

^a *Chewet*—perhaps the name of a chattering bird—certainly the name of a dish, or pie, of minced meat.

So long in his^a unlucky Irish wars,
 That all in England did repute him dead,—
 And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general sway into your hand ;
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
 And, being fed by us, you used us so
 As that ungentle gull^b the cuckoo's bird
 Useth the sparrow²⁸ ; did oppress our nest ;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,
 For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head :
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself ;
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. HEN. These things, indeed, you have articulated^c,
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
 Of hurlyburly innovation :
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours to impaint his cause ;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

P. HEN. In both our armies there is many a soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes,—
 This present enterprise set off his head,—
 I do not think a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

^a *His* in the quartos; the folio, *the*.

^b *Gull*. Ordinarily this word means *the person gulled*, beguiled. In this case it must either mean the *guller*, or the word may have a special meaning referring to the *voracity* of the "cuckoo's bird"—as the sea-gull is supposed to be so called from *gulo—gulosus*. In an old poem we have, "fill as doth a gull."

^c *Articulated*—exhibited in articles.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry ;
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too :
 Yet this before my father's majesty,—
 I am content that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation ;
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. HEN. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
 Albeit considerations infinite

Do make against it :—No, good Worcester, no,
 We love our people well ; even those we love
 That are misled upon your cousin's part :
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man,
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his :
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do :—But if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;
 We will not now be troubled with reply :

We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON.*]

P. HEN. It will not be accepted, on my life :
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
 Are confident against the world in arms.

K. HEN. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge ;
 For on their answer will we set on them :
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just !

[*Exeunt KING, BLUNT, and PRINCE JOHN.*]

FAL. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so ; 't is a point
 of friendship.

P. HEN. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers,
 and farewell.

FAL. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. HEN. Why, thou owest Heaven a death.

[*Exit.*]

FAL. 'T is not due yet ; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need
 I be so forward with him that calls not on me ? Well, 't is no matter ;
 Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come
 on ? how then ? Can honour set to a leg ? No. Or an arm ? No. Or
 take away the grief of a wound ? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery
 then ? No. What is honour ? A word. What is that word, honour ? Air.
 A trim reckoning !—Who hath it ? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he

* The earliest quarto, and that of 1604, read—"What is *in* that word, honour ? What is that
 honour ?" We follow the folio and other quartos. The addition of the first quarto seems sur-
 plusage.

feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore, I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Rebel Camp.**Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

WOR. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

VER. 'T were best he did.

WOR. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king would keep his word in loving us:
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion^a, all our lives^b, shall be stuck full of eyes:
For treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's;—we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

VER. Deliver what you will, I'll say 't is so.

Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.

HOT. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

^a *Suspicion.* All the old copies read *supposition*.

^b *All our lives.* So the old copies.

WOR. The king will bid you battle presently.

DOUG. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

HOT. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

DOUG. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*

WOR. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

HOT. Did you beg any? God forbid!

WOR. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn :
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

DOUG. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown

A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd^a, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

WOR. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

HOT. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking^b? seem'd it in contempt?

VER. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause. But let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

HOT. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured

^a *Engag'd*—held as a surety.

^b *Tasking*. So the first quarto; the folio and the quarto of 1604, *talking*.

Upon his follies ; never did I hear
Of any prince so wild at liberty ^a :
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm, with speed : And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hor. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short ;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us !
Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace.

Hor. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,

For I profess not talking ; only this,—
Let each man do his best : and here I draw a sword,
Whose worthy temper I intend to stain ^b
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—*Esperancé* ^c !—Percy !—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace :
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.]

^a *At liberty.* The reading of the old editions, except the first three quartos. We cannot think that Johnson's interpretation is correct:—"of any prince that played such pranks, and was not confined as a mad-man." Hotspur means to say that he never knew of any prince so wild of his own unrestrained will. The reading of the earlier quartos is "so wild o' liberty," which Mr. Collier adopts.

^b We find the word *worthy* only in the folio.

^c *Esperancé.* See Note to Act II., Scene 3.

SCENE III.—*Plain near Shrewsbury.*

Excursions, and parties fighting. Alarum to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT meeting.

BLUNT. What is thy name, that in battle thus thou crossest me?

What honour dost thou seek upon my head?

DOUG. Know, then, my name is Douglas;

And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,

Because some tell me that thou art a king.

BLUNT. They tell thee true.

DOUG. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought

Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,

This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,

Unless thou yield thee as a prisoner.

BLUNT. I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot^a;

And thou shalt find a king that will revenge

Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

HOT. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,

I never had triumph'd over a Scot.

DOUG. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

HOT. Where?

DOUG. Here.

HOT. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well:

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;

Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

DOUG. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes^b!

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

HOT. The king hath many marching in his coats.

DOUG. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,

Until I meet the king.

HOT.

Up and away;

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here: here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt;—

^a So the folio; the quartos,

"I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot."

^b A fool. The early copies read *Ah fool!* The correction is by Steevens.

there's honour for you: Here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. HEN. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff

Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

Whose deaths are unreveng'd: Prithee, lend me thy sword.

FAL. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile.—Turk Gregory^a never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. HEN. He is, indeed: and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

FAL. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. HEN. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

FAL. Ay, Hal; 't is hot, 't is hot; there's that will sack a city.

[The PRINCE draws out a bottle of sack.]

P. HEN. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[Throws it at him, and exits.]

FAL. If Percy be alive I'll pierce him^b. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado^c of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums, Excursions. Enter the KING, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.

K. HEN. I prithee,

Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much;—

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. JOHN. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. HEN. I beseech your majesty, make up,

Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

^a *Turk Gregory*—Pope Gregory VII.

^b *If Percy be alive, &c.* A critic upon Shakspeare says the poet was not aware that his pun of *Percy* and *pierce him* was a serious etymology—"Piercy à penetrando oculum regis Scotorum." Why not?

^c *Carbonado*—a rasher on the coals, according to Cotgrave.

K. HEN. I will do so:—

My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

WEST. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. HEN. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:

And Heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive

The prince of Wales from such a field as this;

Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,

And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. JOHN. We breathe too long:—Come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE JOHN and WESTMORELAND.]

P. HEN. By Heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. HEN. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,

With lustier maintenance than I did look for

Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. HEN. O, this boy lends mettle to us all.

[*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

DOUG. Another king! they grow like Hydras' heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those

That wear those colours on them.—What art thou

That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. HEN. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,

And not the very king. I have two boys

Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:

But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,

I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

DOUG. I fear thou art another counterfeit;

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:

But mine I am sure thou art, whoever thou be,

And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the KING being in danger, enter PRINCE HENRY.*]

P. HEN. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like

Never to hold it up again! the spirits

Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:

It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee:

Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight; DOUGLAS flies.*]

Cheerily, my lord; How fares your grace?—

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,

And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. HEN. Stay, and breathe awhile :

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion^a ;
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. HEN. O Heaven ! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.

If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you ;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. HEN. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit* KING HENRY.]

Enter HOTSPUR.

HOT. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. HEN. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

HOT. My name is Harry Percy.

P. HEN. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the prince of Wales ; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more :

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy and the prince of Wales.

HOT. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come

To end the one of us ; And would to Heaven,

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

P. HEN. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee ;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

HOT. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. Well said, Hal ! to it, Hal !—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS ; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. *HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.*

HOT. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth :

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;

They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh :—

^a *Opinion*—reputation.

But thought 's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
 And time, that takes survey of all the world,
 Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
 But that the earthy and cold hand of death
 Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
 And food for——

[Dies.

P. HEN. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great heart!—
 Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
 When that this body did contain a spirit,
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
 But now, two paces of the vilest earth
 Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,
 Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
 If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
 I should not make so great^a a show of zeal:—
 But let my favours^b hide thy mangled face;
 And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
 Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph!— [He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.
 What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
 Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
 I could have better spar'd a better man.
 O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
 If I were much in love with vanity.
 Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
 Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—
 Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:
 Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

[Exit.

FAL. [Rising slowly.] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you
 leave to powder me and eat me to-morrow. 'Sblood, 't was time to counter-
 feit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit?
 I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the
 counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying,
 when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect
 image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which
 better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder
 Percy, though he be dead: How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By
 my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll
 make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as
 well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore,

^a Great. So the folio, and all the quartos except the first, which reads *dear*.

^b Favours—the scarf which he reverently throws over him.

sirrah, [*stabbing him*] with a new wound in your thigh²⁹, come you along with me. [*Takes HOTSPUR on his back.*]

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.

P. HEN. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

P. JOHN. But, soft! who have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. HEN. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground.
Art thou alive?
Or is it phantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears:—
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

FAL. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [*throwing the body down*] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. HEN. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

FAL. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how the world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. JOHN. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. HEN. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,

I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpets sound retreat, the day is ours.

Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.*]

FAL. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, Heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do. [*Exit, bearing off the body.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and others, with WORCESTER and VERNON, prisoners.

K. HEN. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
 Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
 Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
 And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
 Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
 Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
 A noble earl, and many a creature else,
 Had been alive this hour,
 If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne
 Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

WOR. What I have done my safety urg'd me to;
 And I embrace this fortune patiently,
 Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. HEN. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
 Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.]

How goes the field?

P. HEN. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
 The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
 The noble Percy slain, and all his men
 Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
 And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised
 That the pursuers took him. At my tent
 The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
 I may dispose of him.

K. HEN. With all my heart.

P. HEN. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
 This honourable bounty shall belong:
 Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
 Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
 His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
 Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
 Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

[P. JOHN. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
 Which I shall give away immediately.]^a

K. HEN. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.
 You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
 Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,

^a These lines are not in the folio.

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :
Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day :
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*



[SCENE IV.—“ Poor Jack, farewell.”]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

¹ SCENE II.—“*Phœbus,—he, that wandering knight so fair.*”

THE “wandering knight so fair” was the *Knight of the Sun*, who, when Don Quixote disputed with the Curate which was the better knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis de Gaul, was maintained by master Nicolas, the barber-surgeon, to be that knight to whom “none ever came up.” The adventures of the Knight of the Sun were translated into English in 1585; and the renowned worthy is described in the romance not only as a prodigious “wanderer” but as “most excellently fair.” Falstaff’s allusion to the romance would be well understood by many of Shakspeare’s audience; nor would they object to the sun being represented as a wanderer, according to the long-received theory which the discoveries of Copernik had scarcely then shaken. Douce thinks the allusion was to a spiritual romance, translated from the French, by the name of the ‘Wandering Knight;’ and which may have suggested to Bunyan the idea of his ‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’

² SCENE II.—“*The drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.*”

Steevens is of opinion that the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe is here used, metaphorically, for the croak of the frog in the marshes. Malone, by an apt quotation, has shown that a bagpipe was peculiar to Lincolnshire. The following passage is from ‘A Nest of Ninnies. By Robert Armin.’ (1608):—

“At a Christmas time, when great logs furnish the hall fire; when brawne is in season, and indeed all reveling is regarded; this gallant knight kept open house for all commers, where beefe, beere, and bread was no niggard. Amongst all the pleasures provided, a noyse of minstrells and a *Lincolnshire bagpipe* was prepared: the minstrells for the great chamber, the bagpipe for the hall; the minstrells to serve

up the knight’s meate, and the bagpipe for the common dauncing.”

³ SCENE II.—“*The melancholy of Moor-ditch.*”

Moor-ditch, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, was not only stinking, poisonous, muddy, black, as described by Thomas Decker, in 1606, but it was bounded by an unwholesome and impassable morass; so that the citizens, who had many beautiful suburban fields, regarded this quarter as amongst the melancholy places in which pestilence continually lurked, and which they naturally shunned.

⁴ SCENE II.—“*Sir John Sack-and-Sugar.*”

The favourite potation of Falstaff—“a good sherris-sack”—which, with the genial knight, “ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes,”—has had a somewhat different effect upon certain expounders of its virtues. The solemn disputations which the world has seen upon the nature of “sherris-sack”—whether it was sweet or dry—whether it was Sherry or Malaga—whether the name *sack* was derived from *sec*, because it was dry, or from *secco*, because it was sold in a bag—why Falstaff drunk it with sugar, and why he eschewed lime in it—have wasted much learned ink; and, like many other controversies, the questions which have agitated the disputants seem to be left pretty much in their original obscurity. It may be sufficient to refer to Dr. Drake (‘Shakspeare and his Times,’ vol. ii. p. 130) for the main argument, on one side, that “sherris-sack” was not our Sherry, but was a sweet wine; and to Archdeacon Nares (‘Glossary,’ art. *Sack*) on the other hand, that “sherris-sack” was undoubtedly the same wine which we now call Sherry,

a wine of the dry or rough kind. There appears only one thing quite certain in the controversy,—that the English in the time of Elizabeth were accustomed to put sugar in their wines; and this fact rests upon the authority of Paul Hentzner and Fynes Moryson.

* SCENE II.—“*But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill.*”

At the head of Act I. we have given a view of Gadshill in its present state. Gadshill appears to have been a place notorious for robberies before the time of Shakspeare;—for Steevens discovered an entry of the date of 1558, in the books of the Stationers' Company, of a Ballad entitled ‘The Robbery at Gadshill,’ and Warton says, “I have seen an old ballad called ‘Gads-hill,’ by Faire, that is probably our translator Phaier.” Sir Henry Ellis, of the British Museum, (to whom the public is indebted for the discovery and publication of many curious historical documents, and to whom we are under many personal obligations for valuable suggestions as to the conduct of this edition of Shakspeare), communicated to Mr. Boswell a narrative in the hand-writing of Sir Roger Manwood, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, dated 3rd July, 1590, which shows that Gadshill was at that period the resort of a band of robbers of more than usual daring. The Chief Baron, it seems, indicted ‘certain malefactors’ upon suspicion of the robberies; and this document contains a narrative of his proceedings. The robbers were, it seems, like Falstaff’s companions, mounted, and wore visors; and the unhappy travellers whom they plundered are, in the narrative, called “true men.” We cannot afford space for more than one paragraph from this paper, which is printed at length in Boswell’s edition of ‘Malone’s Shakspeare,’ vol. xvi., page 432:—“In the course of that Michaelmas Term, I being at London, many robberies were done in the bye ways at Gadeshill on the west part of Rochester, and at Chatham down on the east part of Rochester, by horse thieves, with such fat and lusty horses as were not like hackney horses nor far journeying horses; and one of them sometimes wearing a vizard gray beard, he was by common report in the country called Justice Gray Beard; and no man durst travel that way without great company.”

* SCENE II.—“*Indent with feres.*”

The old copies all read

“Shall we buy treason? and indent with feares,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?”

The modern copies invariably read “indent with *fears*.” To “indent” is to agree—to sign an indenture—to make a contract. When the king complains that Hotspur still doth deny his prisoners, unless Mortimer is ransomed “at our own charge,” he asks “shall we buy treason?”—shall we pay the ransom of Mortimer to Glendower, when they both are revolted—both allied in treason against me, by a family compact? But what are the *fears* with which the king refuses to indent,

“When they have lost and forfeited themselves?”

How can a contract be made with “*fears*”? how can “*fears*” forfeit themselves? Some of the commentators say that “*fears*” may be used in the active sense for “*terrors*,” or that “*fears*” may be substituted for “*fearful people*”—for “*dastards*” who have lost or forfeited themselves.” Mr. Collier says that “indent with *fears*” means “subscribe an indenture as if under apprehension.” Mr. Dyce has “not the smallest doubt that *fears* is equivalent to objects of fear.” We have ventured, without any support from preceding editors, to substitute the word *feres*, in sound the same as the received reading. A *ferre*, as is known to all students of our early poetry, is a *companion*. In ‘The Ancient Fragment of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine,’ (‘Percy’s Reliques,’ vol. iii.) we have,

“What when lords go with their *feires*, she said,
Both to the ale and wine.”

If *feres*, then, were to be taken in the general sense of companions, brethren, associates,—and in this particular case applied to Glendower and Mortimer who have become fellows, colleagues, confederates,—we should have a very fair reading—certainly a superior reading to *fears*. But in the passage before us, we are inclined to think, *feres* has a meaning beyond that merely of *mates* or *companions*, which is the familiar usage;—a meaning which was very likely to present itself to Shakspeare, from his undoubted acquaintance with legal phrases and customs connected with tenures. We believe that the king, in the passage before us, alludes to Mortimer and Glendower as his revolted *vassals*, with whom the king refuses to “indent,”

“When they have lost and forfeited themselves.”

We have here two other technical words, *indent* and *forfeited*. A *deed* is, in law, either an indenture or a deed poll. An indenture is a deed

between two parties,—a deed poll is the declaration of one party. The king, then, refuses to put himself upon equal terms with Mortimer and Glendower—to *indent* with those who are his vassals. But these vassals are further not in a condition to make a contract with their *lord*,—they have *forfeited* themselves—by their treason they have incurred the forfeiture of their *fees*, or *fiefs*. We are not aware of any English example which would show that the holders in *fee* were called *feres*;—but in Scotland, whilst an estate held by a vassal under a superior is a *Feu*, the possessor of such an estate is a *Feuar*. The different names which have originated in the feudal system, for the *estate* and the *tenant*, as the one name arises out of the other, stand thus :

Feud	Feud-ary.
Feod	Feod-ary—Feod-ar.
Feoff	Feoff-ee.
Feu	Feu-ar. [And why not then?]
Fee	Fe-ere—Fere.

If the critical student will not accept *feres*, or *feeres*, in the sense of *vassals*, there is the word *feodars*, which might be easily misprinted *feares*, and which gives a clear meaning, and accords with the rhythm of the line. For the use of this term, in the sense of those holding *feods*, Marston is an authority in the drama :

“For seventeen kings were Carthage *feodars*.”
Wonder of Women.

A remarkable illustration of our belief that a *Fere* or *Fear* was one holding of the Crown in *Fee*,—is furnished by the title which the famous John Napier attached to his name. At the end

of the Dedication to his ‘Plain Discovery of the whole Revelation of St. John,’—in the edition of 1645, Napier signs himself “*Peer* of Marchistown.” Mr. Mark Napier, in the Life of his great ancestor (1834), says that the true signature is “*Fear* of Marchistown,” and that “*Fear*” means that he was invested with the *Fee* of his paternal Barony.

7 SCENE III.—“*Who then affrighted,*” &c.

The author of ‘*A Dialogue on Taste*,’ 1762, speaking of this passage, says,—“Had not Shakspeare been perverted by wrong taste and imitation, he could never have produced such lines as those. Nature could never have pointed out to him that a river was capable of cowardice, or that it was consistent with the character of a gentleman such as Percy, to say the thing that was not.” We like, now and then, to show our readers what was the standard of criticism, combining the qualities of pertness and dullness, in the early days of George III. Johnson alludes, we believe, to this criticism (which we have dragged from its obscurity) when he explains that “Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood.” We presume, according to the author of the ‘*Dialogue on Taste*,’ that Milton *said the thing that was not*, when he described Sabrina, another tutelary power of the Severn, rising “attended by water nymphs,” and singing that exquisite lay

“By the rushy-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays.”

HISTORICAL.

The events which form the action of the first part of Henry IV. are included within a period of ten months. The battle of Holmedon, or Homildon, the result of which the king communicates in the first scene, was fought on the 14th September, 1402, and the battle of Shrewsbury, with which the fifth act closes, took place on the 21st July, 1403.

After the defeat of Hepburn of Hales, by the Earl of March, at Nesbit Moor, in 1402, Archibald Earl Douglas, the Douglas of this play, “sore displeased in his mind for this overthrow, procured a commission to invade England.” So writes Holinshed. The Douglas, with an army

of ten thousand men, advanced as far as Newcastle, but finding no army to oppose him, he retreated loaded with plunder, and satisfied with the devastation he had committed and the terror he had produced. The king at this time was vainly chasing Glendower up and down his mountains; but the Earl of Northumberland and his son Hotspur gathered a powerful army, and intercepted Douglas on his return to Scotland. This army awaited the Scots near Milfield, in the north of Northumberland, and Douglas, upon arriving in sight of his enemy, took up a strong post upon Homildon Hill. The English weapon, the long bow, decided the

contest, for the Scots fell almost without fight. The desperate valour of two Scotch knights, Swinton and Gordon, forms the subject of Sir Walter Scott's spirited dramatic sketch of Hali-don Hill. But he has transferred the incidents of Holmedon to another scene and another period. "For who," he says, "would again venture to introduce upon the scene the celebrated Hotspur?" Shakspeare took the names of the prisoners at Holmedon from Holinshed: but from some confusion in the Chronicler's recital, he has made Mordake, Earl of Fife, the eldest son of Douglas, when in truth he was the son of the Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland; and he has omitted Douglas himself, who was the chief of the prisoners. There is a dramatic propriety in our poet making Sir Walter Blunt, "the dear and true industrious friend" of the king, bring the "smooth and welcome news" of this great victory; and in this he is neither borne out nor contradicted by the Chronicles. An entry, however, has been found in the Pell Rolls, of a grant of forty pounds yearly "To Nicholas Merbury for other good services, as also, because the same Nicholas was the first person who reported for a certainty to the said lord the king, the good, agreeable, and acceptable news of the success of the late expedition at Holmedon, near Wollor." [Wooler.]

Holinshed thus describes the origin of the quarrel between the Percies and the king:—

"Henry, Earl of Northumberland, with his brother Thomas, Earl of Worcester, and his son, the Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, which were to King Henry, in the beginning of his reign, both faithful friends, and earnest aiders, began now to envy his wealth and felicity; and especially they were grieved, because the king demanded of the earl and his son such Scottish prisoners as were taken at Homeldon and Nesbit: for of all the captives which were taken in the conflicts fought in those two places, there was delivered to the king's possession only Mordake, Earl of Fife, the Duke of Albany's son, though the king did divers and sundry times require the deliverance of the residue, and that with great threatenings: where-with the Percies being sore offended, for that they claimed them as their own proper prisoners, and their peculiar prizes, by the council of the Lord Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, whose study was ever (as some write) to procure malice, and set things in a broil, came to the king unto Windsor (upon a purpose to prove him), and

there required of him, that either by ransom or otherwise, he would cause to be delivered out of prison Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, their cousin german, whom (as they reported) Owen Glendower kept in filthy prison, shackled with irons, only for that he took his part, and was to him faithful and true.

* * * "The king, when he had studied on the matter, made answer, that the Earl of March was not taken prisoner for his cause, nor in his service, but willingly suffered himself to be taken, because he would not withstand the attempts of Owen Glendower and his complices, therefore he would neither ransom him nor release him.

"The Percies with this answer and fraudulent excuse were not a little fumed, insomuch that Henry Hotspur said openly: Behold, the heir of the realm is robbed of his right, and yet the robber with his own will not redeem him. So in this fury the Percies departed, minding nothing more than to depose King Henry from the high type of his royalty, and to place in his seat their cousin Edmund, Earl of March, whom they did not only deliver out of captivity, but also (to the high displeasure of King Henry) entered in league with the foresaid Owen Glendower."

The refusal of Henry IV. to ransom Mortimer, or to allow him to be ransomed, proceeded from a not unnatural jealousy; but the prisoner of Glendower was not "the heir of the realm," as Holinshed represents, but Sir Edmund Mortimer, the uncle of the young Earl of March, whom Henry kept in close custody, because he had a prior claim to the crown by succession. Sir Edmund Mortimer was the "brother-in-law" to Hotspur, who had married his sister. Shakspeare has, of course, followed Holinshed in confounding Sir Edmund Mortimer with the Earl of March;—but those from whom accuracy is required, have fallen into the same error as the old Chronicler,—amongst others Rapin and Hume. A despatch of the king to his council states, "The rebels have taken my beloved cousin, Esmon Mortymer." Edmund, Earl of March, was at this period only ten years old, and a state prisoner.

The Earl of Westmoreland, who appears throughout this play as one of the most faithful adherents of the king, was a partisan of Bolingbroke from his first landing. We shall find him in the second part of Henry IV., actively engaged in suppressing the insurrection in Yorkshire.



[Earl of Westmoreland. From his Tomb.]

ACT II.

⁸ SCENE I.—“*Never joyed since the price of oats rose.*”

In 1596 the price of grain was exceedingly high, “by colour of the unseasonableness of this summer;” and Elizabeth issued a Proclamation against Ingrossers. This play was undoubtedly written about 1596; and Shakspeare had most probably the scarcity in his mind when he made the dear oats kill poor “Robin ostler.”

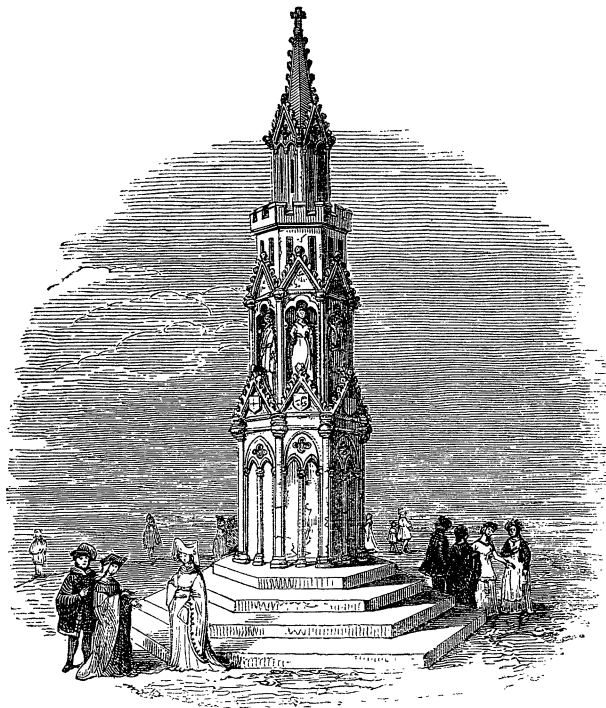
⁹ SCENE I.—“*Stung like a tench.*”

The second carrier appears to have had some popular knowledge of the natural history of fishes. The tench which is stung, and the loach which breeds fleas, appear to be allusions to the fact that fish, at particular seasons, are infested with vermin. The particular charge against

fleas, of troubling fish as they do lodgers “within victualling houses and inns,” is gravely set forth in Philemon Holland’s translation of Pliny.

¹⁰ SCENE I.—*Charing Cross.*

Charing was anciently a village detached from London; and Charing Cross was erected on the last spot where the body of Eleanor, the queen of Edward I., rested, in the road to Westminster. The cross was pulled down by the populace, in 1643, through that intolerant fury against what were called superstitious edifices, which has destroyed so many beautiful monuments of art in this country and in Scotland. We subjoin a view of Charing Cross, from an old drawing in the Crowle Collection, Brit. Mus.



¹¹ SCENE I.—“*We have the receipt of fern seed.*”

The ancients believed that fern had no seed. In Holland's translation of Pliny we find, “Of fern be two kinds, and they bear neither flower nor seed.” The seed of the fern is so small as to escape the sight; and thus, although our ancestors believed that the plant bore seed, they held that it was only visible to those who sought for it under peculiar influences. It was on St. John's Eve that the fern seed was held to become visible, and that at the precise moment of the birth of the saint. Its possession, it was further held, conferred invisibility. Fletcher, in ‘The Fair Maid of the Inn,’ says

“Had you Gyges' ring,
Or the herb that gives invisibility?”

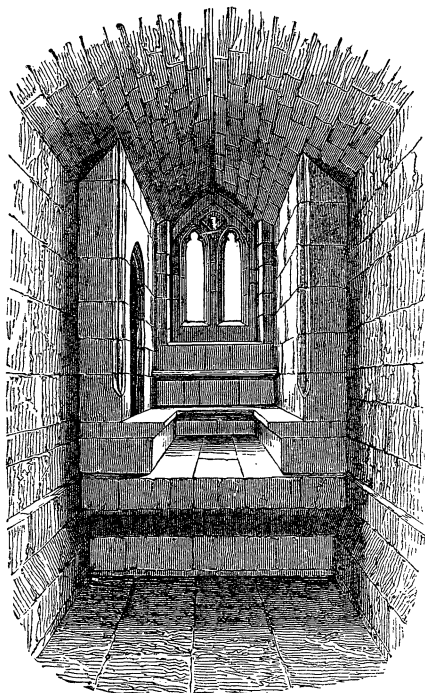
¹² SCENE III.—*Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.*

The engraving in the next page represents a part of the interior that is remaining of Warkworth Castle, the ancient seat of the Percies. In

the Second Part we shall furnish an exterior view, and a description, of this celebrated building.

¹³ SCENE III.—“*Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin.*”

Douce, in a note on this passage, supposes the names of ordnance, such as basilisk and culverin, to be derived from the names of serpents. He tells us that a basilisk carried a ball weighing two hundred pounds. Neither Douce nor other commentators have noticed a passage in Harrison's ‘Description of England,’ which contains “the names of our greatest ordnance,”—and where the basilisk, the cannon, and the culverin, are fully described. The basilisk, the largest of all, weighed 9000 pounds, and carried a ball of 60 pounds;—the cannon weighed 7000 pounds, and also carried a ball of 60 pounds—(but this weight of ball would appear to be a misprint)—and the culverin weighed 4000 pounds, and carried a ball of 18 pounds. Harrison gives a wondrous account of a great gun, compared with which the English



[Warkworth Castle.]

basilisk must have been a pocket-pistol: "The Turk had one gun made by one Orbon, a Dane, the caster of his ordinance, which could not be drawn to the siege of Constantinople but by seventy yokes of oxen and two thousand men."

14 SCENE IV.—*Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

"Who knows not Eastcheap and the Boar's Head? Have we not all been there, time out of mind? And is it not a more real as well as notorious thing to us than the London Tavern, or the Crown and Anchor, or the Hummums, or White's, or What's-his-name's, or any other of your contemporary and fleeting taps?" We quote this passage from Leigh Hunt's delightful 'Indicator.' Mr. Hunt, we take it, is speaking of the endearing *associations* of the Boar's Head—not of a real brick and stone tavern. But Goldsmith, it would appear, had sat in the Boar's Head of Shakspeare. We quote the following from his *Essays*:—

"Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat in the Boar's Head tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire,

in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wished to be young again, but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the old knight, and transported my imagination back to the times when the prince and he gave life to the revel, and made even debauchery not disgusting. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity: the oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece, had long withstood the tooth of time."

Alas! the *real* Boar's Head was destroyed in the great fire of London; and its successor, that rose up out of the ruins, was recently swept away with the old London Bridge, to which it was a neighbour. We can no longer make a pilgrimage even to the second Boar's Head. "The earliest notice of this place," says Mr. Brayley in his *Londiniana*, "occurs in the testament of William Warden, who, in the reign of Richard II., gave 'all that his tenement, called the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, to a college of priests or chaplains, founded by Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor, in the adjoining church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane.'"

In an enumeration of taverns, in an old black-letter poem, we find the

"Bore's Head, neere London Stone."

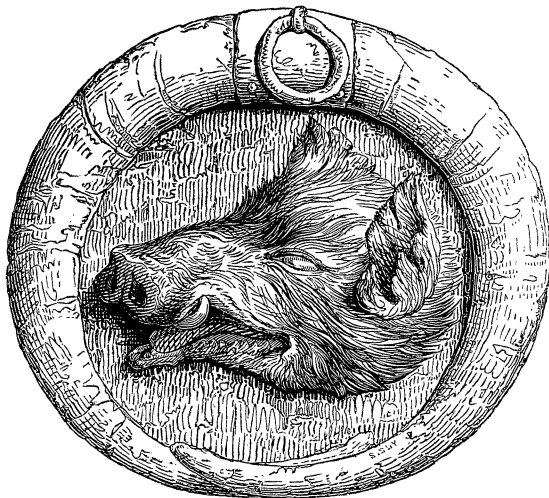
"The Boar's Head, in Southwark," is noticed in one of the Paston Letters, written in the time of Henry VI. Shakspeare found "the Old Tavern in Eastcheap," in the anonymous play described in our Introductory Notice.

But of the original Boar's Head there remains a very interesting, and to all appearance authentic relic. At any rate we will confide in its authenticity with as implicit a faith as Martinus Scriblerus believed in his brazen shield. In Whitechapel, some years since, there was a hillock called the Mount, traditionally supposed to have been formed out of the rubbish of the great fire of 1666. Upon the clearing away of that Mount an oaken carving of a Boar's Head, in a frame-work formed of two boar's tusks, was found in a half-burned state. The diameter of this curious relic was four inches and a half. On the back of the carving was a date 1568;

and a name, which, by a comparison with some records, corresponded with the name of the tavern-keeper in that year. It is supposed that this curious and very spirited carving was suspended in the tavern. The original was exhibited at the London Institution, and after-

wards came into the possession of Mr. Windus, of Stamford Hill.

We have been enabled to give a faithful sketch of this carving, from the drawing of a lady who unites the knowledge of an antiquary to the taste of an artist.



¹⁵ SCENE IV.—“*Tom, Dick, and Francis.*”

We learn from Decker's ‘Gull's Horn Book,’ 1609, that to be familiar with drawers, and to know their names, was an accomplishment of gallants some ten or twelve years after Shakspeare wrote this play. “Your first compliment shall be to grow most inwardly acquainted with the drawers; to learn their names, as Jack, and Will, and Tom.”

¹⁶ SCENE IV.—“*At the strappado.*”

Douce has described this cruel punishment, which did not consist in the infliction of blows by a strap, but was effected by drawing up the victim by a rope and pulleys, and dropping him suddenly down, for the purpose of dislocating his shoulder. “The good old times” were remarkable for the ingenuity with which man tormented man.

¹⁷ SCENE IV.—“*He of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado.*”

Amaimon, according to Scot, in his ‘Dis-

covery of Witchcraft,’ was a spirit who might be bound at certain hours of the day and night. He was a fit subject, therefore, for Glendower to exercise his magic upon.

¹⁸ SCENE IV.—“*A Welsh hook.*”

This weapon appears to have been a pike with a hook placed at some distance below its point, like some of the ancient partizans.

¹⁹ SCENE IV.—“*Behind the arras.*”

Dr. Johnson seems to think that the bulk of Falstaff rendered it difficult to conceal him behind the arras; but the arras or tapestry, which was originally hung on hooks, was afterwards set on frames at some distance from the walls. There are many passages in Shakspeare, and in other plays of his time, which show that the space between the arras and the wall was large enough even for the concealment of Falstaff.

HISTORICAL.

The character of Hotspur has been drawn by Shakspeare with the boldest pencil. Nothing can be more free and vigorous than this remarkable portrait. Of the likeness we are as certain as when we look at the Charles V. of Titian, or the Lord Strafford of Vanduyke. But it is too young, say the critics. The poet, in the first scene, say they, ought not to have called him "young Harry Percy," for he was some thirty-five years old at the battle of Holmedon; and the wish of the king,

"that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd,
In cradle-clothes, our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet,"

was a very absurd wish, and such a change was quite beyond the power of a "night-tripping fairy," for Percy was born about 1366, and Henry of Monmouth some twenty years later. Everything in its place. We desire the utmost exactness in matters where exactness is required. Let History proper give us her dates to the very day and hour; but let Poetry be allowed to break the bands by which she would be earth-bound. When Shakspeare shows us the ambitious, irascible, self-willed, sarcastic, but high-minded and noble Hotspur, and places in contrast with him the thoughtless, good-tempered, yielding, witty, but brave and chivalrous Henry, we have no desire to be constantly reminded that characters so alike in the energy of youth have been incorrectly approximated in their ages by the poet. Fluellen had, no doubt, very correct notions "as touching the direction of the military discipline;" but when he bestowed upon Captain Macmorris "a few disputations," in the way of argument and friendly communication, when the town was besieged and the trumpet called to the breach, we think the captain was perfectly justified in telling the worthy Welshman that it was "no time to discourse."

Sir Henry Percy received his *soubriquet* of

Hotspur from the Scots, with whom he was engaged in perpetual forays and battles. The old ballad of the Battle of Otterbourne tells us,

"He had byn a march-man all hys dayes,
And kepte Barwyke upon Twede."

He was "first armed when the castle of Berwick was taken by the Scots," in 1378, when he was twelve years old; and from that time till the battle of Holmedon, *his spur was never cold*. Nothing can be more historically true than the prince's description of Hotspur—"he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hand, and says to his wife, 'Fye upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he, and answers, 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.'" The abstraction of Hotspur—the 'some fourteen,—an hour after,'—has been repeated by our poet in the beautiful scene between Hotspur and his lady, in this Act:—

"Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, *else he loves me not*."

The servant has been called and dismissed; the lady has uttered her reproof; a battle has been fought in Hotspur's imagination, before he answers,

"Away,
Away, you trifler! Love?—I love thee not."

This little trait in Hotspur's character might be traditional; and so might be the

"speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish."

At any rate, these circumstances are singularly characteristic. So also is Hotspur's contempt of poetry, in opposition to Glendower, whose mind is essentially poetical. Such are the magical touches by which Shakspeare created the imperishable likenesses of his historical personages. He seized upon a general truth, and made it more striking and permanent by investing it with the ideal.

ACT III.

20 SCENE I.—"Burning cressets."

THE cresset-light was set upon beacons and watch-towers, or carried upon a pole. It was a square or circular framework of iron, having open ribs or hoops, in which pitched ropes or other com-

bustible materials were burned. We recently saw one upon the ancient tower of Hadley Church, near Barnet; and we could not help fancying that it might have blazed out when the Lancastrians and the Yorkists fought over the undulating ground from St. Alban's to

Barnet Common, where the men of Kent under Warwick made their last desperate stand.

21 SCENE I.

"The goats ran from the mountains," &c.

Malone quotes a passage from an account of an earthquake in Catania, to show that Shakspeare's description of the effects of one of the rarer phenomena of nature was literally true: "There was a blow as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once; the sea retired from the town above two miles; the birds flew about astonished; *the cattle in the fields ran crying.*"

22 SCENE I.—*"Wanton rushes."*

A passage in Bulleyn's 'Bulwarke,' 1579, tells us the use of rushes. "Rushes that grow upon dry grounds be good to strew in halls, chambers, and galleries, to walk upon; defending apparel, as trains of gowns and kirtles, from dust."

23 SCENE I.—*"Our book."*

Book means charter, or deed. We find the word *bokeland* in our early history. Whiter ('Etymological Dictionary,' vol. iii., p. 153) says, the term *Book* is referred to any piece of paper, or materials, written on, which may form a *Roll*, however minute it may be; and this may assist our lawyers in deciding upon those points which

have turned on the original sense annexed to the word *Book*."

24 SCENE I.—*"Velvet guards."*

The velvet guards—edges of velvet—seem to have been a distinguishing peculiarity of the dress of the London city-wives. Fynes Moryson says, "at public meetings the aldermen of London wear scarlet gowns, and their wives a close gown of scarlet, with *guards of black velvet.*"

25 SCENE I.

"Tis the next way to turn tailor," &c.

Weavers and tailors were remarkable for singing at their work. Hotspur commends his wife that she will not, by singing, become like a tailor or a teacher of piping birds. Malvolio says, "Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your *cozier's catches?*" A *cozier* was one who sews.

26 SCENE III.—*"Holland of eight shillings an ell."*

In this age of power-looms we are apt to forget the high price of clothing in old times, and to think that the hostess was imposing upon Falstaff when she charged the holland of his shirts at eight shillings an ell. Stubbes, in his 'Anatomy of Abuses,' tells us that the meanest shirt cost a crown,—and some as much as ten pounds.

HISTORICAL.

Owen Glendower—the "damned Glendower" of the king—the "great Glendower" of Hotspur—"he of Wales," that "swore the devil his true liege-man" of the Prince, was amongst the most bold and enterprising of the warriors of his age. The immediate cause of his outbreak against the power of Henry IV. was a quarrel with Lord Grey of Ruthyn, on the occasion of which the parliament of Henry seems to have treated Owen with injustice; but there can be no doubt that the great object of his ambition was to restore the independence of Wales. In the Guerilla warfare which he waged against Henry, he was eminently successful, and his boast in this drama is historically true, that,

"Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back."

Shakspeare has, indeed, seized, with wonderful exactness, upon all the features of his history and character, and of the popular superstitions connected with him. They all belonged to the region of poetry. Glendower says,

"at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes."

The old Chroniclers say, "the same night he was born all his father's horses were found to stand in blood up to their bellies." His pretensions as a magician, which Shakspeare has most beautifully connected with his enthusiastic and poetical temperament, made him a greater object of fear than even his undoubted skill and valour. When the king pursued him into his mountains, Owen, as Holinshed relates, "conveyed himself out of the way into his known lurking places, and, as was thought, through art

magic he caused such foul weather of winds, tempest, rain, snow, and hail, to be raised for the annoyance of the king's army, that the like had not been heard of." His tedious stories to Hotspur,

"of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-winged griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,"

were old Welsh prophecies which the people in general, and very likely Glendower himself, devoutly believed. According to Holinshed, it was upon the faith of one of these prophecies in particular, that the tripartite indenture of Mortimer, Hotspur, and Glendower, was executed. "This was done (as some have said) through a foolish credit given to a vain prophecy, as though King Henry was the moldwarp, cursed of God's own mouth, and they three were the dragon, the lion, and the wolf, which should divide this realm between them." Glendower might probably have

"Believed the magic wonders which he sang," but he was no vulgar enthusiast. He was "trained up in the English Court," as he describes himself, and he was probably "exceedingly well read," as Mortimer describes him, for he had been a barrister of the Middle Temple. When the parliament, who rudely dismissed his petition against Lord Grey of Ruthyn, refused to listen to "bare-footed blackguards," it can scarcely be wondered that he should raise the standard of rebellion. The Welsh from all parts of England, even the students of Oxford, crowded home to fight under the banners of an independent Prince of Wales. Had Glendower joined the Percies before the battle of Shrewsbury, which he was most probably unable to do, he might for a time have ruled the kingdom, instead of perishing in wretchedness and obscurity, after years of unavailing contest.

"Lingering from sad Salopia's field,
Reft of his aid the Percy fell."



[Portrait of Owen Glendower, from his great seal, engraved in the *Archæologia*.]

ACT V.

27 SCENE I.—“*Busky hill.*”

THE hill which rises over the battle-field near Shrewsbury is called Haughmond hill. Mr. Blakeway says that Shakspeare has described the ground as accurately as if he had surveyed it. “It still merits the appellation of a bosky hill.”

28 SCENE I.

“*As that ungentle gull the cuckoo’s bird
Useth the sparrow,*” &c.

Shakspeare was a naturalist in the very best sense of the word. He watched the great phenomena of nature, the economy of the animal creation, and the peculiarities of inanimate existence, and he set these down with almost undeviating exactness, in the language of the highest poetry. Before White, and Jenner, and Montagu had described the remarkable proceedings of the cuckoo, Shakspeare here described them, as we believe, from what he himself saw. But let us analyse this description :

—— “being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull the cuckoo’s bird
Useth the sparrow.”

Pliny was the only scientific writer upon natural history that was open to Shakspeare. We are no believers, as our readers may have collected, in the common opinion of Shakspeare’s want of learning; and we hold, therefore, that he might have read Pliny in Latin, as we think he read other books. The first English translation of Pliny, that of Philemon Holland, was not published till 1601; this play was printed in 1598. Now, the description of the cuckoo in Pliny is, in many respects, very different from the description before us in Shakspeare. “They always,” says the Roman naturalist, “lay in other birds’ nests, and most of all in the *stock dove’s*.” In a subsequent part of the same passage, Pliny mentions the *tilling’s* nest, but not a word of the *sparrow’s*. It was reserved for very modern naturalists to find that the hedge-sparrow’s nest was a favourite choice of the old cuckoo. Dr. Jenner, in 1787, says, “I examined the nest of a hedge-sparrow, which then contained a cuckoo and three hedge-sparrow’s eggs.” Colonel Montague also found a cuckoo, “when a few days old, in a hedge-sparrow’s nest, in a garden close to a cottage.” Had Shakspeare not observed for himself, or at any rate, not noted the original observations of others, and had taken his de-

scription from Pliny, he would, in all probability have mentioned the stock dove or the tilling. In Lear we have the “hedge-sparrow.” But let us see further—

—— “did oppress our nest.”

The word *oppress* is singularly descriptive of the operations of the “ungentle gull.” The great bulk of the cuckoo, in the small nest of the hedge-sparrow, first crushes the proper nestlings; and the instinct of the intruder renders it necessary that they should be got rid of. The common belief, derived from the extreme voracity of the cuckoo (to which we think Shakspeare alludes when he calls it a gull—*gulo*), has led to an opinion, that it eats the young nestlings. Pliny says, expressly, that it devours them. How remarkable is it, then, that Shakspeare does not allude to this belief! He makes Worcester simply accuse Henry, that he “did oppress our nest.” Had Shakspeare’s natural history not been more accurate than the popular belief, he would have made Worcester reproach the king with actually destroying the proper tenants of the nest. The Percies were then ready to accuse him of the murder of Richard. We, of course, do not attempt to assert that Shakspeare knew the precise mode in which the cuckoo gets rid of its co-habitants. This was first made known by Dr. Jenner. But, although Shakspeare might not have known this most curious fact, the words, “did oppress our nest,” are not inconsistent with the knowledge. The very generality of the words is some proof that he did not receive the vulgar story of the cuckoo eating his fellow-nestlings. The term, “oppress our nest,” is also singularly borne out by the observations of modern naturalists; for nests in which a cuckoo has been hatched have been found so crushed and flattened, that it has been almost impossible to determine the species to which they belonged.

“Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing,
We were enforc’d, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight.”

We have here an *approach* to the inaccuracy of the old naturalists. Pliny, having made the cuckoo devour the other nestlings, says, that the mother at last shares the same fate, for “the young cuckoo being once fledged and ready to fly abroad, is so bold as to seize on the old tit-

ling, and to eat her up that hatched her." Even Linnæus has the same story. But Shakspeare, in so beautifully carrying on the parallel between the cuckoo and the king, does not imply that the grown cuckoo swallowed the sparrow, but that the sparrow, timorous of "so great a bulk," kept aloof from her nest, "*durst* not come near *for fear* of swallowing. The extreme avidity of the bird for food is here only indicated: and Shakspeare might himself have seen the large fledged "gull" eagerly thrusting forward its open mouth, while the sparrow fluttered about the nest, where even its "love *durst* not come near." This extraordinary voracity of the young cuckoo has been ascertained beyond a doubt; but that it should be carnivorous is perfectly impossible: for its bill is only adapted for

feeding on caterpillars and other soft substances. But that its insatiable appetite makes it apparently violent, and, of course, an object of terror to a small bird, we have the evidence of that accurate observer, Mr. White of Selborne. He saw "a young cuckoo hatched in the nest of a titlark; it was become vastly too big for its nest, appearing

'To have stretched its wings beyond the little nest,' and was very fierce and pugnacious, pursuing my finger, as I teased it, for many feet from the nest, sparring and buffeting with its wings like a game cock. The dupe of a dam appeared at a distance, hovering about with meat in her mouth, and expressing the greatest solicitude." In the passage before us Shakspeare, it appears to us, speaks from his knowledge. But he has



also expressed the popular belief by the mouth of the fool in Lear:—

"For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
That it had its head bit off by its young."

29 SCENE IV.

"With a new wound in your thigh."

The old Chroniclers tell us that one of the followers of William the Conqueror committed a similar outrage upon the body of Harold.

HISTORICAL.

"King Henry," says Holinshed, "advertised of the proceedings of the Percies, forthwith gathered about him such power as he might make, and passed forward with such speed that he was in sight of his enemies lying in camp near to Shrewsbury before they were in doubt of any such thing." The Percies, according to the Chronicler, sent to the king the celebrated manifesto which is contained in Hardyng's Chronicle. The substance of the charges contained in this manifesto are repeated in Hotspur's speech to Sir Walter Blunt in the fourth Act. The interview of Worcester with the king, and its result, are thus described by Holinshed: "It was reported for a truth that now when the king had condescended unto all that was reasonable at his hands to be required, and seemed to humble himself more than was meet for his estate, the Earl of Worcester, upon his return to his nephew, made relation clean contrary to that the king had said:—"

"O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,—
The liberal kind offer of the king."

In the Chroniclers, Hotspur exhorts the troops;

Shakspeare clothes the exhortation with his own poetical spirit.

"Now, Esperancé!—Percy!—and set on,"—

is found in the Chroniclers:—"The adversaries cried *Esperance Percy*." The danger of the king, and the circumstance of others being caparisoned like him, are also mentioned by Holinshed.

The prowess of Prince Henry in this his first great battle is thus described by Holinshed: "The Prince that day help his father like a lusty young gentleman, for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow, so that divers noble men that were about him would have conveyed him forth of the field, yet he would in no wise suffer them so to do, lest his departure from his men might haply have stricken some fear into their hearts; and so, without regard of his hurt, he continued with his men, and never ceased, either to fight where the battle was most hottest, or to encourage his men where it seemed most need."

The personal triumph of Henry over Hotspur is a dramatic creation, perfectly warranted by the obscurity in which the Chroniclers leave the matter.

COSTUME.

THE fashions of the reign of Richard II. underwent little if any variation during that of Henry IV., as our engravings and descriptions of the monumental effigies and other portraits of the principal historical personages introduced in the two parts of this play will show.

To begin with the king; the effigy of Henry, in Canterbury Cathedral, is one of the most magnificent of the series of royal monuments. The king is represented in his robes of state, consisting of a long tunic, with pocket holes richly embroidered, as are also the borders of the sleeves. Over his shoulders is a cape which descends in front low enough to cover the girdle. The inner tunic has a rolling collar sitting close up into the neck. The mantle, with a broad edging of embroidery, is connected not only by cords and tassels, but by a splendidly-jewelled band, passing over the chest. The face has beard and moustaches, but no hair is visible on the head, it being cropped all round excessively short,—a fashion which commenced towards the close of this reign. The crown is very large and most tastefully ornamented, and may have

been a faithful representation of the "great Harry Crown," which was broken up by Henry V., and pawned in pieces, A.D. 1415, to raise monies for the expenses of the French war.

Of Henry Prince of Wales, there are two representations. One in a copy of Occleve's Poems in the Royal Collection, Brit. Mus., marked 17 D 6, in which the poet is depicted presenting a copy of his '*Regimine Principis*' to the prince, who is dressed in a pink robe, and wears a peculiarly-shaped coronet on his head. The other is a painting by Vertue, copied from some other illuminated MS. of Occleve's Poems, also representing that poet offering a book to the prince. The prince is therein habited in a long blue robe, with the extravagantly long sweeping-sleeves of the period, lined with ermine, and scalloped at the edges. His coronet is without the high pinnacles which distinguish it in the former representation.

The decoration of the collar of SS. first appears during this reign; but of the derivation we have still no precise information. The most

plausible conjecture is that it was formed of the repetition of the initial letter of Henry IV.'s word or device "Souveraine;" which appears also to have been that of his father, John of Gaunt. A great gold collar, called of Ilkington, is mentioned, in Rymer's 'Fœdera,' as having been a personal jewel of Henry V. while Prince of Wales. It was richly adorned with rubies, sapphires, and pearls, and pawned for £500 to the Bishop of Worcester, in 1415. To the prince also belonged a sword, the sheath of which was garnished with ostrich feathers, in goldsmith's work, or embroidery. Such dresses and decorations would, of course, be worn by Prince Henry only on state occasions. In his revels at the Boar's Head, he would wear only the dress of a private gentleman; and for the general dress of the time the best authorities are the illuminations in the MSS. marked Digby, 283, in the Bodleian Lib. Oxford, and No. 2332, in the Harleian Collect. Brit. Mus., which latter is a curious little calendar of the year 1411, every month being headed with the representation of a personage following some occupation or amusement, indicative of its peculiarities, and affording a most authentic specimen of the habit of the period. Of Prince John of Lancaster we know no representation until after he became Duke of Bedford. Nor are we aware of any portrait of Thomas Duke

of Clarence or Prince Humphrey of Gloster at this period. The Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland have been already presented, in their civil dresses, to our readers with the play of Richard II.; but we give the former, in complete armour, from his effigy in Staindrop Church, Durham, as an illustration of the military costume of this reign. The bascinet is ornamented with a splendid border and fillet of goldsmith's work and jewellery. The jupon, emblazoned with the arms of Neville, confined over the hips by an equally-magnificent military girdle. With the difference of the armorial bearings, such would be the appointments of every knight in the field, from the sovereign downwards, the king's bascinet, or those of the knights armed in *imitation* of the king, being surrounded by a crown instead of a jewelled band, or fillet.

Sir William Gascoigne, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, is represented in his judicial costume on his monument in Harwood Church, Yorkshire. For the dress of Falstaff and his companions the MSS. before mentioned must be consulted.

For the proper costume of the Ladies Northumberland, Percy, and Mortimer, we should point to the effigy of the Countess of Westmoreland, in Staindrop Church, Durham.



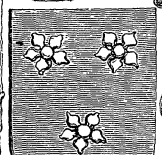
[Costume of Gentleman. Harl. MS. 2335.]



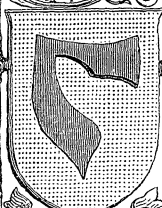
[Costume of Lady. Countess of Westmoreland.]



King Henry. IV.
PART. II.



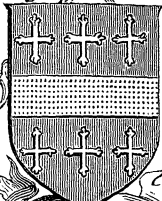
BARDOUR



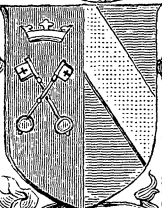
WASTING



LANCETON



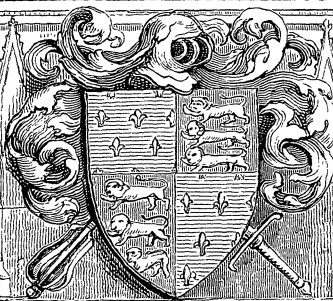
BARROUR



SCROPE



MOTTEBRO



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY IV.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 4.

HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, *afterwards* King Henry V., son to King Henry IV.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

THOMAS, *Duke of Clarence*, son to King Henry IV.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, *afterwards* created (2 Henry V.) *Duke of Bedford*, son to King Henry IV.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

PRINCE HUMPHREY of Gloster, *afterwards* created (2 Henry V.) *Duke of Gloster*, son to King Henry IV.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

EARL OF WARWICK, of the King's party.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND, of the King's party.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

GOWER, of the King's party.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

HARCOURT, of the King's party.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 4.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of the King's Bench.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, enemy to the King.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3.

SCROOP, *Archbishop of York*, LORD MOWBRAY, and LORD HASTINGS, enemies to the King.
Appear, Act I. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LORD BARDOLPH, enemy to the King.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3.

SIR JOHN COLEVILE, enemy to the King.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

TRAVERS and MORTON, domestics of Northumberland.
Appear, Act I. sc. 1.

FALSTAFF.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.

BARDOLPH.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.

PISTOL.
Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

Page.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.

POINS, an attendant on Prince Henry.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.

PETO, an attendant on Prince Henry.
Appears, Act II. sc. 4.

SHALLOW, a country justice.
Appears, Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.

SILENCE, a country justice.
Appears, Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

DAVY, servant to Shallow.
Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, recruits.
Appear, Act III. sc. 2.

FANG and SNARE, *sheriff's officers*.
Appear, Act II. sc. 1.

Rumour.
Appears, Induction.

A Porter.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

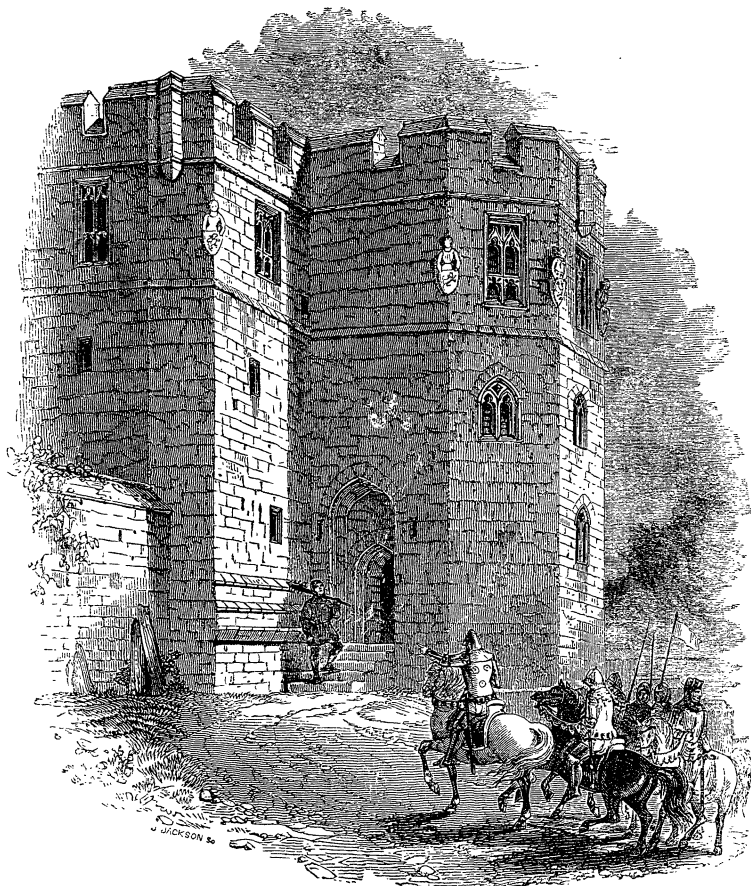
A Dancer, *speaker of the epilogue*.
Appears, Epilogue.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND and LADY PERCY.
Appear, Act II. sc. 3.

HOSTESS QUICKLY.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 4.

DOLL TEARSHEET.
Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 4.

SCENE,—ENGLAND.



[Entrance Tower of Warkworth Castle.]

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before Northumberland's Castle.*

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues^a.

RUM. Open your ears: For which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,

^a *Painted full of tongues.* This direction for the appearance of Rumour is found only in the quarto of 1600. The direction explains the sixth line:—

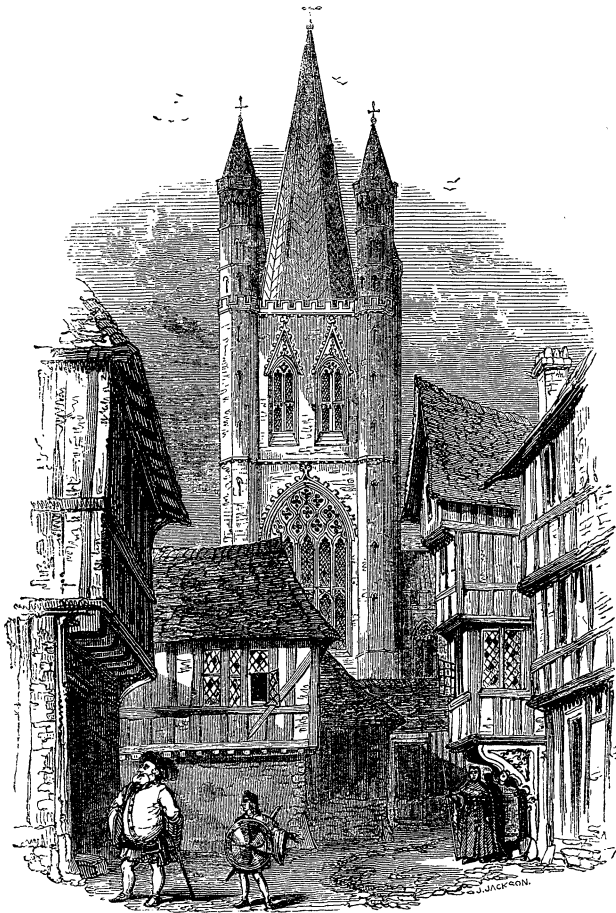
“Upon my tongues continual slanders ride.”

Rumour appears to have been exhibited in a similar manner in the masques preceding Shakspeare's time, and subsequently. Of the speech of Rumour Dr. Johnson says, “It is wholly useless.” The object of the poet was evidently to connect this Part of ‘Henry IV.’ with the First Part.

Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth :
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride¹ ;
 The which in every language I pronounce,
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
 I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :
 And who but Rumour, who but only I,
 Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,
 Whilst the big year, swoln with some other griefs,
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
 And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus
 My well-known body to anatomise
 Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
 I run before king Harry's victory ;
 Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
 Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
 To speak so true at first? my office is
 To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword ;
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
 Between the^a royal field of Shrewsbury
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone²,
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
 Lies crafty-sick : the posts come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me : From Rumour's tongues
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.

[Exit.

The. So the folio; quarto, *that*.



[SCENE II.—“Wait close, I will not see him.”]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

The Porter before the Gate; Enter LORD BARDOLPH.

L. BARD. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

PORT. What shall I say you are?

L. BARD. Tell thou the earl,

That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

PORT. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard.

Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

- L. BARD. Here comes the earl.
NORTH. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem^a:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.
- L. BARD. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.
- NORTH. Good, an heaven will!
- L. BARD. As good as heart can wish:
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!
- NORTH. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?
- L. BARD. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.
- NORTH. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.
- L. BARD. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

- NORTH. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?
- TRAV. My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came, spurring hard,

^a *Stratagem*—some military movement, according to the Greek derivation of the word;—some enterprise;—some decisive act on one part or the other, resulting from the wild times of contention.

A gentleman almost forspent^a with speed,
 That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse :
 He ask'd the way to Chester ; and of him
 I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.
 He told me, that rebellion had ill^b luck,
 And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold :
 With that, he gave his able horse the head,
 And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel-head^c ; and starting so,
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

NORTH. Ha !——Again.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold ?
 Of Hotspur, coldspur ? that rebellion
 Had met ill luck ?

L. BARD. My lord, I 'll tell you what ;—
 If my young lord your son have not the day,
 Upon mine honour, for a silken point
 I 'll give my barony : never talk of it.

NORTH. Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers
 Give then such instances of loss ?

L. BARD. Who, he ?
 He was some hilding^c fellow, that had stolen
 The horse he rode on ; and, upon my life,
 Spake at adventure^d. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

NORTH. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf^e,
 Foretells the nature of a tragic volume :
 So looks the strond, whereon^f the imperious flood
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
 Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury ?
 MOR. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord ;

^a *Forspent*. *For*, as a prefix to a verb, is used to give it intensity. *Forwearied*, in 'King John,' and *forspent*, here, mean *wearied out, outspent*. The prefix, according to Tooke, is identical with *forth*.

^b *Ill*. So the folio; the quarto, *bad*.

^c *Hilding*—an expression of contempt for a cowardly spiritless person. Some derive it from the Anglo-Saxon *hyldan*, to bend;—from which *hilding, hireling*. We find it several times in Shakspeare. Capulet calls Juliet a *hilding*. In 'Henry V.' we have "a *hilding* foe."

^d *Adventure*. So the folio. The common reading is, *at a venture*.

^e *Title-leaf*. Poems of lament—elegies, in the restricted sense of the word—were distinguished by a black title-page.

^f *Whereon*, in the quarto; the folio, *when*.

Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

NORTH. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone^a,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say,—Your son did thus, and thus:
Your brother thus: so fought the noble Douglas:
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

MOR. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:
But, for my lord your son,——

NORTH. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

MOR. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

NORTH. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear^b, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,

^a *Woe-begone*. Dr. Bentley, whose commentary on Milton is more laughter-provoking than most jest-books, thought this passage corrupt, and proposed to read,

“So dull, so dead in look, Ucalegon
Drew Priam's curtain,” &c.

^b *Fear*—danger; matter or occasion of fear.

Remember'd knolling a departing friend^a.

L. BARD. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

MOR. I am sorry I should force you to believe

That which I would to heaven I had not seen :

But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,

Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,

To Henry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth,

From whence with life he never more sprung up.

In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire

Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)

Being bruited once, took fire and heat away

From the best-temper'd courage in his troops :

For from his metal was his party steel'd ;

Which once in him abated, all the rest

Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.

And as the thing that 's heavy in itself,

Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed ;

So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,

Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,

That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,

Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,

Fly from the field : Then was that noble Worcester

Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious Scot,

The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword

Had three times slain the appearance of the king,

'Gan veil his stomach, and did grace the shame

Of those that turn'd their backs ; and, in his flight,

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all

Is, that the king hath won ; and hath sent out

A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,

Under the conduct of young Lancaster,

And Westmoreland : this is the news at full.

NORTH. For this I shall have time enough to mourn

In poison there is physic ; and these news,

Having been well that would have made me sick,

Being sick, have in some measure made me well :

And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,

^a *Departing friend*. Malone thought that departing was here used for departed. In Shakspeare's 71st Sonnet we have,

“ No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled.

But the ancient custom was for the bell to ring for the *departing* soul—not for the soul that had fled. Hence it was called the *passing bell*.

Like strengthless hinges, buckle^a under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief^b,
 Are thrice themselves: hence, therefore, thou nice^c crutch;
 A scaly gauntlet^d now, with joints of steel,
 Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif;
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron: And approach
 The raggedst^d hour that time and spite dare bring,
 To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
 Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not Nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
 And let the world no longer be a stage
 To feed contention in a lingering act;
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead!

[TRA. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord^e.]

L. BARD. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

MOR. The lives of all your loving complices

Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er

To stormy passion, must perforce decay.

You cast the event of war, my noble lord,

And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,

Let us make head. It was your presurmise,

That in the dole of blows your son might drop:

You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,

More likely to fall in than to get o'er:

You were advis'd his flesh was capable

Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward spirit

Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd:

^a *Buckle*. This word, which here means *to bend*, is used precisely in the same signification in the present day, when applied to a horse, whose "weaken'd joints, like strengthless hinges," are said to *buckle*.

^b *Grief*. In this line the *first* "grief" is put for bodily pain; the second for mental sorrow.

^c *Nice*—weak.

^d *Raggedst*. Theobald, and other editors, changed this to *ruggedst*. We find the epithet several times in Shakspeare. In this play we have,

"A *ragged* and forestall'd remission."

In the 6th Sonnet—

"Then let not winter's *ragged* hand deface
 In thee thy summer."

It means something broken, torn, wanting consistency and coherence.

^e This line is not in the folio. It is found in the quarto.

Yet did you say,—Go forth ; and none of this,
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
 The stiff-borne action : What hath then befallen,
 Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
 More than that being which was like to be^a ?

L. BARD. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
 That if we wrought out life 't was ten to one :
 And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
 Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;
 And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth ; body, and goods.

MOR. 'T is more than time : And, my most noble lord,
 I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—
 The gentle archbishop of York is up,
 With well-appointed powers ; he is a man,
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.
 My lord your son had only but the corps,
 But shadows and the shows of men, to fight :
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide
 The action of their bodies from their souls ;
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
 As men drink potions ; that their weapons only
 Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
 As fish are in a pond : But now the bishop
 Turns insurrection to religion :
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 He 's follow'd both with body and with mind ;
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
 Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones :
 Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause ;
 Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;
 And more and less^b do flock to follow him^c.

NORTH. I knew of this before ; but, to speak truth,
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
 Go in with me ; and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety and revenge :
 Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed ;
 Never so few, nor^d never yet more need.

[*Exeunt.*

^a The preceding fourteen lines were first printed in the folio.

^b *More and less*—greater and less—great and small.

^c The preceding twenty-one lines were first printed in the folio.

^d *Nor.* So the folio ; the quarto, *and*.

SCENE II.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

FAL. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

PAGE. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

FAL. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird^a at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent^b anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath o'erwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate^c till now; but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as^d a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said master Dumble-don about the satin for my short cloak and slops?

PAGE. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

FAL. Let him be damned like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—a whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up^e, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may

^a *Gird.* To gird is to smite, and thence metaphorically to *jeer*, to scoff at.

^b *Invent.* So the old editions; the common reading is *vent*.

^c *Agate.* Falstaff compares his little page to an agate, for his diminutiveness. In the same manner Queen Mab, in 'Romeo and Juliet,' comes,

"In shape no bigger than an agate stone."

But agate-stones were also often "cut or graven with some forms and images in them, namely, of famous men's heads." So says Florio, in his 'New World of Words,' under the word *for-maglio*.

^d *As.* The old copies read, *at*.

^e *Taking up*—buying upon credit.

sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him. Where's Bardolph?

PAGE. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

FAL. I bought him in Paul's⁵, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield⁶: if I could get me a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and an Attendant.

PAGE. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

FAL. Wait close, I will not see him.

CH. JUST. What's he that goes there?

ATTEN. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

CH. JUST. He that was in question for the robbery?

ATTEN. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

CH. JUST. What, to York? Call him back again.

ATTEN. Sir John Falstaff!

FAL. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

PAGE. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

CH. JUST. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

ATTEN. Sir John,——

FAL. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

ATTEN. You mistake me, sir.

FAL. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

ATTEN. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

FAL. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged: You hunt counter^a; hence! avaunt!

ATTEN. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

CH. JUST. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

FAL. My good lord!—Give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship

^a *Hunt counter.* The hound that runs *counter* hunts upon a wrong scent—"on the false trail." ('Hamlet.') Falstaff either tells the attendant "you hunt counter"—you hunt the wrong way; or calls him a "hunt-counter,"—which also might imply that the attendant was a bailiff's follower—a "counter-rat," as Sir Thomas Overbury has it.

goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

CH. JUST. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

FAL. If it please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

CH. JUST. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

FAL. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

CH. JUST. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

FAL. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy; a sleeping of the blood, a whoreson tingling^a.

CH. JUST. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

FAL. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain; I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

CH. JUST. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

FAL. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

CH. JUST. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I be your physician.

FAL. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

CH. JUST. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

FAL. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

CH. JUST. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

FAL. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

CH. JUST. Your means are very slender, and your waste great.

FAL. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

CH. JUST. You have misled the youthful prince.

FAL. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow^b with the great belly, and he my dog.

CH. JUST. Well, I am loth to gall a new-healed wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

^a *Tingling*. In this speech we give the reading of the folio.

^b *The fellow, &c.* This is probably an allusion to some well-known beggar of Shakspeare's day.

FAL. My lord?

CH. JUST. But since all is well, keep it so : wake not a sleeping wolf.

FAL. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

CH. JUST. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

FAL. A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

CH. JUST. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

FAL. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

CH. JUST. You follow the young prince up and down, like his evil angel^a.

FAL. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell^b: Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger's times^c, that true valour is turned bearherd: Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

CH. JUST. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single^d? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

^a *Evil angel*. *Evil* is the reading of the folio; *ill* of the quarto. Theobald says, "If this were the true reading, Falstaff could not have made the witty and humorous evasion he has done in his reply." It may be answered, however, that the humour of the evasion is perhaps rather heightened by Falstaff's change of the epithet from *evil* to *ill*. When he says "an ill angel is light," his allusion is to the coin called an angel.

^b *I cannot tell*. Johnson interprets this, I cannot pass current. Gifford objects to this interpretation, saying that the expression, which is frequent in Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher, has here only its common colloquial meaning.

^c *Costermonger's times*—times of petty traffic, when qualities are rated by money's worth. A costard is an apple;—thence a costard-monger;—and so the word came to imply, as it does now, a small huckstering dealer. In the quarto and folio we have *coster-monger's*; Shakspeare sometimes uses a substantive adjectively, but the modern editors have considered this to be a rule of his phraseology, which it is not.

^d *Wit single*. Single may be taken for *small*, according to Steevens, who gives us the example of single beer for small beer. But this use of the word has reference to the quantity of malt consumed in the production of the beer. The expression in 'Romeo and Juliet,' "O single-soled jest!" has also a direct reference to the thinness of Romeo's pump. We can scarcely, therefore, say that *single* means *small*, taken generally; but the Chief Justice, it appears to us, has lost something of his characteristic gravity, and has become infected by him who was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others; and he thus opposes the *single wit* to the *double chin*; and also suggests the real character of *wit*. All wit is to a certain extent *double*;—it has the obvious meaning, and the more recondite meaning which makes the point. *Single wit* is very much the same as *pointless wit*. It is to be observed that in the folio "your chin double" is omitted—a typographical error, we have little doubt.

FAL. My lord, I was born [about three of the clock in the afternoon,] with a white head, and something a round belly^a. For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

CH. JUST. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

FAL. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

CH. JUST. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry: I hear you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop and the earl of Northumberland.

FAL. Yes; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, if I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily, —if it be a hot day, if I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: [But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.^b]

CH. JUST. Well, be honest, be honest; And Heaven bless your expedition!

FAL. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

CH. JUST. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses.

Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt* CHIEF JUSTICE and Attendant.]

FAL. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle⁷. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!

PAGE. Sir?

FAL. What money is in my purse?

PAGE. Seven groats and two-pence.

FAL. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing

^a *My lord, &c.* The quarto reads, "My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head," &c. The folio omits "about three of the clock in the afternoon." The point of Falstaff's reply is, that two of the marks of age which the Chief Justice objects to him were natural to him—he was *born* with them; and this the reading of the folio retains; but the grave mention of the unessential particular is characteristic.

^b The passages between brackets are omitted in the folio.

only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of anything; I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, the LORD HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and LORD BARDOLPH.

ARCH. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,

Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:

And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

MOWB. I well allow the occasion of our arms;

But gladly would be better satisfied

How, in our means, we should advance ourselves

To look with forehead bold and big enough

Upon the power and puissance of the king.

HAST. Our present musters grow upon the file

To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice;

And our supplies live largely in the hope

Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns

With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. BARD. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus;

Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand

May hold up head without Northumberland.

HAST. With him, we may.

L. BARD. Ay, marry, there's the point;

But if without him we be thought too feeble,

My judgment is, we should not step too far

Till we had his assistance by the hand:

For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,

Conjecture, expectation, and surmise

Of aids incertain, should not be admitted^a.

ARCH. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,

^a The four lines here ending were added in the folio.

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. BARD. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

HAST. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

L. BARD. Yes;—if this present quality of war
(Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot)
Lives so in hope^a, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection:
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up,) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else^b,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost

^a Yes, &c. The ordinary reading of this passage is as follows:—

“ Yes, *in* this present quality of war;—
Indeed the instant action, (a cause on foot,)
Lives so in hope,” &c.

Modern editors have changed the *if* of the original into *in*, and pointed the passage accordingly. They have thus made that unintelligible which, with care in the punctuation, presents little difficulty. As we read the passage the meaning is this:—Hastings has said that it never yet did hurt to lay down forms of hope. Bardolph replies yes (it does hurt), *if* the present condition of our war—*if* the instant state of our action and cause on foot—lives only in such hope as the premature buds of an early spring.

^b The twenty lines here ending were added in the folio.

A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

HAST. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation;
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. BARD. What! is the king but five-and-twenty thousand?

HAST. To us no more; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads; one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us: So is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

ARCH. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

HAST. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

L. BARD. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

HAST. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

ARCH. Let us on;
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that when Richard liv'd would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,

When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Criest now, "O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!" O thoughts of men accurs'd!

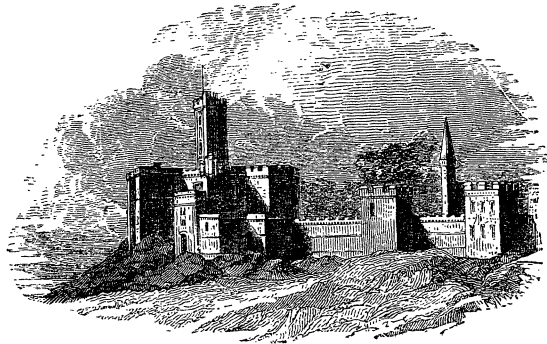
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst^a.

MowB. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

* The whole of this speech of the Archbishop was added in the folio.



[*Warkworth Castle.*]



[SCENE I.—“Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.”]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Hostess; FANG, and his Boy, with her; and SNARE following.

HOST. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

FANG. It is entered.

HOST. Where's your yeoman^a? Is't a lusty yeoman? will he stand to 't?

FANG. Sirrah, where's Snare?

HOST. Ay, ay; good! Master Snare^b!

^a *Yeoman.* The bailiff's follower was called a sergeant's yeoman.

^b *Master Snare.* The passage ordinarily reads *good master Snare*. We have altered the punctuation, according to a suggestion of Capell.

SNARE. Here, here.

FANG. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

HOST. Ay, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

SNARE. It may chance cost some of us our lives; he will stab.

HOST. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

FANG. If I can close with him I care not for his thrust.

HOST. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

FANG. If I but fist him once; if he come but within my vice;—

HOST. I am undone with his going; I warrant he is an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good master Fang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continuantly to Piecorner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one^a for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose^b Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

FAL. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

FANG. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

FAL. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

HOST. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murther, murther! O thou honeysuckle^c villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man queller, and a woman queller.

FAL. Keep them off, Bardolph.

FANG. A rescue! a rescue!

HOST. Good people, bring a rescue. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

^a *Long one.* So the old copies. The general reading is *long loan*. But the debt was hardly a loan; it was a score. Sir John had eaten the widow out of house and home; she therefore says that a hundred mark was a long *one*—a long mark—a long reckoning or score.

^b *Malmsey nose.* So the folio; in the quarto, *malmsey-nose knave*.

^c *Honeysuckle.* Supposed to be Mistress Quickly's corruption of *homicidal*. In the same way *honey-seed* for *homicide*.

FAL. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle^a your catastrophe.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, attended.

CH. JUST. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

HOST. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

CH. JUST. How now, sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.—

Stand from him, fellow. Wherefore hang'st upon him?

HOST. O, my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

CH. JUST. For what sum?

HOST. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have; he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

FAL. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

CH. JUST. How comes this, sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

FAL. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

HOST. ^sMarry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt^b goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father^c to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst not thou, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee three thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

FAL. My lord, this is a poor mad soul: and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

CH. JUST. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of

^a *Tickle* in the quarto; in the folio, *tuck*.

^b *Parcel-gilt*—partially gilt, or what is now technically called *party-gilt*.

^c *Liking his father*. The folio reads, *likening him*.

wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. I know you have practised upon the easy yielding spirit of this woman.

HOST. Yes, in troth, my lord.

CH. JUST. Prithee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

FAL. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will court'sy and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs⁹.

CH. JUST. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

FAL. Come hither, hostess.

[*Taking her aside.*]

Enter GOWER.

CH. JUST. Now, master Gower: What news?

GOW. The king, my lord, and Henry Prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

FAL. As I am a gentleman;—

HOST. Nay, you said so before.

FAL. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

HOST. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

FAL. Glasses, glasses¹⁰, is the only drinking; and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work¹¹, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me. Come, I know thou wast set on to this.

HOST. Prithee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles. I loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

FAL. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

HOST. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper: You'll pay me all together?

FAL. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [*to BARDOLPH*] hook on, hook on.

HOST. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

FAL. No more words, let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page.*]

CH. JUST. I have heard better news.

FAL. What's the news, my good lord?

CH. JUST. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

FAL. I hope, my lord, all 's well: What is the news, my lord?

CH. JUST. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

FAL. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

CH. JUST. You shall have letters of me presently:

Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

FAL. My lord!

CH. JUST. What 's the matter?

FAL. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good sir John.

CH. JUST. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up
in counties as you go.

FAL. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

CH. JUST. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

FAL. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them
me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

CH. JUST. Now the lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. HEN. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

POINS. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached
one of so high blood.

P. HEN. 'Faith it doth me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness
to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

POINS. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak
a composition.

P. HEN. Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do
now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble
considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is
it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take
note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that
were thy peach-coloured ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one
for superfluity, and one for other use?—but that the tennis-court keeper
knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou
keep'st not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the
rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland.

POINS. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard you should talk so

idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours is?

P. HEN. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

POINS. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. HEN. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

POINS. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you'll tell.

P. HEN. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

POINS. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. HEN. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

POINS. The reason?

P. HEN. What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep?

POINS. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. HEN. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

POINS. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. HEN. And to thee.

POINS. Nay, I am well spoken of; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. HEN. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and see, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

BARD. Save your grace!

P. HEN. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

BARD. Come, you pernicious ass, [*to the Page*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become! Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

PAGE. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. HEN. Hath not the boy profited?

BARD. Away, you whoreson, upright rabbit, away!

PAGE. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. HEN. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

PAGE. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream^a.

P. HEN. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy.

[Gives him money.]

POINS. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

BARD. If you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall be wronged.

P. HEN. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

BARD. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

POINS. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas^b, your master?

BARD. In bodily health, sir?

POINS. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. HEN. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

POINS. [Reads.] John Falstaff, knight, —Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, "There is some of the king's blood spilt:" "How comes that?" says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap^c; "I am the king's poor cousin, sir."

P. HEN. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

POINS. "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry, prince of Wales, greeting."—Why, this is a certificate.

P. HEN. Peace!

POINS. "I will imitate the honourable Romans^d in brevity:"—sure he means

^a *Althea dreamed*, &c. Dr. Johnson says, "Shakspeare is here mistaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's." In 'The Second Part of Henry VI.' we have mention of

"The fatal brand Althea burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon."

Shakspeare, then, was acquainted with the right story of Althea. Might he not, of purpose, make the precocious, impudent page, who had been drinking at the house with the red lattice-window, attempt a joke out of his *half*-knowledge? Or did the poet here make a slip?

^b *Martlemas*—the feast of St. Martin, the 11th of November. Poins calls Falstaff the martlemas, because his year of life is running out.

^c *Borrower's cap*. The old copies read *borrowed cap*. Warburton suggested the emendation. A borrower's cap is always at hand, ready to be doffed to the lender.

^d *Romans*. So the old copies. Modern editors read *Roman*, thinking the allusion was to Brutus or Cæsar. Capell observes, "The matter in question is epistolary *brevity*, and in particular the forms of addressing, in which the Romans were most concise; many not remote from Sir John's *I commend me to thee*, &c., are found in all their epistles."

brevity in breath; short-winded.—“I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John with all Europe.”

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. HEN. That 's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

POINS. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. HEN. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

BARD. Yes, my lord.

P. HEN. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank^a?

BARD. At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

P. HEN. What company?

PAGE. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. HEN. Sup any women with him?

PAGE. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. HEN. What pagan may that be?

PAGE. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. HEN. Even such kin as the parish-heifers are to the town-bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

POINS. I am your shadow, my lord; I 'll follow you.

P. HEN. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master that I am yet in town: There 's for your silence.

BARD. I have no tongue, sir.

PAGE. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. HEN. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt* BARD. and PAGE.]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

POINS. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. HEN. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

POINS. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table like drawers.

P. HEN. From a god to a bull? a heavy declension^b! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in everything, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt*.

^a *Frank*. To frank is to cram, to fatten; and thus a frank is a *sty*. In Holland's Pliny we have, “These guests of his fared so highly that a man would have said they had been *frank-fed*.”

^b *Declension*. So the folio; the quarto, *descension*.

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady* NORTHUMBERLAND, and *Lady* PERCY.

NORTH. I prithee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs :

Put not you on the visage of the times,

And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

LADY N. I have given over, I will speak no more :

Do what you will ; your wisdom be your guide.

NORTH. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn ;

And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

LADY P. O, yet, for Heaven's sake, go not to these wars !

The time was, father, that you broke your word,

When you were more endear'd to it than now ;

When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,

Threw many a northward look, to see his father

Bring up his powers ; but he did long in vain.

Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?

There were two honours lost ; yours, and your son's.

For yours, may heavenly glory brighten it !

For his, it stuck upon him, as the sun

In the gray vault of heaven : and, by his light,

Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts ; he was, indeed, the glass

Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

He had no legs that practis'd not his gait :

And speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant ;

For those that could speak low, and tardily,

Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

To seem like him : So that, in speech, in gait,

In diet, in affections of delight,

In military rules, humours of blood,

He was the mark and glass, copy and book,

That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him !

O miracle of men !—him did you leave,

(Second to none, unseconded by you,)

To look upon the hideous god of war

In disadvantage ; to abide a field,

Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

Did seem defensible :—so you left him :

Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,

To hold your honour more precise and nice

With others, than with him; let them alone;
 The marshal and the archbishop are strong:
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
 To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
 Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave^a.

NORTH. Beshrew your heart,
 Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
 With new lamenting ancient oversights.
 But I must go, and meet with danger there;
 Or it will seek me in another place,
 And find me worse provided.

LADY N. O, fly to Scotland,
 Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
 Have of their puissance made a little taste.

LADY P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
 Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
 To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
 First let them try themselves: So did your son;
 He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;
 And never shall have length of life enough,
 To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
 For recordation to my noble husband.

NORTH. Come, come, go in with me: 't is with my mind,
 As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
 That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
 Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
 But many thousand reasons hold me back:
 I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
 Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

- 1 DRAW. What hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'st sir John cannot endure an apple-John.
- 2 DRAW. Thou sayest true: The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more sir Johns: and, putting off his hat, said, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights." It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.
- 1 DRAW. Why, then, cover, and set them down: And see if thou canst find

^a *Monmouth's grave.* The twenty-two lines here ending were first printed in the folio.

out Sneak's noise^a; mistress Tear-sheet would fain have some music.
[Despatch:—The room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.]

2 DRAW. Sirrah, here will be the prince and master Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 DRAW. By the mass, here will be old utis^b: It will be an excellent stratagem.

2 DRAW. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.]

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

HOST. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulside beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere we can say,—What's this? How do you now?

DOLL. Better than I was. Hem.

HOST. Why, that was well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

FAL.

When Arthur first in court—

Empty the jordan.—

And was a worthy king^c:

[Exit Drawer.] How now, mistress Doll?

HOST. Sick of a calm^d; yea, good sooth.

FAL. So is all her sect; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

DOLL. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

FAL. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

DOLL. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

FAL. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases,
Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

DOLL. Ay, marry; our chains and our jewels.

^a *Sneak's noise.* A noise of musicians is a *band*.

^b *Old utis.* Utis is the octave of a festival; and so the word passed into the meaning of merriment generally. *Old* does not here mean ancient, but extreme, very good—a sense in which it is often used by Shakspeare, and the writers of his time.

^c *Worthy king.* The ballad, of which Falstaff here sings a snatch, may be found in Percy's 'Reliques,' vol. i. It commences thus:—

“ When Arthur first in court began,
And was approved king,
By force of armes great victorys wanne,
And conquest home did bring.”

^d *Calm.* The Hostess means *qualm*.

FAL.

Your brooches, pearls, and owches^a:

—for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely:—

[DOLL. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!]

HOST. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good year! one must bear, and that must be you: [to DOLL] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

DOLL. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack—thou art going to the wars: and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares^b.

Re-enter Drawer.

DRAW. Sir, ancient^c Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

DOLL. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

HOST. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here; I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

FAL. Dost thou hear, hostess?

HOST. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

FAL. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

HOST. Tilly-fally^d, sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not

^a *Your brooches, &c.* Falstaff is here again singing a scrap of an old ballad (Percy's 'Reliques,' vol. i.):—

“A kirtle, and a mantle,
This boy had him upon,
With brooches, rings, and owches
Full daintily bedone.”

^b It has been suggested to us by a critical reader of Shakspeare, that these lines are metrical; that Doll, falling in with the musical vein of Falstaff, propitiates him with a little extempore lyric:—

“Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack;
Thou art going to the wars;
And whether I shall ever see thee again,
Or no, there is nobody cares.”

^c *Ancient.* This ancient is the standard, the ensign; and so the bearer of the ensign is also the ancient. Iago is Othello's ancient; Pistol, Falstaff's.

^d *Tilly-fally.* This interjection, or rather *Tilley-valley*, is said to have been often used by the lady of Sir Thomas More. The origin is somewhat obscure; though it is supposed to have been an old French hunting cry.

in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—“Neighbour Quickly,” says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—“Neighbour Quickly,” says he, “receive those that are civil; for,” saith he, “you are in an ill name;”—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; “for,” says he, “you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: Receive,” says he, “no swaggering companions.”—There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I’ll no swaggerers.

FAL. He’s no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater^a, he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

HOST. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: But I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

DOLL. So you do, hostess.

HOST. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an’t were an aspen-leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

PIST. Save you, sir John!

FAL. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

PIST. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

FAL. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

HOST. Come, I’ll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I’ll drink no more than will do me good, for no man’s pleasure, I.

PIST. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

DOLL. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

PIST. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

DOLL. Away, you cutpurse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I’ll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What, with two points on your shoulder? much^b!

PIST. I will murder your ruff for this.

[FAL. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.]

HOST. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

^a *Cheater*. The singular origin of this word is indicated in a passage of ‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’: “I will be *cheaters* to them both, and they shall be *exchequers* to me.” The officers that manage the *escheats* of the crown were *escheators*; and from the oppression and extortion which they too commonly exercised in the discharge of their offices came the word *to cheat*. The Hostess, in her reply, understands the name *cheater* in its official meaning: “I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater.”

^b *Much*—an expression of contempt.

DOLL. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word as odious as the word occupy^a; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

BARD. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

FAL. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

PIST. Not I: tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

PAGE. Pray thee, go down.

PIST. I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, fainers! Have we not Hiren here?

HOST. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

PIST. These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses,

And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,

Which cannot go but thirty miles a day^b,

Compare with Cæsars and with Cannibals^c,

And Trojan Greeks?

Nay, rather damn them with king Cerberus;

And let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?

HOST. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

BARD. Be gone, good ancient; this will grow to a brawl anon.

PIST. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; Have we not Hiren here?

HOST. On my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

PIST. Then, feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis:

Come, give me some sack.

“Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.”¹²—

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his sword.*]

Come we to full points here; and are *et ceteras* nothing?

^a The folio merely has “A captain! these villains will make the word odious.” We give the text of the quarto.

^b *Hollow pamper'd jades*, &c. Pistol's fustian speeches are made up from scraps of old plays. The following lines are in Marlowe's ‘*Tamburlaine*’ (1590):—

“Holla, you pamper'd jades of Asia!

What! can you draw but twenty miles a day?”

^c *Cannibals*. Pistol, whose learning is on a par with Dame Quickly's, means Hannibals. It is curious enough that the Italian of this worthy, a few lines farther on, was corrected, in sober earnest, by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

FAL. Pistol, I would be quiet.

PIST. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif^a: What! we have seen the seven stars.

DOLL. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

PIST. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

FAL. Quito him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling¹³: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

BARD. Come, get you down stairs.

PIST. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—*[Snatching up his sword.*

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say^b!

HOST. Here's goodly stuff toward!

FAL. Give me my rapier, boy.

DOLL. I prithee, Jack, I prithee, do not draw.

FAL. Get you down stairs. *[Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.*

HOST. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tiritits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. *[Exeunt PIST. and BARD.*

DOLL. I prithee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

HOST. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

FAL. Have you turned him out of doors?

BARD. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

FAL. A rascal! to brave me!

DOLL. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st!

Come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops:—Ah, rogue!

I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

FAL. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

DOLL. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

PAGE. The music is come, sir.

FAL. Let them play;—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

DOLL. And thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig¹⁴, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

^a *Neif*—*fist*. So, in 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream,' Bottom says "Give me thy *neif*, monsieur Mustard-seed." The word *neif*, or *neive*, is still commonly used in Scotland.

^b Pistol's speeches in the original quarto and folio are given as prose. We believe they were meant to be metrical, after his fashion—imitations of some of the fustian lines of contemporary plays.

Enter behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised like Drawers.

FAL. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

DOLL. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

FAL. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

DOLL. They say Poins hath a good wit.

FAL. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet^a.

DOLL. Why doth the prince love him so then?

FAL. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare^b with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. HEN. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

POINS. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. HEN. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

POINS. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

FAL. Kiss me, Doll.

P. HEN. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction; what says the almanac to that?

POINS. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

FAL. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

DOLL. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

FAL. I am old, I am old.

DOLL. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

FAL. What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of?^c I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

DOLL. By my troth thou'lt set me a weeping, if thou sayest so: prove that I ever dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken the end.

FAL. Some sack, Francis.

P. HEN., POINS. Anon, anon, sir.

[Advancing.]

FAL. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Poins his brother?

P. HEN. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

^a *Mallet*—mallard.

^b *Rides the wild mare*—plays at see-saw.

^c *Kirtle*. Gifford explains ('Jonson,' ii. 260) that the word "is used in a two-fold sense, sometimes for the jacket merely, and sometimes for the train or upper petticoat attached to it."

FAL. A better than thou ; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. HEN. Very true, sir : and I come to draw you out by the ears.

HOST. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace ! by my troth, welcome to London.

—Now Heaven bless that sweet face of thine ! What, are you come from Wales ?

FAL. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. *[Leaning his hand upon DOLL.]*

DOLL. How ! you fat fool, I scorn you.

POINS. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merri-ment, if you take not the heat.

P. HEN. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman !

HOST. Blessing on your good heart ! and so she is, by my troth.

FAL. Didst thou hear me ?

P. HEN. Yes ; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill : you knew I was at your back ; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

FAL. No, no, no, not so ; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. HEN. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse ; and then I know how to handle you.

FAL. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour ; no abuse.

P. HEN. Not to dispraise me ; and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what ?

FAL. No abuse, Hal.

POINS. No abuse !

FAL. No abuse, Ned, in the world ; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him :—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal ;—none, Ned, none ;—no, boys, none.

P. HEN. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us ? Is she of the wicked ? Is thine hostess here of the wicked ? or is the boy of the wicked ? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked ?

POINS. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

FAL. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph, irrecoverable ; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him ; but the devil outbids him too.

P. HEN. For the women,—

FAL. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul ! For the other,—I owe her money ; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

HOST. No, I warrant you.

FAL. No, I think thou art not ; I think thou art quit for that : Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law ; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

HOST. All victuallers do so: what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. HEN. You, gentlewoman,—

DOLL. What says your grace?

FAL. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

HOST. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door, there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. HEN. Peto, how now? what news?

PETO. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. HEN. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.

[Exeunt PRINCE HENRY, POINS, PETO, and BARDOLPH.]

FAL. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and
leave it unpicked. *[Knocking heard.]*

More knocking at the door!

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

BARD. You must away to court, sir, presently;

A dozen captains stay at door for you.

FAL. Pay the musicians, sirrah *[to the Page]*.—Farewell, hostess;—farewell,
Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the
undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good
wenches: If I be not sent away post I will see you again ere I go.

DOLL. I cannot speak;—If my heart be not ready to burst:—well, sweet Jack,
have a care of thyself.

FAL. Farewell, farewell.

[Exeunt FAL. and BARD.]

HOST. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years,
come peascod time; but an honestest and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare
thee well.

BARD. *[Within.]* Mistress Tear-sheet.

HOST. What's the matter?

BARD. *[Within.]* Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

HOST. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, with a Page.

K. HEN. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them: Make good speed.
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell^a?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them

[*Exit Page.*]

^a *A watch-case, &c.* The metaphor here may be taken thus:—The kingly couch, the place of repose for the king, being deserted by sleep, is as the case or box in which the wakeful sentinel is sheltered: it is also as a common 'larum-bell, which is to rouse a sleeping population upon the approach of danger. But a 'larum, an alarum, an alarm, was also called a *watch*. In an ancient inventory cited by Strutt, there is the following article: "A *laume*, or watch of iron, in an iron case, with two leaden plummets." By this *laume*, or watch of iron, we are to understand the instrument which we now call an alarum—a machine attached to a clock so as to ring at a certain hour. It is difficult to say whether Shakspeare means by the "watch-case" the box of a sentinel, and by the "common 'larum-bell" the alarm-bell which is rung out in cases of danger; or whether the "watch-case" is the covering of an instrument which gives motion to the bell of an alarum. It is possible, in either case, that the *or* in the line is a misprint, for which *by* or *for* might be substituted; and then the comparison would not be double; but the kingly couch would be as unfavourable to sleep as the case or box of him who watches *by* the alarm-bell of a garrison; or as the covering of a watch *for* an alarm-bell.

With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds ^a,
 That, with the hurly ^b, death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down ^c!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

WAR. Many good-morrows to your majesty!

K. HEN. Is it good morrow, lords?

WAR. 'T is one o'clock, and past.

K. HEN. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

WAR. We have, my liege.

K. HEN. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,

And with what danger, near the heart of it.

WAR. It is but as a body yet distemper'd ^d,

Which to his former strength may be restor'd,

With good advice and little medicine:

My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. HEN. O Heaven! that one might read the book of fate;

And see the revolution of the times

Make mountains level, and the continent

(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself

Into the sea! and, other times, to see

The beachy girdle of the ocean

Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,

And changes fill the cup of alteration

^a *Clouds*. Some editors have proposed to read *shrouds*. A line in 'Julius Cæsar' makes Shakspeare's meaning clear:—

"I have seen

Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,

To be exalted with the threatening *clouds*."

^b *Hurly*—loud noise. Some say from the French *hurler*, to yell. *Hurling*, however, means a disturbance, a commotion; and we have it used in this sense in the 'Paston Letters.' *Hurly*, therefore, in the sense of noise, may be a consequential meaning from the *hurling*, which implies noise.

^c *Then, happy low, lie down*. Warburton's correction of "happy, lowly clown," which Johnson adopted, was somewhat bold. *Happy low-lie-down* was suggested by Coleridge: "I know of no argument by which to persuade any one to be of my opinion, or rather of my feeling; but yet I cannot help feeling that 'Happy low-lie-down!' is either a proverbial expression, or the burthen of some old song, and means, 'Happy the man who lays himself down on his straw bed or chaff pallet on the ground or floor!'"

^d *Distemper'd* is used as indicating a state of ill-health, somewhat milder than the rank *diseases* of which the King speaks.

With divers liquors! [O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.^a]
'T is not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars: It is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,
When Richard,—with his eye brimfull of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
"Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;"—
Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—
"The time shall come," thus did he follow it,
"The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:"—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

[To WARWICK.

WAR. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. HEN. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:
And that same word even now cries out on us;

^a These four lines, not in the folio, are found in the quarto of 1600.

They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

WAR. It cannot be, my lord ;

Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the feared ; Please it your grace
To go to bed ; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill ;
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. HEN. I will take your counsel :
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting ; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE,
BULL-CALF, and Servants behind.*

SHAL. Come on, come on, come on ; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand,
sir : an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence ?

SIL. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

SHAL. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow ; and your fairest daughter, and
mine, my god-daughter Ellen ?

SIL. Alas ! a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

SHAL. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good
scholar : He is at Oxford, still, is he not ?

SIL. Indeed, sir ; to my cost.

SHAL. He must then to the inns of court shortly : I was once of Clement's-inn ;
where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

SIL. You were called lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

SHAL. By the mass, I was called anything ; and I would have done anything,
indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire,
and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold
man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again :
and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were ; and had the best
of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy ;
and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

SIL. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers ?

SHAL. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head ¹⁵ at
the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high : and the very same day

did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

SIL. We shall all follow, cousin.

SHAL. Certain, 't is certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

SIL. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

SHAL. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

SIL. Dead, sir.

SHAL. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow; And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score^a; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

SIL. Therafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds¹⁶.

SHAL. And is old Double dead?

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

SIL. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

BARD. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

SHAL. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

BARD. My captain, sir, commends him to you: my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, and a most gallant leader.

SHAL. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backword man: How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

BARD. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

SHAL. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were^b, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

BARD. Pardon, sir: I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word, with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command¹⁷. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

^a *Twelve score.* Yards is here understood, and subsequently *a fourteen* means a fourteen score yards. Douce says that "none but a most extraordinary archer would be able to hit a mark at twelve score." This careful antiquary overlooked the fact that by statute (33 Hen. VIII, ch. 9) every person above seventeen years of age was subject to fine if he shot at a less distance than twelve score yards.

^b *Ever were.* So the quarto; the folio reads *everywhere*.

Enter FALSTAFF.

SHAL. It is very just:—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: Trust me, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

FAL. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow:—Master Surecard, as I think.

SHAL. No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

FAL. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

SIL. Your good worship is welcome.

FAL. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient men?

SHAL. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

FAL. Let me see them, I beseech you.

SHAL. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

MOUL. Here, if it please you.

SHAL. What think you, sir John? a good-limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

FAL. Is thy name Mouldy?

MOUL. Yea, if it please you.

FAL. 'T is the more time thou wert used.

SHAL. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: Very singular good!—Well said, sir John; very well said.

FAL. Prick him. [To SHALLOW.]

MOUL. I was pricked well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

FAL. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

MOUL. Spent!

SHAL. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; Know you where you are?—For the other, sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

FAL. Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

SHAL. Where's Shadow?

SHAD. Here, sir.

FAL. Shadow, whose son art thou?

SHAD. My mother's son, sir.

FAL. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance.

SHAL. Do you like him, sir John?

FAL. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

SHAL. Thomas Wart!

FAL. Where's he?

WART. Here, sir.

FAL. Is thy name Wart?

WART. Yea, sir.

FAL. Thou art a very ragged wart.

SHAL. Shall I prick him down, sir John?

FAL. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

SHAL. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

FEE. Here, sir.

FAL. What trade art thou, Feeble?

FEE. A woman's tailor, sir.

SHAL. Shall I prick him, sir?

FAL. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

FEE. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

FAL. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

FEE. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

FAL. I would thou wert a man's tailor; that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

FEE. It shall suffice, sir.

FAL. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is the next?

SHAL. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

FAL. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

BULL. Here, sir.

FAL. Trust me, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

BULL. O, good my lord captain,—

FAL. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

BULL. O, sir! I am a diseased man.

FAL. What disease hast thou?

BULL. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

FAL. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

SHAL. There is two more called^a than your number; you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you go in with me to dinner.

^a *Two more called.* Capell proposes to omit *two*; as five only have been called, and the number required is four.

FAL. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

SHAL. O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in St. George's field?

FAL. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

SHAL. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

FAL. She lives, master Shallow.

SHAL. She never could away with me^a.

FAL. Never, never: she would always say she could not abide master Shallow.

SHAL. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

FAL. Old, old, master Shallow.

SHAL. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork, before I came to Clement's-inn.

SIL. That's fifty-five years ago.

SHAL. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

FAL. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

SHAL. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have; our watch-word was "Hem, boys!"—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.*]

BULL. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care: but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

BARD. Go to; stand aside.

MOUL. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do anything about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir^b.

BARD. Go to; stand aside.

FEE. I care not;—a man can die but once;—We owe a death;—I will never bear a base mind:—if it be my destiny, so; if it be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

^a *She never*, &c. This is still a common colloquial expression; but it was not obsolete or inelegant in the time of Locke, who, in 'The Conduct of the Understanding,' says, "With those alone he converses, and *can away* with no company whose discourse goes beyond what claret or dissoluteness inspires." This expression of dislike was familiar to all the writers of Shakspeare's time. In Ben Jonson ('Bartholomew Fair') we have, "I could *never away* with that stiff-necked generation."

^b *Forty, sir.* Bull-calf had bribed Bardolph with "four Harry ten shillings." Mouldy says "you shall have forty, sir"—the same sum—forty shillings. Capell ingeniously proposes to read *four, too, sir.*

BARD. Well said ; thou art a good fellow.

FEE. Nay, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF and Justices.

FAL. Come, sir, which men shall I have ?

SHAL. Four of which you please.

BARD. Sir, a word with you :—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

FAL. Go to ; well.

SHAL. Come, sir John, which four will you have ?

FAL. Do you choose for me.

SHAL. Marry, then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

FAL. Mouldy, and Bull-calf :—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service^a ; and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it ; I will none of you.

SHAL. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong ; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

FAL. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man ? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man ! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart ;—you see what a ragged appearance it is : he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer ; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man ; he presents no mark to the enemy ; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife : And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off ! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver^b into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

BARD. Hold, Wart, traverse ; thus, thus, thus.

FAL. Come, manage me your caliver. So :—very well :—go to :—very good :—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, Wart ; thou'rt a good scab : hold, there's a tester for thee.

SHAL. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement's-inn,)—I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show¹⁸, there was a little quiver^c fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus : and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in : “rah, tah, tah,” would he say ; “bounce,” would he say ; and away again would he go, and again would he come :—I shall never see such a fellow.

FAL. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—Farewell, master Silence ; I will not use many words with you :—Fare you well, gentlemen both : I thank you : I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

^a *Till you are past service.* So the old copies. Tyrwhitt changed the text into *stay at home still ; you are past service* ;—by which change he very happily contrived to spoil the antithesis.

^b *Caliver.* The caliver was smaller than the musket, and was fired without a rest. Wart, the “little, lean, old, chapped” fellow, was armed with a light piece, which he was able to manage.

^c *Quiver*, nimble.

SHAL. Sir John, Heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace!

As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: per-adventure, I will with you to the court.

FAL. I would you would, master Shallow.

SHAL. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW and SILENCE.]

FAL. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away.

[*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. How subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible^a: he was the very genius of famine; he came ever in the rearward of the fashion; [and sung those tunes to the over-scuthed huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies, or his good-nights^b.]—And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire¹⁹; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard²⁰; and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have trussed him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him²¹, a court; and now hath he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones^c to me: If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[*Exit*.]

^a *Invincible*. Steevens and others read *invisible*. Malone properly held to the old reading, and so did Capell before him. The meaning is—his dimensions were such that a thick sight could not master them.

^b The famous passage in brackets is omitted in the folio.

^c *Two stones*. The alchymists had two stones,—or, as is expressed by Churchyard, “a stone for gold” and “a stone for health.” But Falstaff perhaps means that Shallow should be worth two philosopher's stones to him. Zachary Jackson would read, “a philosopher's *true* stone.”



[Gualtree Forest,]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest in Yorkshire.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and others.

ARCH. What is this forest call'd?

HAST. 'T is Gualtree forest²², an 't shall please your grace.

ARCH. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

HAST. We have sent forth already.

ARCH. 'T is well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenor, and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality;
The which he could not levy: whereupon

He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

MowB. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

HAST. Now, what news?

MESS. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

MowB. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

ARCH. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

MowB. I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.

WEST. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

ARCH. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?

WEST. Then, my lord,

Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded^a with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments²³ figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,

^a *Guarded*—faced—bordered.

Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves^a, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

ARCH. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.

Briefly to this end:—We are all diseas'd;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs^b heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere^c
By the rough torrent of occasion:
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong^d.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every minute's instance, (present now,)
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms:
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

^a *Graves*. Warburton proposed to read instead of *graves*, *glaiues* (swords); Steevens, *greaves* (leg-armour).

^b *Griefs*—grievances.

^c *Sphere*. The folio reads *there*. In the quarto this part of the speech is omitted. Warburton made the change.

^d The twenty-five lines here ending are not found in the quarto.

WEST. When ever yet was your appeal denied ?

Wherein have you been galled by the king ?

What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you ?

That you should seal this lawless bloody book

Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,

[And consecrate commotion's bitter edge^a ?]

ARCH. My brother, general ! the commonwealth ?

[To brother born an household cruelty,]

I make my quarrel in particular^b.

WEST. There is no need of any such redress ;

Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

MOWB. Why not to him, in part ; and to us all,

That feel the bruises of the days before :

And suffer the condition of these times

To lay a heavy and unequal hand

Upon our honours ?

WEST. O my good lord Mowbray,

Construe the times to their necessities,

And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,

And not the king, that doth you injuries.

Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,

Either from the king, or in the present time,

That you should have an inch of any ground

To build a grief on : Were you not restor'd

To all the duke of Norfolk's seigniories,

Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's ?

MOWB. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,

That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me ?

The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,

Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him :

And then, that Henry Bolingbroke, and he,

Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,

^a This line is omitted in the folio.

^b We have pointed this passage in a manner which, it appears to us, in some degree removes the obscurity. It is ordinarily read as follows:—

“ My brother general, the commonwealth,

To brother born an household cruelty,

I make my quarrel in particular.”

The second line of the three is not found in the folio ; and this gives us the key to our reading. The Archbishop is impatient of Westmoreland's further question, and, addressing him as general, exclaims, My brother ! The commonwealth ! These are sufficient causes for our hostility. He then adds, “ I make my quarrel in particular ;” and the second line retained from the quarto explains why. In the First Part of this play we are told of

“ The archbishop—who bears hard

His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.”

Whether the second line be retained or not, the meaning is complete as we read the passage.

Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down²⁴,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

WEST. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what:
The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman;
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd indeed^a, more than the king^b.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience: and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; everything set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

MOWB. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

WEST. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies:
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills our hearts should be as good:—
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

MOWB. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

WEST. That argues but the shame of your offence:

^a *Indeed.* The original, *and did.*

^b The thirty-seven lines here ending were first printed in the folio.

A rotten case abides no handling.

HAST. Hath the prince John a full commission,

In very ample virtue of his father,

To hear, and absolutely to determine

Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

WEST. That is intended in the general's name :

I muse you make so slight a question.

ARCH. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule ;

For this contains our general grievances :

Each several article herein redress'd ;

All members of our cause, both here and hence,

That are insinew'd to this action,

Acquitted by a true substantial form ;

And present execution of our wills

To us, and to our purposes, consign'd^a :

We come within our awful^b banks again,

And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

WEST. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet :

And^c either end in peace, which Heaven so frame,

Or to the place of difference call the swords

Which must decide it.

ARCH. My lord, we will do so.

[Exit WEST.]

MOWB. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,

That no conditions of our peace can stand.

HAST. Fear you not that ; if we can make our peace

Upon such large terms, and so absolute,

As our conditions shall consist upon,

Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

MOWB. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,

That every slight and false-derived cause,

Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,

Shall, to the king, taste of this action :

That were our royal^d faiths martyrs in love,

^a *Consign'd*. The folio either reads *consin'd* or *confin'd*, the *si* and the *fi* being so much alike in the old typography, that it is difficult to distinguish them. There can be no doubt, we think, that *consign'd* is the true reading, having the sense of ratified, *confirmed*.

^b *Awful*. It has been supposed that *awful* is here used in the place of *lawful*. In 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Act IV., Scene 1, we referred to this passage under the impression that by "*awful banks*" was meant *legitimate bounds, orderly limits*. But the word *awful* may be here used more in the sense of *reverential*;—that those who are in arms against the king, having their grievances redressed, will come again within their *bounds of awe* towards him.

^c *And*. The original copies have *at*.

^d *Royal*. Dr. Johnson would read *loyal*. But *royal faith* is here put for the faith due to a king. So in 'Henry VIII':—

"The citizens have shown at full their *royal* minds."

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

ARCH. No, no, my lord ; Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances ;
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean ;
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance : For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion :
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

HAST. Besides the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement :
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

ARCH. 'T is very true :—
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

MOWB. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

WEST. The prince is here at hand : Pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies ?

MOWB. Your grace of York, in Heaven's name then forward.

ARCH. Before, and greet his grace :—my lord, we come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, and others: from the other side, PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.

P. JOHN. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray :

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop :

And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.

My lord of York, it better show'd with you,

When that your flock, assembled by the bell,

Encircled you, to hear with reverence

Your exposition on the holy text,

Than now to see you here an iron man,

Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,

Turning the word to sword, and life to death.

That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,

And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,

Would he abuse the countenance of the king,

Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,

In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,

It is even so:—Who hath not heard it spoken,

How deep you were within the books of Heaven ?

To us, the speaker in his parliament ;

To us, the imagin'd voice of Heaven itself ;

The very opener and intelligencer,

Between the grace, the sanctities of Heaven,

And our dull workings : O, who shall believe,

But you misuse the reverence of your place ;

Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven,

As a false favourite doth his prince's name,

In deeds dishonourable ? You have taken up,

Under the counterfeited zeal of Heaven,

The subjects of Heaven's substitute, my father ;

And, both against the peace of Heaven and him,

Have here up-swarmed them.

ARCH.

Good my lord of Lancaster,

I am not here against your father's peace :

But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,

The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,

Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,

To hold our safety up. I sent your grace

The parcels and particulars of our grief,

(The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,)

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born :
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires ;
And true obedience of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

MOWB. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

HAST. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt ;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them :
And so, success^a of mischief shall be born ;
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. JOHN. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

WEST. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles ?

P. JOHN. I like them all, and do allow them well :
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook ;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;
Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours : and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace ;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love and amity.

ARCH. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. JOHN. I give it you, and will maintain my word :
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

HAST. Go, captain [*to an Officer*], and deliver to the army
This news of peace ; let them have pay, and part :
I know it will well please them ; Hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Officer.*]

ARCH. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

WEST. I pledge your grace : And, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely : but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

ARCH. I do not doubt you.

WEST. I am glad of it :—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin Mowbray.

^a Success—succession.

MOWB. You wish me health in very happy season :

For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

ARCH. Against ill chances, men are ever merry ;

But heaviness foreruns the good event.

WEST. Therefore be merry, coz ; since sudden sorrow

Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

ARCH. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

MOWB. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*]

P. JOHN. The word of peace is render'd ; Hark, how they shout !

MOWB. This had been cheerful after victory.

ARCH. A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;

For then both parties nobly are subdued,

And neither party loser.

P. JOHN.

Go, my lord,

And let our army be discharged too.—

[*Exit WEST.*]

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains

March by us, that we may peruse the men

We should have cop'd withal.

ARCH.

Go, good lord Hastings,

And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit HAST.*]

P. JOHN. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still ?

WEST. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. JOHN. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

HAST. My lord, our army is dispers'd already^a :

Like youthful steers unyok'd, they took their course

East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up,

Each hurries towards his home and sporting-place.

WEST. Good tidings, my lord Hastings ; for the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :

And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray,

Of capital treason I attach you both.

MOWB. Is this proceeding just and honourable ?

WEST. Is your assembly so ?

ARCH. Will you thus break your faith ?

P. JOHN.

I pawn'd thee none :

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,

^a So the quarto ; the folio has simply—

“ Our army is dispers'd.”

Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.**Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting.*

FAL. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

COLE. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

FAL. Well, then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

COLE. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

FAL. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

COLE. I think you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

FAL. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, and others.

P. JOHN. The heat is past, follow no farther now;—

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When everything is ended then you come:

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back.

FAL. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus; I never knew yet but

[*Exit WEST.*]

rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and overcame.

P. JOHN. It was more of his courtesies than your deserving.

FAL. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, I swear, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it²⁵, Coleville kissing my foot: To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt twopences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. JOHN. Thine's too heavy to mount.

FAL. Let it shine then.

P. JOHN. Thine's too thick to shine.

FAL. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. JOHN. Is thy name Coleville?

COLE. It is, my lord.

P. JOHN. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

FAL. And a famous true subject took him.

COLE. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

FAL. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. JOHN. Have you left pursuit?

WEST. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. JOHN. Send Coleville, with his confederates,

To York, to present execution:—

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[Exeunt some with COLEVILLE]

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords;

I hear, the king my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

FAL. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire: and, when you come to court, stand my good lord^a, 'pray, in your good report.

P. JOHN. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exit.*

FAL. I would you had but the wit: 't were better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive^b, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illuminateth^c the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with his^d retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first principle I would teach them should be, —to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

BARD. The army is discharged all, and gone.

FAL. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire; I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

^a *Stand my good lord.* Bishop Percy says that "Be my good lord" was the old court phrase, used by a person who asked a favour of a man of high rank.

^b *Forgetive*—inventive.

^c *Illuminateth.* So the folio; the quarto, *illumineth.*

^d *His.* So the folio; the quarto, *this.*

SCENE IV.—Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, WARWICK, *and others.*

K. HEN. Now, lords, if Heaven doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd^a, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And everything lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

WAR. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. HEN. Humphrey, my son of Gloster, where is the prince your brother?

P. HUMPH. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor²⁶.

K. HEN. And how accompanied?

P. HUMPH. I do not know, my lord.

K. HEN. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. HUMPH. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

CLA. What would my lord and father?

K. HEN. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love:
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous^b as winter, and as sudden
As flaws^c congealed in the spring of day.

^a *Address'd*—prepared.

^b *Humorous*, applied literally, is *humid*—as “humorous night,” in ‘Romeo and Juliet.’ In this passage it has the sense of *full of humours*, alluding to the supposed fluids or *humours* of the body, which constituted the individual temperament.

^c *Flaws*—thin crystallisations upon the ground moist with the morning dew.

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth :
But, being moody, give him line and scope ;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends ;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in ;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

CLA. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. HEN. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas ?

CLA. He is not there to-day ; he dines in London.

K. HEN. And how accompanied ? canst thou tell that ?

CLA. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. HEN. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them : Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death ;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay !

WAR. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite ;
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue : wherein, to gain the language,
'T is needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd ; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows comes to no further use,
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers : and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others ;
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. HEN. 'T is seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.—Who's here ? Westmoreland ?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

WEST. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness
 Added to that that I am to deliver!
 Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
 Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
 Are brought to the correction of your law;
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
 But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
 The manner how this action hath been borne
 Here at more leisure may your highness read;
 With every course, in his particular ^a.

K. HEN. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
 The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

HAR. From enemies Heaven keep your majesty;
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall
 As those that I am come to tell you of!
 The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
 With a great power of English and of Scots,
 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
 The manner and true order of the fight,
 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. HEN. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
 Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
 She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
 Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
 I should rejoice now at this happy news;
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
 O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

[Swoons.]

P. HUMPH. Comfort, your majesty!

CLA. O my royal father!

WEST. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up!

WAR. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits

Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

CLA. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs;

^a *His particular*—Prince John's letter of detail. A particular is still a term for a detailed statement.

The incessant care and labour of his mind
 Hath wrought the mure^a, that should confine it in,
 So thin, that life looks through, and will break out²⁷.

P. HUMPH. The people fear me^b; for they do observe
 Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature^c:
 The seasons change their manners, as the year
 Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

CLA. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between:
 And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
 Say it did so, a little time before
 That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

WAR. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. HUMPH. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. HEN. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
 Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

*[They convey the KING into an inner part of the
 room, and place him on a bed.]*

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
 Unless some dull and favourable hand
 Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

WAR. Call for the music in the other room.

K. HEN. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

CLA. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

WAR. Less noise, less noise.

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. HEN. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

CLA. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. HEN. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
 How doth the king?

P. HUMPH. Exceeding ill.

P. HEN. Heard he the good news yet?
 Tell it him.

P. HUMPH. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. HEN. If he be sick with joy, he will recover without physic.

WAR. Not so much noise, my lords;—sweet prince, speak low;
 The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

CLA. Let us withdraw into the other room.

WAR. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. HEN. No; I will sit and watch here by the king. *[Exeunt all but P. HENRY.]*
 Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

^a Mure—wall.

^b Fear me—make me afraid.

^c Births of nature. So the old editions. Why the passage has been corrupted into *birds* of nature we cannot divine; but so it stands in some modern editions.

Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
 O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
 That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
 To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now
 Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
 As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,
 Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
 Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
 That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
 There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
 Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!
 This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
 That from this golden rigol^a hath divorc'd
 So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
 Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
 Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
 My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
 Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,— [Putting it on his head.
 Which Heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole strength
 Into one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honour from me: This from thee
 Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me. [Exit.

K. HEN. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

CLA. Doth the king call?

WAR. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. HEN. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

CLA. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. HEN. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him.

He is not here^b.

WAR. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. HUMPH. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. HEN. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

WAR. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. HEN. The prince hath ta'en it hence;—go, seek him out.

^a *Rigol*. The word is only found in Shakspeare. Nash, however, writes *ringol*, which he explains to be *ringed circle*.

^b This hemistich is omitted in the folio.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[*Exit* WARWICK.]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,

Their bones with industry;

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, culling^a from every flower

The virtuous sweets;

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,

Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste

Yields his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long

Till his friend sickness hath determin'd^b me?

WAR. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;

With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,

That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,

Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife

With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. HEN. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes;—Come hither to me, Harry:—

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, Lords, &c.]

P. HEN. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. HEN. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

^a *Culling*. This is the reading of the folio; the quarto, *tolling*, taking toll.

^b *Determin'd*, ended. We have still the word in a legal sense.

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence ; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts ;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?
Then get thee gone ; and dig my grave thyself ;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head :
Only compound me with forgotten dust ;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the fifth is crown'd :—Up, vanity !
Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors, hence !
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness !
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum :
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night ; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more :
England shall double gild his treble guilt :
England shall give him office, honour, might :
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

P. HEN. O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard

[Kneeling.]

The course of it so far. There is your crown :
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,—
(Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth,)—this prostrate and exterior bending !
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die ;
And never live to show th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed !
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
I spake unto the crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it :—“ The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father ;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in *med'cine potable* ;
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.”—Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let Heaven for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

K. HEN. O my son !

Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed ;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,

^a *Med'cine potable*. The allusion is here to *aurum potable*, a preparation of gold to which great virtues were formerly ascribed.

By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered:
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mood: for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O Heaven forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

- P. HEN. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK, Lords, and others.

K. HEN. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. JOHN. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. HEN. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. HEN. My lord of Warwick!

K. HEN. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

WAR. 'T is call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. HEN. Laud be to Heaven!—even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die²⁸.

[*Exeunt.*



[Hall in Shallow's House.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Glostershire. *A Hall in Shallow's House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

SHAL. By cock and pye²⁹, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say!

FAL. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

SHAL. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy.

Enter DAVY.

DAVY. Here, sir.

SHAL. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

DAVY. Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—
Shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

SHAL. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons?

DAVY. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

SHAL. Let it be cast, and paid:—sir John, you shall not be excused.

DAVY. Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

SHAL. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

DAVY. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

SHAL. Yes, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

DAVY. No worse than they are bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

SHAL. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

DAVY. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

SHAL. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

DAVY. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir: but, yet, Heaven forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

SHAL. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*]
Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

BARD. I am glad to see your worship.

SHAL. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, sir John. [*Exit SHALLOW.*]

FAL. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow³⁰, that no

man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions³¹;) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

SHAL. [*Within.*] Sir John!

FAL. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

SCENE II.—Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

WAR. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

CH. JUST. How doth the king?

WAR. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

CH. JUST. I hope, not dead.

WAR. He's walk'd the way of nature;

And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

CH. JUST. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:

The service that I truly did his life

Hath left me open to all injuries.

WAR. Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

CH. JUST. I know he doth not; and do arm myself,

To welcome the condition of the time;

Which cannot look more hideously upon me

Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND,
and others.*

WAR. Here comes the heavy issue of dead Harry:

O, that the living Harry had the temper

Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!

How many nobles then should hold their places,

That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

CH. JUST. Alas! I fear all will be overturn'd.

P. JOHN. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

P. HUMPH., CLA. Good morrow, cousin.

P. JOHN. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

WAR. We do remember; but our argument

Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. JOHN. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy !

CH. JUST. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier !

P. HUMPH. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed :

And I dare swear you borrow not that face

Of seeming sorrow ; it is, sure, your own.

P. JOHN. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,

You stand in coldest expectation :

I am the sorrier ; 'would 't were otherwise.

CLA. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair ;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

CH. JUST. Sweet princes, what I did I did in honour,

Led by th' impartial^a conduct of my soul ;

And never shall you see that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission^b.

If truth and upright innocence fail me,

I'll to the king my master that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

WAR. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY V.

CH. JUST. Good morrow ; and Heaven save your majesty !

KING. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think.

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear ;

This is the English, not the Turkish court ;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds³²,

But Harry Harry : Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you ;

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my heart. Why, then, be sad :

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.

For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assur'd,

I'll be your father and your brother too ;

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.

Yet weep, that Harry's dead ; and so will I ;

But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,

By number, into hours of happiness.

P. JOHN, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

KING. You all look strangely on me :—and you most ; [*To the CHIEF JUSTICE.*

^a *Impartial*. The quarto reads *impartial* ; the folio, *imperial*. Capell says the *imperial* conduct means the absolute dominion of virtue. But we prefer the accustomed reading of *impartial*.

^b *Forestall'd remission*—a pardon supplicated, not offered freely.

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

CH. JUST. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,

Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

KING. No! How might a prince of my great hopes forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

Th' immediate heir of England! Was this easy?

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

CH. JUST. I then did use the person of your father;

The image of his power lay then in me:

And, in th' administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgment;

Whereon, as an offender to your father,

I gave bold way to my authority,

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland,

To have a son set your decrees at nought;

To pluck down justice from your awful bench;

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your person:

Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,

And mock your workings in a second body.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;

Be now the father, and propose a son:

Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,

See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,

Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;

And then imagine me taking your part,

And, in your power, soft silencing your son:

After this cold consideration, sentence me;

And, as you are a king, speak in your state,

What I have done that misbecame my place,

My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

KING. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:

And I do wish your honours may increase,

Till you do live to see a son of mine

Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words:—

Happy am I, that have a man so bold,

That dares do justice on my proper son:

And no less happy, having such a son,
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me :
 For which, I do commit into your hand
 Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear ;
 With this remembrance,—That you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand ;
 You shall be as a father to my youth :
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practis'd, wise directions.
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;—
 My father is gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections ;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectation of the world ;
 To frustrate prophecies ; and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now :
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea ;
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament :
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation ;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us ;—
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

[*To the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.*

Our coronation done, we will accite,
 As I before remember'd, all our state :
 And (Heaven consigning to my good intents)
 No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
 Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Glostershire. *The Garden of Shallow's House.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.

SHAL. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth ;—come, cousin Silence ;—and then to bed.

FAL. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

SHAL. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; Well said, Davy.

FAL. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husband.

SHAL. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper.—A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

SIL. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer³³,
And praise Heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

[*Singing.*]

FAL. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

SHAL. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

DAVY. Sweet sir, sit; [*seating BARDOLPH and the Page at another table.*] I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: proface^a! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; The heart's all.

[*Exit.*]

SHAL. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

SIL. [*Singing.*]

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
For women are shrews, both short and tall;
'T is merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

FAL. I did not think master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

SIL. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

DAVY. There is a dish of leather-coats for you. [*Setting them before BARDOLPH.*]

SHAL. Davy,—

DAVY. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight. [*To BARD.*—A cup of wine, sir?

SIL. [*Singing.*]

A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

^a *Proface*—much good may it do you. The phrase was common in Shakspeare's time. Dr. Nares infers that we had the word from the Norman romance language. In Roquefort's 'Glossaire de la Langue Romane' we have the word *prouface* thus explained: "*Prouface*—souhait qui vent dire, bien vous fasse; *proficiat*."

FAL. Well said, master Silence.

SIL. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night^a.

FAL. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

SIL. [*Singing.*]

Fill the cup, and let it come ;
I 'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

SHAL. Honest Bardolph, welcome : If thou want'st anything, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the Page*]; and welcome, indeed, too.—I 'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

DAVY. I hope to see London once ere I die.

BARD. An I might see you there, Davy,—

SHAL. You 'll crack a quart together. Ha ! will you not, master Bardolph ?

BARD. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

SHAL. I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out ; he is true bred.

BARD. And I 'll stick by him, sir.

SHAL. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*]

Look who 's at door there : Ho ! who knocks? [*Exit DAVY.*]

FAL. Why, now you have done me right. [*To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.*]

SIL. [*Singing.*]

Do me right,
And dub me knight ;
Samingo.

Is 't not so ?

FAL. 'T is so.

SIL. Is 't so ? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

DAVY. If it please your worship, there 's one Pistol come from the court with news.

FAL. From the court ? Let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol ?

PIST. Sir John ! save you, sir.

FAL. What wind blew you hither, Pistol ?

PIST. Not the ill wind which blows none to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

SIL. By 'r lady, I think he be ; but Goodman Puff of Barson.

PIST. Puff ?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base !—

^a *If we shall, &c.* This is the reading of the folio; the quarto, "*And we shall be merry.*" *And* was often printed for *an*. The "*If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night,*" appears to us superior to the ordinary reading, "*And we shall be merry;—now comes in,*" &c.

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
 And helter-skelter have I rode to thee ;
 And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
 And golden times, and happy news of price.

FAL. I prithee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

PIST. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base !

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

FAL. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news ?

Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

SIL. [*Sings.*]

And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

PIST. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons ?

And shall good news be baffled ?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

SHAL. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

PIST. Why, then, lament, therefore.

SHAL. Give me pardon, sir ;—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways ; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

PIST. Under which king, Bezonian ? speak or die.

SHAL. Under king Harry.

PIST. Harry the fourth ? or fifth ?

SHAL. Harry the fourth.

PIST. A foutra for thine office !—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king ;

Harry the fifth 's the man. I speak the truth ;

When Pistol lies, do this ; and fig me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

FAL. What ! is the old king dead ?

PIST. As nail in door : the things I speak are just.

FAL. Away, Bardolph ; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 't is thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

BARD. O joyful day !—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

PIST. What ? I do bring good news ?

FAL. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots : we 'll ride all night :—O, sweet Pistol :—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*—Come, Pistol, utter more to me ; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow : I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses ; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends ; and woe unto my lord chief justice !

PIST. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also !

Where is the life that late I led ? say they ;

Why, here it is ; Welcome these pleasant days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

HOST. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 BEAD. The constables have delivered her over to me: and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her; there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

DOLL. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal; an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

HOST. O that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to some-body. But I would the fruit of her womb might miscarry!

1 BEAD. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

DOLL. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as soundly swung for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner: if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 BEAD. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

HOST. O, that right should thus o'ercome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

DOLL. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

HOST. Yes; come, you starved blood-hound.

DOLL. Goodman death! goodman bones!

HOST. Thou anatomy, thou!

DOLL. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 BEAD. Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 GROOM. More rushes, more rushes.

2 GROOM. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 GROOM. It will be two of the clock ere they come from the coronation.

[*Exeunt Grooms.*]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.

FAL. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as he comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

PIST. Bless thy lungs, good knight.

FAL. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [*To SHALLOW.*] But it is no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

SHAL. It doth so.

FAL. It shows my earnestness in affection.

SHAL. It doth so.

FAL. My devotion.

SHAL. It doth, it doth, it doth.

FAL. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

SHAL. It is most certain.

FAL. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

PIST. 'T is *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*:

'T is all in every part.

SHAL. 'T is so, indeed.

PIST. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,

And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,

Is in base durance, and contagious prison;

Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:—

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,

For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

FAL. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*]

PIST. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the KING and his Train, the CHIEF JUSTICE among them.

FAL. Save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

PIST. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

FAL. Save thee, my sweet boy!

KING. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

CH. JUST. Have you your wits; know you what 't is you speak?

FAL. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

KING. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men :
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest ;
Presume not that I am the thing I was :
For Heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self ;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me ; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots :
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil :
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.

Set on.

[*Exeunt KING and his Train.*]

FAL. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

SHAL. Ay, marry, sir John ; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

FAL. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this ; I shall be sent for in private to him : look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement ; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

SHAL. I cannot well perceive how ; unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

FAL. Sir, I will be as good as my word : this that you heard was but a colour.

SHAL. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

FAL. Fear no colours ; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol ;—come, Bardolph :—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, the CHIEF JUSTICE, Officers, &c.

CH. JUST. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet ;
Take all his company along with him.

FAL. My lord, my lord,—

CH. JUST. I cannot now speak : I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

PIST. " Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta."

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, Page, and Officers.*]

P. JOHN. I like this fair proceeding of the king's :
He hath intent, his wonted followers

Shall all be very well provided for ;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

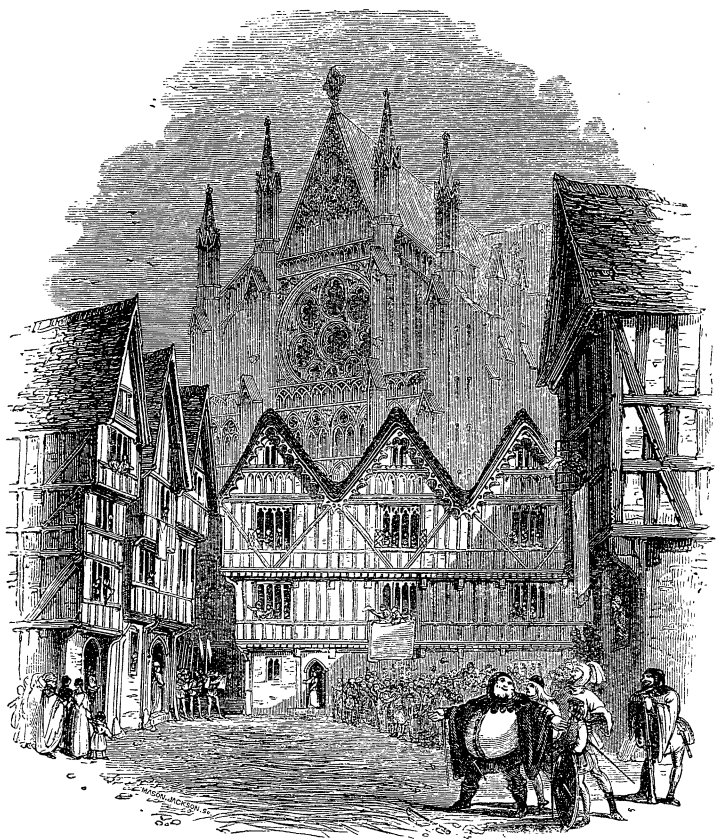
CH. JUST. And so they are.

P. JOHN. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

CH. JUST. He hath.

P. JOHN. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France : I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence ?

[*Exeunt.*]



[SCENE V.—“ Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow.”]

EPILOGUE.

[*Spoken by a Dancer.*]

First, my fear; then, my court'sy; last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you:—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.



[*A Dancer. From Hollar.*]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

¹ INDUCTION.—“*Upon my tongues,*” &c.

SOME scattered epithets in Chaucer's ‘House of Fame’ might have supplied Shakspeare with hints for this description of Rumour. The parallel, however, is not very close. A much nearer resemblance is found in a celebrated passage in the fourth Book of Virgil's ‘Æneid.’ Dryden's translation is, as usual, spirited :—

“ Millions of opening mouths to fame belong;
And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue:
And round with listening ears the flying plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful universe with cries;
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes.
By day from lofty towers her head she shews:
And spreads, through trembling crowds, disastrous news:
With court-informers' haunts, and royal spies,
This done relates, nor done she feigns, and mingles truth
with lies.”

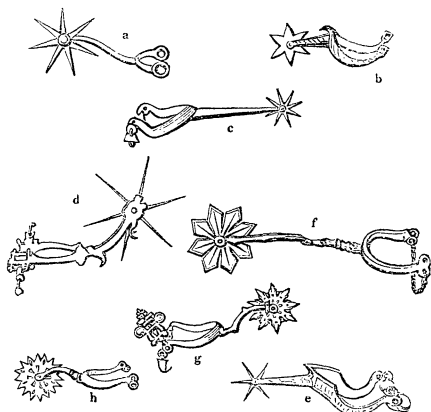
² INDUCTION.—“*This worm-eaten hold of ragged stone.*”

When Leland wrote his ‘Itinerary’ in the time of Henry VIII., this castle was described, as “well maynteyned and large.” Grose says, “when entire it was far from being destitute of strength, yet its appearance does not excite the idea of one of those rugged fortresses destined solely for war.” Warkworth was anciently the seat and barony of the Claverings; and was bestowed upon Henry Percy, the ancestor of the earls of Northumberland, by Edward III., and, after several temporary forfeitures, has remained in the Percy family from the twelfth year of Edward IV. “It is not certainly known when this castle was built: from the circumstance of the Percy arms being put up in several parts of the building, some have supposed that it was erected by that family; but, by a slight inspection, it is easily perceived that they have been inserted into the walls at an after period. This is clearly proved by one of them having fallen out, and the place where it was fixed appears

to be cut in the wall, about six inches deep. The doors, the windows, and everything about the place, attest that it had been built at a more early period.” (‘Historical and Descriptive View of Northumberland.’ Newcastle. 1811.)

³ SCENE I.—“*Up to the rowel-head.*”

Johnson, in a note upon this passage, says, “I think that I have observed in old prints the rowel of those times to have been only a single spike.” The commentator here fell into an error, which the lexicographer has avoided. A spur with a single point is not a rowel spur. We find the distinction in Froissart: “Then



^a Rowel spur, as it appears in Illum. to Lydgate's Poems. Harl. MS. 2278. (15th century.)

^b Brass ditto, early part of Henry VI.

^c Ditto, middle of Henry VI.

^d Iron long-spiked rowel spur—temp. Edward IV.

^e Spur found in Towton field, inscribed with the following motto:—

“En loial amour tout mon coer.” ‘Archæologia,’ 11.

^f Long-necked brass spur—temp. Henry VII.

^g Steel spur—temp. Henry VIII.

^h Iron ditto, temp. Elizabeth.

the king was apparelled like a prelate of the church, with a cope of red silk, and a pair of spurs, with a point without a rowel." The word "rowel" is derived from *roue*, a wheel; and thus it signifies a moveable circle, and is applied to a bridle, and to armour, as well as to spurs. Johnson, in his Dictionary, defines "rowel" as "the points of a spur turning on an axis," and gives this very passage in Shakspeare as an illustration. The preceding are representations of various forms of ancient spurs.

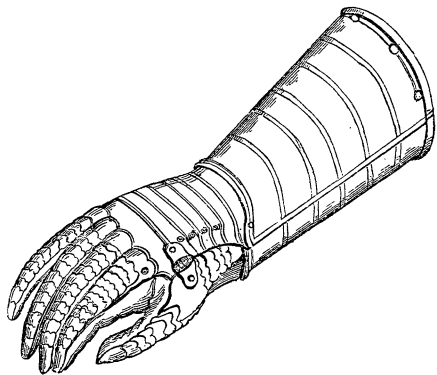
⁴ SCENE I.—"*Scaly gauntlet.*"

The annexed represents the long gauntlet of the time of Elizabeth—the only gauntlet that could be properly called "scaly."

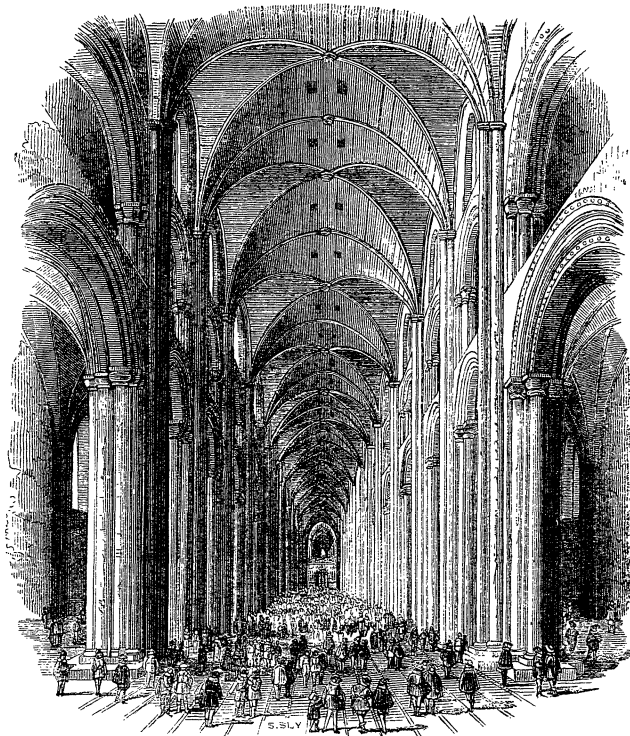
⁵ SCENE II.—"*I bought him in Paul's,*" &c.

Falstaff alludes to a proverbial saying, which is thus given in Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy': "he that marries a wife out of a suspected inn or ale-house, buys a horse in

Smithfield, and hires a servant in Paul's, as the proverb^a is, shall likely have a jade to his horse,



^a Burton is the only English author who uses this word in the meaning of an antithetical saying. (See Richardson's Dictionary.)



[Paul's Walk.]

a knave for his man, an arrant honest woman to his wife." The middle aisle of the old cathedral of St. Paul's was the resort of idlers, gamesters, and persons in general who lived by their wits. Ben Jonson calls his Captain Bobadill, "a Paul's man." But Paul's was also a sort of exchange; and announcements were fixed upon the pillars that corresponded with the newspaper advertisements of modern times. The "masterless serving-man" set up "his bill in Paul's," as well as the tradesman who called attention to his wares. These advertisements were denominated *Si quisses*. Paul's was also the resort of newsmongers and politicians; and sometimes was the scene of more important conferences than arose out of the gossip of the day. Bishop Carleton tells us that Babington and Ballard's conspiracy was "Conferred upon in Paul's Church." Osborne, in his 'Memoirs of James I.,' states, that Paul's was the resort of "the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions." The spendthrifts resorted there for protection against their creditors; a part of the cathedral being privileged from arrest: "There you may spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon; converse, plot, laugh, and talk anything; jest at your creditor, even to his face; and in the evening, even by lamplight, steal out." (Decker's 'Gull's Horn Book,'

1609.) In Bishop Earle's 'Microcosmography' (1628) we have an exceedingly amusing description of all the general features of Paul's Walk, of the style of which the following passage will convey a notion:—"It is a heap of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages; and were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees, a strange humming or buzz, mixt of walking, tongues, and feet. It is a kind of still roar, or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and a-foot. It is the synod of all pates politick, jointed and laid together in the most serious posture; and they are not half so busy at the parliament."

6 SCENE II.—"A horse in Smithfield."

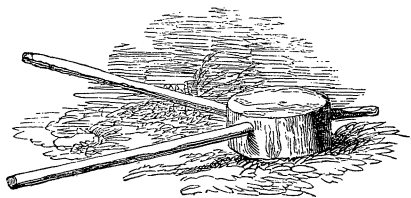
The martyr fires of Smithfield are burnt out; but it is still renowned as being the worst horse market in England. Buildings are much more quickly changed than customs; and thus the external part of Smithfield as it was can scarcely be recognised; while he who walks through that arena of dirt and blackguardism on Friday afternoon, may still recognise a very fitting place for the purchase of a sorry jade, by a modern Bardolph.



[Smithfield, 1554.]

7 SCENE II.—“*A three-man beetle.*”

This light instrument for the filling of Falstaff was an instrument used for driving piles, wielded by three men, using its one short and two long handles. The annexed representation was given in Steevens's edition—one of the few examples offered by the Shakspeare commentators of illustrations addressed to the eye.



HISTORICAL.

It would appear, from these scenes, if we did not make due allowance for the principle that “the historical drama is the concentration of history,”^a that the rising of Northumberland, in connection with Scroop and Mowbray, took place immediately after the battle of Shrewsbury. The crafty earl, however, submitted himself to the more politic king, and was restored to some of his honours in the parliament of 1404. His revolt was in 1405. Holinshed thus describes the progress of the conspiracy:—

“Whilst such doings were in hand betwixt the English and French, the king was minded to have gone into Wales against the Welsh rebels, that under their chieftain, Owen Glendower, ceased not to do much mischief still against the English subjects. But, at the same time, to his further disquieting, there was a conspiracy put in practice against him at home by the Earl of Northumberland, who had conspired with Richard Scrope Archbishop of York, Thomas Mowbray Earl Marshall, son to Thomas Duke of Norfolk, who for the quarrel betwixt him and King Henry had been banished (as before ye have heard), the lords Hastings, Fauconbridge, Berdolfe, and diverse others. It was appointed that they should meet all together with their whole power, upon Yorkeswold, at a day assigned, and that the Earl of Northumberland should be chieftain, promising to bring with him a great number of Scots. The archbishop, accompanied with the Earl Marshall, devised certain articles of such matters as it was supposed, that not only the commonalty of the realm, but also the nobility, found themselves agrieved with: which articles they shewed first unto such of their adherents as were near about them, and after sent them

abroad to their friends further off, assuring them that for redress of such oppressions they would shed the last drop of blood in their bodies, if need were. The archbishop not meaning to stay after he saw himself accompanied with a great number of men, that came flocking to York to take his part in this quarrel, forthwith discovered his enterprise, causing the articles aforesaid to be set up in the public streets of the city of York, and upon the gates of the monasteries, that each man might understand the cause that moved him to rise in arms against the king, the reforming whereof did not yet appertain unto him. Hereupon knights, esquires, gentlemen, yeomen, and other of the



[Chief Justice Gascoigne.]

^a Bulwer's Preface to ‘Richelieu.’

commons, assembled together in great numbers, and the archbishop coming forth amongst them, clad in armour, encouraged, exhorted, and by all means he could, pricked them forth to take the enterprise in hand, and thus not only all the citizens of York, but all other in the countries about, that were able to bear weapon, came to the archbishop, and to the Earl Marshall. Indeed the respect that men had to the archbishop, caused them to like the better of the cause, since the gravity of his age, his integrity of life, and incomparable learning, with the reverend aspect of his amiable personage, moved all men to have him in no small estimation."

The Lord Chief Justice, introduced in this scene,—and who appears more prominently in the fifth Act,—was Sir William Gascoyne, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. "He died," says

Steevens, "December 17, 1413, and was buried in Harwood Church, in Yorkshire." Fuller states, upon the authority of an inscription on his tomb, that he died on Sunday, December 17, 1412. This is, however, contradictory, for the 17th of December of that year did not fall on a Sunday. The assertion of Fuller, however, gave occasion to one of the charges against Shakspere of having brought persons upon the scene who had ceased to exist,—the Chief Justice, say the literal critics, died before the accession of Henry V. The point, to our minds, is not worth discussing; but it may be satisfactory to some to know that Shakspere was here perfectly accurate. The Rev. Mr. Tyler has discovered a will of the Chief Justice, made in 1419. The portrait in the preceding page is from the effigy on his tomb.

ACT II.

⁸ SCENE I.—"*Marry, if thou wert an honest man,*" &c.

COLERIDGE, in his celebrated 'Essay on Method,' has given this speech of the Hostess,—

"Fermenting o'er with frothy circumstance,"

as an example of "the absence of method, which characterises the uneducated, occasioned by an habitual submission of the understanding to mere events and images as such, and independent of any power in the mind to classify or appropriate them. The general accompaniments of time and place are the only relations which persons of this class appear to regard in their statements." Our great philosophical critic, however, most truly adds, that in this speech of Mrs. Quickly, "the poor soul's thoughts and sentences are more closely interlinked than the truth of nature would have required, but that the connections and sequence, which the habit of method can alone give, have in this instance a substitute in the fusion of passion."

⁹ SCENE I.—"*I do desire deliverance,*" &c.

Falstaff claimed the protection legally called *quâa profecturus*. (See Coke upon Littleton, 130 a.) This is one of the many examples of Shakspere's somewhat intimate acquaintance with legal forms and phrases.

¹⁰ SCENE I.—"*Glasses, glasses.*"

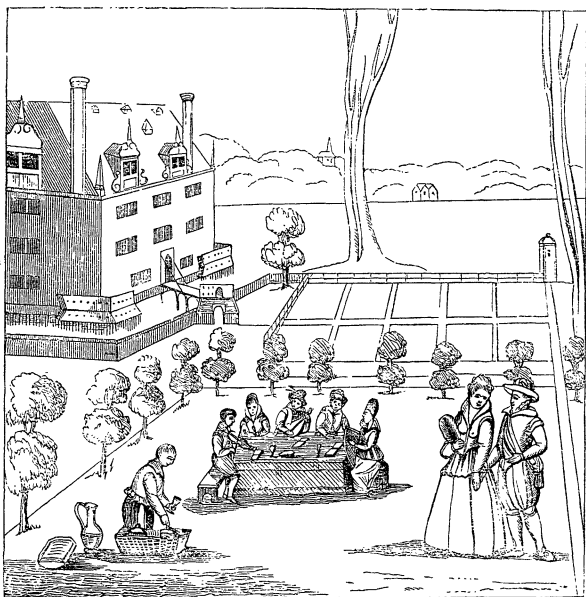
In Lodge's 'Illustrations of British History' (vol. ii. page 251, edition 1791) there is a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Thomas Bawdewyn, which the editor inserts on account of the following curious postscript: "I wold have you bye me *glasses* to drink in: Send me word what olde *plat* yeldes the ounce, for I wyll nott leve me a cuppe of sylvare to drink in butt I wyll see the next terme my creditors payde." Whether the earl sold his plate, and by his example made "*glasses*" fashionable—"the only drinking"—we are not informed.

¹¹ SCENE I.—"*The German hunting in water-work.*"

In the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' 1833, page 393, is a paper which throws considerable light upon the mode of decorating houses in Shakspere's time. Steevens speaks of "the German hunting" as a *painted cloth* brought from Holland, considering it to be the same mode of hanging rooms with drapery as that alluded to in this play, Act III.—"as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth." But it appears that the German hunting in *water-work* was a *fresco painting*. Upon Woodford Common, in Essex, there stood as late as the autumn of 1832, an old house called Grove House, traditionally believed

to have been a hunting lodge of Robert Devereux Earl of Essex. This, however, may be doubted. One of the apartments in this old house was called the ball-room, and in this room were twelve fresco paintings, exhibiting as many subjects of rural life. Six of these paintings were tolerably perfect, but the others were in great part obliterated by a coat of white-wash. The only memorials that have been pre-

served of these very curious representations have been kindly exhibited to us. They are a series of very faithful drawings, by the accomplished lady to whom we are also indebted for the copy of the Boar's Head in 'Henry IV., Part I.' The following is a fac-simile of one of the most elaborate of these frescoes, which bears the initials D. M. C., and the date 1617.



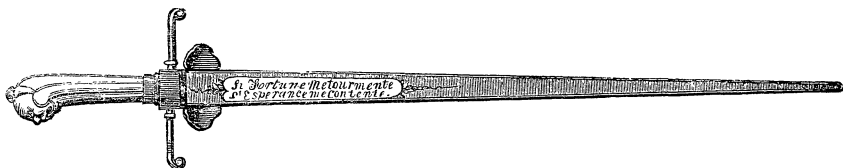
[Fresco from Grove House.]

¹² SCENE IV.—“*Si fortuna,*” &c.

There is little doubt when Pistol exclaims, “Have we not Hiren here?” that, however the Hostess may mistake him, he alludes to his sword. King Arthur's sword was called *Ron*. Douce has been enabled to supply a very curious illustration of this passage, by having met with an old rapier on which these lines are inscribed:—

“*Si fortune m'e tourmente,
L'esperance me contente.*”

This is precisely the meaning of Pistol's bad Italian; and Douce therefore very ingeniously conjectures that Pistol, unmindful of the Hostess's interruption, goes on spouting the inscription upon his sword. Douce has given an engraving of this rapier, which we copy:—



¹³ SCENE IV.—“*A shove-groat shilling.*”

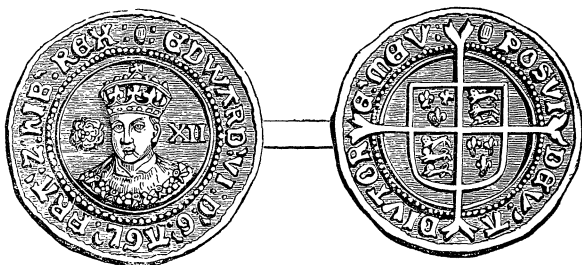
Bardolph was to quoit Pistol down stairs as quickly as the smooth shilling—the shove-groat—flies along the board. Ben Jonson, in the same allusion to quickness, says, “made it run as smooth off the tongue as a *shove-groat shilling.*” Shove-groat, in a statute of the 33rd of Henry VIII., is called a *new game*; and it was also called slide-groat,—slide-board,—slide-thrift, and slip-thrift. The game was no doubt originally played with the silver groat. The broad shilling of Edward VI. came afterwards to be used in this game, which in all probability varied little from *shovel-board*. Master Slender, in the ‘Merry Wives of Windsor,’ had

his pocket picked of “two Edward shovel-boards, that cost him two and two pence a piece.” Slender’s costly shillings were probably lucky ones.

¹⁴ SCENE IV.—“*Bartholomew boar-pig.*”

A roasted pig in Bartholomew fair was a dainty to which Ben Jonson has several allusions; and thus it is used as a term of endearment to Falstaff. Davenant has some lines on the subject, which are quoted by Gifford:—

“Now London’s Mayor on saddle new,
Rides to the fair of Bartlemew;
He twirls his chain and looketh big,
As if to fright the head of pig,
That gaping lies on every stall.”



[Broad Shilling of Edward VI.]

ACT III.

¹⁵ SCENE II.—“*Skogan’s head.*”

Who was Skogan? has produced as fierce a controversy, if not so elaborate, as, Who wrote ‘Icon Basilike’? It seems there were two Skogans; the one,

“A fine gentleman, and master of arts,
Of Henry the Fourth’s time, that made disguises
For the king’s sons, and writ in ballad-royal
Daintily well.”

This was Henry Skogan, usually called *moral* Skogan; and Ben Jonson’s brief description of him, given above, will no doubt, be sufficient for our readers. The other was John Skogan, of the time of Edward IV., who is thus described by Holinshed:—“A learned gentleman, and student for a time in Oxford, of a pleasant wit, and bent to merry devises, in respect whereof he was called into the court, where, giving himself to his natural inclination of mirth and pleasant pastime, he played many sporting parts, although

not in such uncivil manner as hath been of him reported.” Shakspeare, say the commentators, committed an anachronism, in describing Skogan the jester as having his head broken by Falstaff. No doubt. All that Shakspeare meant to convey was, the name of a buffoon, whose freedoms were thus punished; and the *jests* of Skogan, the Joe Miller of Shakspeare’s time, was a book with which the poet’s audience would be familiar.

¹⁶ SCENE II.—“*A score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.*”

“Shakspeare,” says Dr. Gray, “seems to have been unacquainted with the value of money, and the prices of sheep, and other cattle, at the latter end of the reign of King Henry the Fourth.” That is true. In 1411, the price of a sheep is stated at 1s. 10d., but in Shakspeare’s own time the price varies from 6s. 8d. to 15s. The local and temporary allusions throughout

Shakspeare, of course, refer to matters of his own day.

¹⁷ SCENE II.—“*A soldier-like word.*”

Ben Jonson, in his ‘Discoveries’ (a valuable collection of his miscellaneous remarks), says, “You are not to cast a ring for the perfumed terms of the time, as *accommodation*, complement, spirit, &c., but use them properly in their place, as others.” Every age has its “perfumed terms,”—words that originate in fashionable society, and descend to the vulgar like cast-off clothes. Shakspeare could not render *accommodate* more ridiculous than to put it into the mouth of Bardolph, and make that worthy maintain it “to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command.” Jonson, in ‘Every Man in his Humour,’ gives us an example of the fantastic use of the word:—“Hostess, *accommodate* us with another bed-staff here quickly. *Lend* us another bed-staff—the woman does not understand the words of action.”

¹⁸ SCENE II.—“*I remember at Mile-end Green, (when I lay at Clement’s Inn), I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur’s show, there was,*” &c.

This passage was formerly pointed thus:—“I remember at Mile-end Green (when I lay at Clement’s Inn, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur’s show,) there was,” &c. It was considered by the editors, and by Warton especially, that Arthur’s show was acted at Clement’s Inn, of which society Shallow was a member. It has, however, been found, that a society for the exercise of archery, calling themselves Prince Arthur’s Knights, existed in Shakspeare’s time. This society, according to Richard Mulcaster, master of St. Paul’s School (in a tract published in 1581 and 1587), was called, ‘The Friendly and Frank Fellowship of Prince Arthur’s Knights in and about the City of London.’ That the members of the society personated characters in the romance of Arthur we learn from the same tract; for the author mentions Master Hugh Offley as Sir Launcelot, and Master Thomas Smith as Prince Arthur himself. Justice Shallow might, therefore, very properly personate Sir Dagonet, King Arthur’s fool; who, in the *Morte d’Arthur*, “seems to be introduced like a Shrove-tide cock, for the sake of being buffeted and abused by every one.” (Gifford.)

There is a proof of the ancient flourishing existence of ‘The Fellowship of Prince Arthur’s Knights,’ to be found in the following passage of an old book, which gives a description of “a great show and shooting” in 1583. “The prince of famous memory, King Henry the Eighth, having read in the chronicles of England, and seen in his own time, how armies mixed with good archers have evermore so galled the enemy that it hath been great cause of the victory, he being one day at Mile-end, when Prince Arthur and his knights were there shooting, did greatly commend the game, and allowed thereof, lauding them to their encouragement.” It appears also, from an exceedingly rare tract on this society of Prince Arthur (1583), that King Henry VIII. confirmed by charter to the citizens of London, the “famous order of Knights of Prince Arthur’s Round Table, or society: like as in his life time, when he saw a good archer indeed, he chose him, and ordained such a one for a knight of the same order.” Henry VIII., like many other tyrants, was sometimes pleased to be jocose and familiar with his subjects; and in this spirit, he not only patronized the Knights of the Round Table, but created a celebrated archer of the name of Barlo, *Duke of Shoreditch*. The dukedom, it seems, was hereditary; and in 1583, the successor to the original duke had a *Baron Stirrop* in his court. Prince Arthur and the duke were on the most friendly terms; and a deputation from his highness, upon the day of Prince Arthur’s shooting in 1583, presented a buck of that season “to Prince Arthur, who was at his tent, which was at Mile-end Green.”

¹⁹ SCENE II.—“*This Vice’s dagger.*”

In Harsenet’s ‘Declaration of Popish Impositions,’ 1603 (quoted in Malone’s ‘History of the Stage,’ Boswell, iii. 27), we have the following description of the Vice: “It was a pretty part in the old church-plays, when the nimble Vice would skip up nimbly like a jack-an-apes into the devil’s neck, and ride the devil a course, and belabour him with his wooden dagger, till he made him roar, whereat the people would laugh to see the devil so Vice-haunted.” The costume is that usually assigned to this personage—the long petticoat guarded with lace, the cap with ass’s ears, and the dagger of lath (see ‘Henry IV., Part I.’ page 190). The origin of the name Vice is involved in considerable obscurity. The subject is highly interesting, but

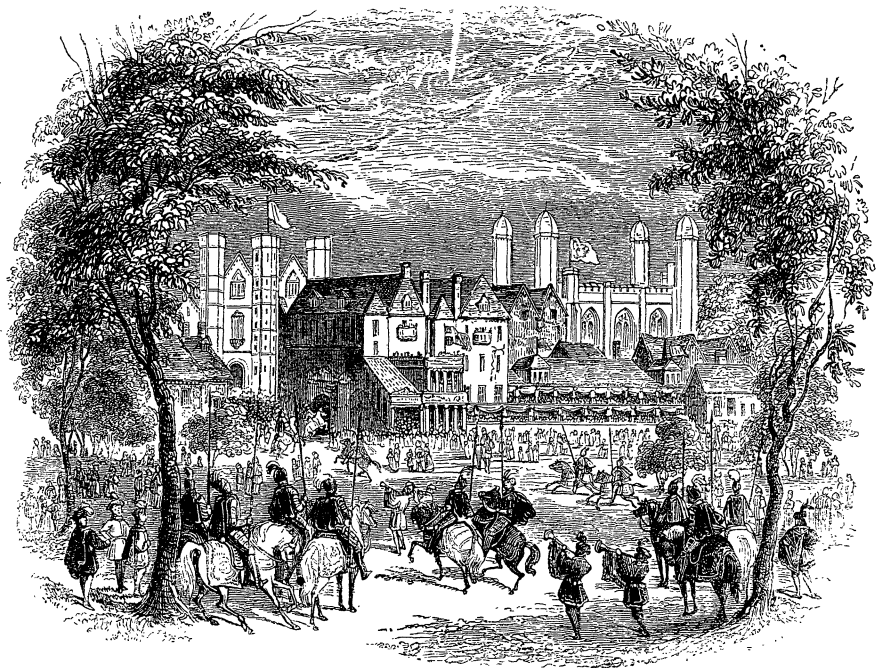
we may more conveniently examine it under the passage in 'King Richard III.' :—

"Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralise two meanings in one word."

²⁰ SCENE II.—"*Tilt-yard.*"

In Aggas's Map of Westminster, drawn 1578,

and in another by Norden, 1593, *elevations* of the tilt-yard are given; and in Smith's 'Antiquities of Westminster,' two old pictures are engraved "representing the most material part of St. James's Park, and many of the buildings, part of, or belonging to, the Palace of Whitehall as they were in the time of King Charles



[*Tilt-yard, Westminster.*]

II." From these authorities the above representation has been chiefly composed, which exhibits the place as it may be supposed to have appeared from the park, on the occasion of a tilt in the time of Elizabeth. In the centre, the tilt-yard is seen with its double tier of galleries for spectators; on the right, Holbein's celebrated gate; and on the left, the Old Horse-Guards.

²¹ SCENE II.—"*The case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him.*"

Formerly there were three kinds of hautboy,—the treble, tenor, and bass. We have now but the first of these. The bassoon has superseded the last, and the other is a desideratum. Mersenne describes all three, and gives a wood-cut of each.

ACT IV.

22 SCENE I.—“*Gualtree forest.*”

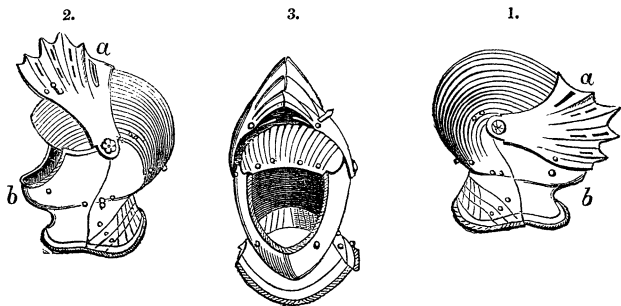
THIS forest is in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and was formerly called Galtres forest. It is thus mentioned by Skelton :—

“Thus stode I in the frythy forest of Galtres.”

Frythy is woody.

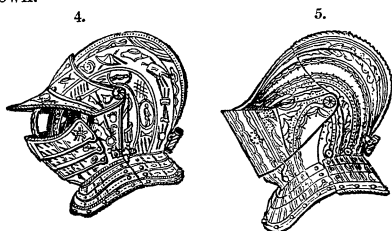
23 SCENE I.—“*Whose white investments figure innocence.*”

The ordinary costume of a bishop, not only when he was performing his episcopal functions, but when he appeared in public, and even when he travelled, was a vestment of white linen. From a passage in a letter of Erasmus, it appears that Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when he was about to cross the sea, laid aside this linen vest, “which they always use in England.”



1. 2. 3. Helmet belonging to a suit of cap-a-pee armour, of the date 1495, preserved in the collection of Sir Samuel Meyrick, Goodrich Court. 1. Profile of the helmet, with the opening for the face closed by the visor *a*, and the beaver, *b*. 2. Ditto, half opened by the elevation of the visor, *a*. 3. Front view, ditto.

Some helmets were, however, so constructed, that the beaver, being composed of falling-overlapping plates, exposed the face when it was down.



4. “An armet” (from specimens in Goodrich Court) of the time of Philip and Mary, the umbril of which has attached to it three wide bars to guard the face, over which the beaver, formed of three overlapping lames perforated, is made to draw up.

24 SCENE I.—“*Their beavers down.*”

In ‘Hamlet,’ Act I., Scene 2, we find this passage, “He wore his beaver up.” In the first Part of ‘Henry IV.,’ page 275, we have seen that the beaver was sometimes used to express a helmet generally. The passage before us, and the passage in ‘Hamlet’ have been considered contradictory; and some have supposed that Shakspeare confounded the beaver and visor. Douce shows that both the beaver and visor moved *up*,—and when so, the face was exposed; when the beaver was *down*, the face was covered;—and the beaver and visor were both *down* in the battle or the tournament. The following representations, which are taken from Meyrick and Skelton’s ‘Ancient Armour,’ will be more satisfactory than any verbal description :—

5. “A helmet” (ditto) of the time of Queen Elizabeth. This has a visor and beaver. The latter when up exposes the face, while in the armet, Fig. 4, such a position guards it.

This “armet,” however, appears to have been of an unusual construction. Shakspeare alludes to the common *beaver* both in ‘Hamlet,’ and in the passage before us; and in these no contradiction is involved.

25 SCENE III.—“*I will have it in a particular ballad,*” &c.

In Ben Jonson’s ‘Bartholomew Fair,’ we have the following passage: “O, sister, do you remember the ballads over the nursery chimney at home, o’ my own pasting up? there be brave pictures.” Very few ballads of Shakspeare’s time appeared without the decoration of a rude wood-

cut; sometimes referring to the subject matter of the ballad, sometimes giving a portrait of the queen. These fugitive productions, Gifford says, "came out every term in incredible numbers, and were rapidly dispersed over the kingdom, by shoals of itinerant syrens."

²⁶ SCENE IV.—"*I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.*"

The forest of Windsor was the favourite hunting ground of the court in the sixteenth century, as it was, probably, at a much earlier period. In Lord Surrey's celebrated poem on Windsor Castle, supposed to be written in 1546, we have the following passage:—

"The wild forest, the clothed holts with green;
With reins averted, and swiftly-breathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force."

²⁷ SCENE IV.—"*Hath wrought the mure,*" &c.

Shakspeare has here borrowed a thought from Daniel. In the third Book of his 'Civil Wars,' first published in 1595, we have this couplet:—

"Wearing the wall so thin, that now the mind
Might well look thorough, and his frailty find."

Hurd, finding the passage in the complete edition of Daniel's 'Civil Wars,' published in 1609, and not, perhaps, being aware of the earlier edition, considered that Daniel had imitated Shakspeare. This coincidence strengthens the remarks which we made in the Introductory Notice to 'Richard II.' on Shakspeare's supposed imitations of his poetical friend. The same thought descended from Daniel and Shakspeare to Waller, who has thus modified it:—

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made."

²⁸ SCENE IV.—"*In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.*"

Of the Jerusalem Chamber, which is attached to the S.W. tower of Westminster Abbey, scarcely any of the original features remain—nothing, indeed, of the interior that probably existed in the time of Henry IV. The original chamber was built about 1632, at a time when the buildings immediately attached to the abbey were extensively repaired or re-erected.

HISTORICAL.

The following extracts from Holinshed describe the progress of the insurrection of Scroop and Northumberland. These passages are evidently the historical authorities which the poet consulted:—

"Raufe Nevill, Earl of Westmoreland, that was not far off, together with the lord John of Lancaster, the king's son, being informed of this rebellious attempt, assembled together such power as they might make, and coming into a plain within the forest of Galtree, caused their standards to be pight down in like sort as the archbishop had pight his, over against them, being far stronger in number of people than the other, for (as some write) there were of the rebels at the least eleven thousand men. When the Earl of Westmoreland perceived the force of adversaries, and that they lay still and attempted not to come forward upon him, he subtly devised how to quail their purpose, and forthwith dispatched messengers unto the archbishop to understand the cause, as it were, of that great assemble, and for what cause, con-

trary to the king's peace, they came so in armour. The archbishop answered, that he took nothing in hand against the king's peace, but that whatever he did, tended rather to advance the peace and quiet of the commonwealth, than otherwise, and where he and his company were in arms, it was for fear of the king, to whom he could have no free access by reason of such a multitude of flatterers as were about him, and therefore he maintained that his purpose was good and profitable, as well for the king himself, as for the realm, if men were willing to understand a truth: and herewith he showed forth a scroll in which the articles were written, whereof before ye have heard. The messengers returning unto the Earl of Westmoreland showed him what they had heard and brought from the archbishop. When he had read the articles, he showed in word and countenance outwardly that he liked of the archbishop's holy and virtuous intent and purpose, promising that he and his would prosecute the same in assisting the archbishop, who, rejoicing

hereat, gave credit to the earl, and persuaded the Earl Marshall against his will as it were to go with him to a place appointed for them to commune together. Here, when they were met with like number on either part, the articles were read over, and without any more ado, the Earl of Westmoreland and those that were with him, agreed to do their best to see that a reformation might be had, according to the same. The Earl of Westmoreland using more policy than the rest: Well (said he) then our travail is come to the wished end: and where our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their wonted trades and occupations: in the mean time let us drink together, in sign of agreement, that the people on both sides may see it, and know that it is true, that we be light at a point. They had no sooner shaken hands together, but that a knight was sent straitways from the archbishop to bring word to the people that there was a peace concluded, commanding each man to lay aside arms, and to resort home to their houses. The people beholding such tokens of peace, as shaking of hands, and drinking together of the lords in loving manner, brake up their field and returned homewards: but in the mean time, whilst the people of the archbishop's side withdrew away, the number of the contrary part increased, according to order given by the Earl of Westmoreland, and yet the archbishop perceived not that he was deceived, till the Earl of Westmoreland arrested both him and the Earl Marshall, with diverse other. Their troops being pursued, many were taken, many slain, and many spoiled of that they had about them, and so permitted to go their ways."

* * * * *

"The Earl of Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolf, after they had been in Wales, in France, and Flanders, to purchase aid against King Henry, were returned back into Scotland, and had remained there now (1408) for the space of a whole year, and as their evil fortune would, whilst the king held a council of the nobility at London, the said Earl of Northumberland and Lord Bardolf, in a dismal hour, with a great power of Scots, returned into England, recovering diverse of the earl's castles, and seigniories, for the people in great numbers resorted unto them. Hereupon encouraged with hope of good success, they enter into Yorkshire, and there began to destroy the country. The king advertised hereof, caused a great army to be assembled, and came forward with the same towards his enemies: but ere the king came to Nottingham, Sir Thomas (or, as other copies have, Raufe) Rokesby, sheriff of Yorkshire, assembled the forces of the country to resist the earl and his power, coming to Grimbaut Brigges, beside Knaresborough, there to stop them the passage; but they returning aside, got to Weatherby, and so to Tadcaster, and finally came forward unto Branham Moor, near to Hay-selwood, where they chose their ground meet to fight upon. The sheriff was as ready to give battle as the earl to receive it, and so with a standard of St. George spread, set fiercely upon the earl, who, under a standard of his own arms, encountered his adversaries with great manhood. There was a sore encounter and cruel conflict betwixt the parties, but in the end the victory fell to the sheriff. The Earl of Northumberland was slain in the field, and the Lord Bardolf was taken, but sore wounded, so that he shortly after died of the hurts."

ACT V.

2^d SCENE I.—*"By cock and pye."*

IN a little book of great popularity, originally published in 1601, entitled, 'The Plaine Man's Pathway to Heaven,' by Arthur Dent, we have the following passage:—"I know a man that will never swear but by cock or py, or mouse-foot. I hope you will not say these be oaths. For he is as honest a man as ever brake bread. You shall not hear an oath come out of his

mouth." We here see, that the exclamation "by cock and pye," was not of the class of oaths from which Hotspur might choose "a good mouth-filling oath." Steevens supposes that the service-book of the Romish church being denominated a Pie, the oath had reference to that, and to the sacred name. Douce has, however, given the following very ingenious explanation of the origin of the word:—"It will, no doubt, be recollected, that in the days of

ancient chivalry it was the practice to make solemn vows or engagements for the performance of some considerable enterprise. This ceremony was usually performed during some grand feast or entertainment, at which a roasted peacock or pheasant, being served up by ladies in a dish of gold or silver, was thus presented to each knight, who then made the particular vow which he had chosen, with great solemnity. When this custom had fallen into disuse, the peacock, nevertheless, continued to be a favourite dish, and was introduced on the table in a pie, the head, with gilded beak, being proudly elevated above the crust, and the splendid tail expanded. Other birds of smaller value were introduced in the same manner, and the recollection of the old peacock-vows might occasion the less serious, or even burlesque, imitation of swearing, not only by the bird itself, but also by the pie; and hence, probably the oath by cock and pie, for the use of which no very old authority can be found."

³⁰ SCENE I.—"*I would curry with Master Shallow.*"

The origin of to curry—to *curry favour*—furnishes a remarkable example of the corruption of language. In Chaucer's time, the phrase was "*curry favel*." In the 'Merchant's Second Tale,' we have:—

"As though he had lerned cury favel of some old frere."

Favel was the name of a horse,—a name generally given to chestnut horses—as Bayard to a brown horse, and Blanchard to a white. In an old English proverb we have:—

"He that will in court dwell,
Must needes currie fabel."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that it is agreeable to a horse to be curried, and that, therefore, to curry favel, applied to a courtier, or a sycophant, is to bestow such attentions as may bespeak good offices.

³¹ SCENE I.—"*The wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions.)*"

In the time of Shakspeare the *law terms* regulated what we now denominate the *season*. The country gentlemen and their families then came up to town to transact their business and to learn the fashions. "He comes up every term to learn to take tobacco, and see new motions." (Ben Jonson, 'Every Man out of his Humour.') Falstaff computes that six fashions

would wear out in four terms, or two actions. This particularity, may, perhaps, be taken as another proof of Shakspeare's technical knowledge, and fondness for legal allusions.

³² SCENE II.—"*Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds.*"

The following valuable note is communicated by a friend:—

"Amurath is generally supposed to be *Murad*, and no Murad ever did succeed another;—not that it is of much consequence—but Amurath, in Greek 'Ἀμυράς, is *Emēēr*, the Greek *υ* being pronounced as *ēē*. In old books the Sultan is sometimes called "*the Amyrath*," and the style of Mohammed II. in the Greek version of his treaty with the Genoese of Galata is—

"'Εγὼ δὲ μέγας Αἰθίντης, καὶ μέγας Ἀμυράς ὁ Σουλτανός Μέρμετ Μπίν, υἱὸς τοῦ μεγάλου Αἰθίντου καὶ Ἀμυρᾶ τοῦ Σουλτανοῦ Μουράτ Μπίν."

"I the great *Effendi* and great *Emeer*, the Sultan Machomet Bey, son of the, &c.—Mourad Bey.'—So that we find Amurath in the same sentence as distinct from Mourad."

³³ SCENE III.—"*Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer.*"

Every lover of Shakspeare must recollect that most exquisite passage in the 'Twelfth Night,' which describes the higher species of minstrelsy that had found an abiding place in the hearts of the people:—

"Give me some music:—but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night,
Methought it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
Mark it, Cæsario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age."

The outpouring of snatches of old songs by Master Silence, in this hour, when the taciturnity of a feeble intellect was overwhelmed by the stimulant which wine afforded to his memory, is a truly poetical conception. In his prosaic moments the worthy Justice is contented to echo his brother of the quorum:—"We shall all follow, cousin." But when his "merry heart" expands in "the sweet of the night," he unravels his fag-ends of popular ditties with a volubility which not even the abuse of Pistol can stop. Beaumont and Fletcher, in 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle,' have a character,

Old Merry-thought, who "evermore laughs, and dances, and sings;" and he introduces himself to us with :—

"Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
And who gave thee this jolly red nose."

The humour of Old Merry-thought is little better than farce; but the extravagance of Silence is the richest comedy, from the contrast with his habitual character. The snatches which Silence sings are not the—

"light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times,"

but fragments of old ballads that had been long heard in the squire's hall, and the yeoman's chimney-corner—"old and plain." For example, the expression,—

"'T is merry in hall, when beards wag all,"

may be found, with a slight alteration, in the poems of Adam Davy, who lived in the time of

Edward II. (See Warton's 'History of English Poetry,' section 6.) In the 'Serving Man's Comfort,' 1598, we have this passage, descriptive of the merriment in which the retainers of the great partook, in the time of Elizabeth :—
"Grace said, and the table taken up, the plate presently conveyed into the pantry, the hall summons this consort of companions (upon payne to dine with Duke Humphrey, or to kiss the hare's foot) to appear at the first call; where a song is to be sung, the under song or holding whereof is, 'It is merry in hall, where beards wag all.'" The concluding line, before the command to "carry Master Silence to bed," is a portion of the old ballad of 'Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield':—

"All this beheard three wighty yeomen,
'T was Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John:
With that they espy'd the jolly Pindar
As he sate under a throne."

HISTORICAL.

In the 'Studies of Shakspeare,' p. 164, we have mentioned the story told by Sir Tomas Elyot, in his book of 'The Governor,' of the committal of Prince Henry to the Fleet by the Lord Chief Justice. This tradition was believed (perhaps upon the authority of Elyot) by Sir Edward Coke and Sir John Hawkins; and was referred to by them in legal arguments. The anecdote, as detailed by Elyot, is very amusing:—

"A good Judge, a good Prince, a good King.

"The most renowned prince, King Henry V., late king of England, during the life of his father, was noted to be fierce and of wanton courage. It happened that one of his servants whom he favoured well, was for felony by him committed arraigned at the King's Bench: wherefore the prince being advertised, and incensed by light persons about him, in furious rage came hastily to the bar, where his servant stood as a prisoner, and commanded him to be ungyved and set at liberty. Whereat all men were abashed, reserved the chief justice, who humbly exhorted the prince to be contented that his servant might be ordered according to the ancient laws of this realm; or if he would have him saved from the rigour of the laws, that he should obtain, if he might, of the king his father his gracious pardon, whereby no law or justice should be derogate.

"With which answer the prince nothing answered, but rather more inflamed, endeavoured himself to take away his servant. The judge considering the perilous example and inconvenience that might thereby ensue, with a valiant spirit and courage commanded the prince upon his allegiance to leave the prisoner and depart his way; at which commandment the prince being set all in a fury, all chafed, and in a terrible manner, came up to the place of judgement, men thinking that he would have slain the judge, or have done to him some damage: but the judge sitting still without moving, declaring the majesty of the king's place of judgement, and with an assured and bold countenance, had to the prince these words following:—

"'Sir, remember yourself. I keep here the place of the king your sovereign lord and father, to whom you owe double obedience: wherefore eftsoones in his name, I charge you to desist of your wilfulness and unlawful enterprise, and from henceforth give good example to those which hereafter shall be your proper subjects. And now, for your contempt, and disobedience, go you to the prison of the King's Bench, whereunto I commit you, and remain ye there prisoner until the pleasure of the king your father be further known.' With which words being abashed, and also wondering at the

marvellous gravity of that worshipful justice, the noble prince laying his weapon apart, doing reverence, departed and went to the King's Bench as he was commanded. Whereat his servants disdained, came and shewed to the king all the whole affair, whereat he a while studying, after as a man all ravished with gladness, holding his eyes and hands up towards heaven, abraded with a loud voice: 'O merciful God, how much am I bound to your infinite goodness, specially for that you have given me a judge who feareth not to minister justice, and also a son who can suffer semblably and obey justice.'"

The circumstances which preceded the death of Henry IV., including the story of the prince removing the crown, are thus detailed by Holinshed:—

"In this fourteenth and last year of King Henry's reign, a council was holden in the White Friars in London, at the which, among other things, order was taken for ships and galleys to be builded and made ready, and all other things necessary to be provided, for a voyage which he meant to make into the Holy Land, there to recover the city of Jerusalem from the infidels. The morrow after Candlemas-day, began a Parliament which he had called at London; but he departed this life before the same Parliament was ended: for now that his provisions were ready, and that he was furnished with all things necessary for such a royal journey as he pretended to take into the Holy Land, he was eftsoones taken with a sore sickness, which was not a leprosy (saith Master Hall), as foolish friars imagined, but a very apoplexy. During this, his last sickness, he caused his crown (as some write) to be set on a pillow at his bed's-head, and suddenly his pangs so sore troubled him, that he lay as though all his vital spirits had been from him departed. Such as were about him, thinking verily that he had been departed, covered his face with a linen cloth. The prince his son being hereof advertised, entered into the chamber, took away the crown, and departed. The father being suddenly revived out of that trance, quickly perceived the lack of his crown, and having knowledge that the prince his son had taken it away, caused him to come before his presence, requiring of him what he meant so to misuse himself: the prince with a good audacity answered, Sir, to mine, and all men's judgements, you seemed dead in this

world; wherefore I, as your next heir apparent, took that as mine own, and not as yours. Well fair son, said the king (with a great sigh), what right I had to it, God knoweth. Well, quoth the prince, if you die king, I will have the garland, and trust to keep it with the sword against all mine enemies, as you have done. Then, said the king, I commit all to God, and remember you to do well; and with that turned himself in his bed, and shortly after departed to God, in a chamber of the Abbots of Westminster called Jerusalem. We find, that he was taken with his last sickness, while he was making his prayers at Saint Edward's shrine, there as it were to take his leave, and so to proceed forth on his journey: he was so suddenly and grievously taken, that such as were about him feared lest he would have died presently; wherefore, to relieve him, if it were possible, they bare him into a chamber that was next at hand belonging to the Abbot of Westminster, where they laid him on a pallet before the fire, and used all remedies to revive him: at length he recovered his speech and understanding, and perceiving himself in a strange place which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had any particular name, whereunto answer was made, that it was called Jerusalem. Then said the king, laudes be given to the Father of Heaven, for now I know that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophesy of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem."

We close our Historical Illustrations with a passage from Holinshed, descriptive of the change of life in Henry V.:—

"This king was the man that, according to the old proverb, declared and shewed in what sort honours ought to change manners; for immediately after that he was invested king, and had received the crown, he determined with himself to put upon him the shape of a new man, turning insolency and wildness into gravity and soberness: and whereas he had passed his youth in wanton pastime, and riotous disorder, with a sort of misgoverned mates, and unthrifty playseers, he now banished them from his presence (not unrewarded, nor yet unpreferred), inhibiting them, upon a great pain, not once to approach, lodge, or sojourn, within ten miles of his court or mansion: and in their places he elected and chose men of gravity, wit, and high policy."



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'HENRY V.' was first printed in 1600. This copy differs most materially from the text of the folio. The play runs only to 1800 lines; whilst the lines in the folio edition amount to 3500. Not only is the copy thus augmented by the additions of the choruses and new scenes, but there is scarcely a speech, from the first scene to the last, which is not elaborated. In this elaboration the old materials are very carefully used up; but they are so thoroughly refitted and dovetailed with what is new, that the operation can only be compared to the work of a skilful architect, who, having an ancient mansion to enlarge and beautify, with a strict regard to its original character, preserves every feature of the structure, under other combinations, with such marvellous skill, that no unity of principle is violated, and the whole has the effect of a restoration in which the new and the old are undistinguishable.

"Shakspeare," says Frederick Schlegel, "regarded the drama as entirely a thing for the people; and, at first, treated it throughout as such. He took the popular comedy as he found it, and whatever enlargements and improvements he introduced into the stage were all calculated and conceived according to the peculiar spirit of his predecessors, and of the audience in London."^a This is especially true with regard to Shakspeare's Histories. In the case of the 'Henry V.' it appears to us that our great dramatic poet would never have touched the subject, had not the stage previously possessed it in the old play of 'The Famous Victories.' 'Henry IV.' would have been perfect as a dramatic whole, without the addition of 'Henry V.' The somewhat doubtful mode in which he speaks of continuing the story appears to us a pretty certain indication that he rather shrunk from a subject which appeared to him essentially undramatic. It is, however, highly probable that, having brought the

history of Henry of Monmouth up to the period of his father's death, the demands of an audience who had been accustomed to hail "the madcap Prince of Wales" as the conqueror of Agincourt compelled him to "continue the story." Having hastily met the demands of his audience by the first sketch of 'Henry V.,' as it appears in the quarto editions, he subsequently saw the capacity which the subject presented for being treated in a grand lyrical spirit. Instead of interpolating an under-plot of petty passions and intrigues,—such, for the most part, as we find in the dramatic treatment of an heroic subject by the French poets,—he preserved the great object of his drama entire by the intervention of the chorus. Skilfully as he has managed this, and magnificent as the whole drama is as a great national song of triumph, there can be no doubt that Shakspeare felt that in this play he was dealing with a theme too narrow for his peculiar powers. The subject is altogether one of lyric grandeur; but it is not one, we think, which Shakspeare would have chosen for a drama.

And yet how exquisitely has Shakspeare thrown his dramatic power into this undramatic subject! The character of the King is altogether one of the most finished portraits that has proceeded from this master-hand. It could, perhaps, only have been thoroughly conceived by the poet who had delineated the Henry of the Boar's Head, and of the Field of Shrewsbury. The surpassing union, in this character, of spirit and calmness, of dignity and playfulness, of an ever-present energy, and an almost melancholy abstraction,—the conventional authority of the king, and the deep sympathy, with the meanest about him, of the man,—was the result of the most philosophical and consistent appreciation by the poet of the moral and intellectual progress of his own Prince of Wales. And let it not be said that the

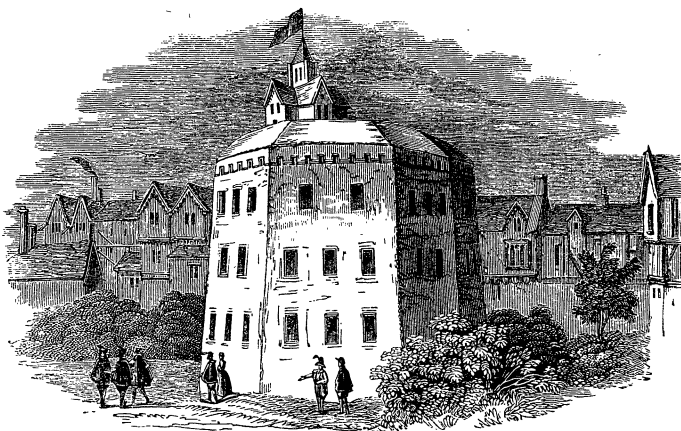
^a 'Lectures on the History of Literature,' vol. ii.

picture which he has painted of his favourite hero is an exaggerated and flattering representation. The extraordinary merits of Henry V. were those of the individual; his demerits were those of his times. It was not for the poet to regard the most popular king of the feudal age with the cold and severe scrutiny of the philosophical historian. It was for him to embody in the person of Henry V. the principle of national heroism; it was for him to call forth "the spirit of patriotic reminiscence." Frederick Schlegel says, "The feeling by which Shakspeare seems to have been most connected with ordinary men is that of nationality." But how different is his nationality from that of ordinary men! It is reflective, tolerant, generous. It lives not in an atmosphere of falsehood and prejudice. Its theatre is war and conquest; but it does not hold up war and conquest as fitting objects for nationality to dedicate itself to, except under the pressure of the most urgent necessity. Neither does it attempt to conceal the fearful responsibilities of those who carry the principle of nationality to the last arbitrement of arms; nor the enormous amount of evil which always attends the rupture of that peace, in the cultivation of which nationality is best displayed.

In the inferior persons of the play—the comic characters—the poet has displayed that power which he, above all men, possesses, of combining the highest poetical conceptions with the most truthful delineations of real life. In the amusing pedantry of Fluellen, and the vapourings of Pistol, there is nothing in the slightest degree incongruous with the main action of the scene. The homely bluntness of the common soldiers of the army brings us still closer to a knowledge of the great mass of which a camp is composed. Perhaps one of the most delicate but yet most appreciable instances of Shakspeare's nationality, in all its power and justice, is the mode in which he has exhibited the characters of these common soldiers. They are rough, somewhat quarrelsome, brave as lions, but without the slightest particle of anything low or grovelling in their composition. They are fit representatives of the "good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England." On the other hand, the discriminating truth of the poet is equally shown in exhibiting to us three arrant cowards in Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph. His impartiality could afford to paint the bullies and blackguards that even our nationality must be content to reckon as component parts of every army.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

- KING HENRY V.**
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 6.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 2.
- DUKE OF GLOSTER, brother to the King.**
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 6.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 7; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 2.
- DUKE OF BEDFORD, brother to the King.**
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.
- DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.**
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.
Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 2.
- DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.**
Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.
- EARL OF SALISBURY.**
Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.
- EARL OF WESTMORELAND.**
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 2.
- EARL OF WARWICK.**
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 7; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 2.
- ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.**
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.
- BISHOP OF ELY.**
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.
- EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, a conspirator against the King.**
Appears, Act II. sc. 2.
- LORD SCROOP, a conspirator against the King.**
Appears, Act II. sc. 2.
- SIR THOMAS GREY, a conspirator against the King.**
Appears, Act II. sc. 2.
- SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, an officer in King Henry's army.**
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.
- GOWER, an officer in King Henry's army.**
Appears, Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 8.
Act V. sc. 1.
- FLUELLEN, an officer in King Henry's army.**
Appears, Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 1.
- MACMORRIS, an officer in King Henry's army.**
Appears, Act III. sc. 2.
- JAMY, an officer in King Henry's army.**
Appears, Act III. sc. 2.
- BATES, a soldier in King Henry's army.**
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.
- COURT, a soldier in King Henry's army.**
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.
- WILLIAMS, a soldier in King Henry's army.**
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 8.
- NYM, formerly servant to Falstaff, now soldier in King Henry's army.**
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
- BARDOLPH, formerly servant to Falstaff, now soldier in King Henry's army.**
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
- PISTOL, formerly servant to Falstaff, now soldier in King Henry's army.**
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.
- Boy, servant to Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol.**
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 4.
- A Herald.**
Appears, Act IV. sc. 8.
- Chorus.**
Appears, Act I. Act II. Act III. Act IV. Act V.
- CHARLES VI., King of France.**
Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.
- LEWIS, the Dauphin.**
Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 5; sc. 7.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5.
- DUKE OF BURGUNDY.**
Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.
- DUKE OF ORLEANS.**
Appears, Act III. sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5.
- DUKE OF BOURBON.**
Appears, Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 5.
- THE CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.**
Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 5; sc. 7.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5.
- RAMBURES, a French lord.**
Appears, Act III. sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5.
- GRANDPRÉ, a French lord.**
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.
- Governor of Harfleur.**
Appears, Act III. sc. 3.
- MONTJOY, a French herald.**
Appears, Act III. sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 7.
- Ambassadors to the King of England.**
Appear, Act I. sc. 2.
- ISABEL, Queen of France.**
Appears, Act V. sc. 2.
- KATHARINE, daughter of Charles and Isabel.**
Appears, Act III. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.
- ALICE, a lady attending on the Princess Katharine.**
Appears, Act III. sc. 4.
- QUICKLY, Pistol's wife, an hostess.**
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.
- Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.**



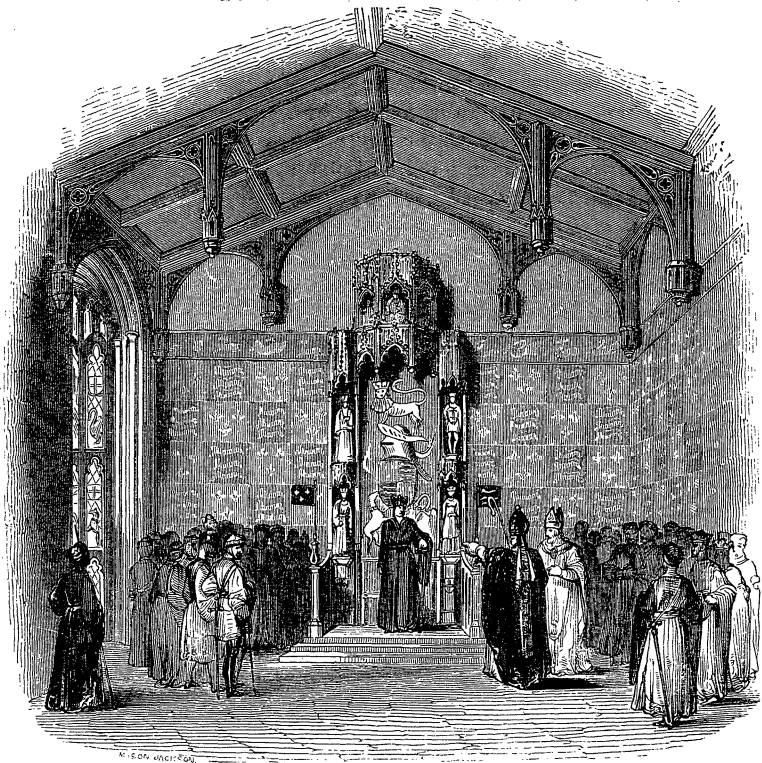
[Globe Theatre.]

CHORUS.

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention!
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
 Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
 Crouch for employment¹. But, pardon, gentles all,
 The flat unraised spirit, that hath dared
 On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
 So great an object: Can this cockpit hold
 The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
 Within this wooden O the very casques
 That did affright the air at Agincourt²?
 O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
 Attest, in little place, a million;
 And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
 On your imaginary forces work:
 Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
 Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
 The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,

And make imaginary puissance :
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth :
For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times ;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass ; For the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history ;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play^a.

* This chorus does not appear in the quarto editions.



[Room of State in the Palace.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and BISHOP OF ELY.

CANT. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd,
Which, in the eleventh year of the last king's reign,
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scrambling^a and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

ELY. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

CANT. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout

^a *Scrambling*. Percy thinks that to *scamble*, and to *scramble*, are synonymous. The "scrambling time" is the disorderly time in which authority is unrespected.

By testament have given to the church,
 Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—
 As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
 Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;
 Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
 And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
 Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
 A hundred almshouses, right well supplied;
 And to the coffers of the king beside
 A thousand pounds by the year: Thus runs the bill.

ELY. This would drink deep.

CANT. 'T would drink the cup and all.

ELY. But what prevention?

CANT. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

ELY. And a true lover of the holy church.

CANT. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,
 Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration like an angel came,
 And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
 Leaving his body as a paradise,
 To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
 Never was such a sudden scholar made:
 Never came reformation in a flood,
 With such a heady currance^a, scouring faults;
 Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
 So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
 As in this king.

ELY. We are blessed in the change.

CANT. Hear him but reason in divinity³,

And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire the king were made a prelate:
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study:
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle render'd you in music:
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,

^a *Currance*. So the original folio. It was changed to *current* in the second folio; and the correction, as it is called, is retained in all subsequent editions. If it be necessary to modernise Shakspeare's phraseology, the correction was right; but *currance* is the French *courance*, from which we have compounded *concurrence* and *occurrence*.

And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
 So that the art and practic part of life
 Must be the mistress to this theoric^a:
 Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain:
 His companies^b unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity.

ELY. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle;
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
 Unseen, yet crecive in his faculty.

CANT. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd;
 And therefore we must needs admit the means
 How things are perfected.

ELY. But, my good lord,
 How now for mitigation of this bill
 Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
 Incline to it, or no?

CANT. He seems indifferent;
 Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
 Than cherishing the exhibitors against us:
 For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
 Upon our spiritual convocation;
 And in regard of causes now in hand,
 Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
 As touching France,—to give a greater sum
 Than ever at one time the clergy yet
 Did to his predecessors part withal.

ELY. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

CANT. With good acceptance of his majesty;
 Save, that there was not time enough to hear
 (As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done)

* *Theoric*. Malone says, "In our author's time this word was always used where we now use *theory*." Shakspeare, indeed, never uses *theory*, although he has *theoric* in two other passages. In 'All's Well,' we have "the theoric of war;" in 'Othello,' "the bookish theoric." The word was occasionally used as late as in the time of 'The Tatler;' but in Bishop Hall, a contemporary of Shakspeare, we find *theory*, and in Fuller's 'Worthies,' both *theory* and *theoric*.

^b *Companies* is here used for *companions*. Stow uses it in the same sense: "The prince himself was fain to get upon the high altar, to girt his aforesaid *companies* with the order of knighthood."

The severals^a, and unhidden passages,
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms;
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

ELY. What was the impediment that broke this off?

CANT. The French ambassador, upon that instant,
Crav'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: Is it four o'clock?

ELY. It is.

CANT. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

ELY. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND,
and Attendants.

K. HEN. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

EXE. Not here in presence.

K. HEN. Send for him, good uncle^b.

WEST. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. HEN. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY and BISHOP of ELY.

CANT. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. HEN. c Sure, we thank you.

^a *Severals*. Monck Mason would read *several*. The plural noun of the text has the force of our modern *details*.

^b The play in the quartos begins at the next line.

^c The differences in the text of the folio and the quarto editions are so numerous and so minute, that it would be impossible for us to attempt to follow them, beyond indicating the principal omissions. We shall, however, occasionally give a passage, to show the exceeding care with which the later copy was worked up. This speech of the king, as it occurs in the quartos, may present a proper object of comparison:—

“KING. Sure we thank you: and, good my lord, proceed
Why the law Salique, which they have in France,
Or should or should not stop in us our claim:
And God forbid, my wise and learned lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.
For God doth know how many now in health

Shall

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed :
 And justly and religiously unfold,
 Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
 Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
 And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
 That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
 Or nicely charge your understanding soul
 With opening titles miscreate ^a, whose right
 Suits not in native colours with the truth ;
 For God doth know, how many, now in health,
 Shall drop their blood in approbation
 Of what your reverence shall incite us to :
 Therefore take heed how you impawn ^b our person,
 How you awake our sleeping sword of war :
 We charge you, in the name of God, take heed :
 For never two such kingdoms did contend
 Without much fall of blood ; whose guiltless drops
 Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
 'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
 That make such waste in brief mortality.
 Under this conjuration, speak, my lord :
 For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
 That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
 As pure as sin with baptism.

CANT. Then hear me, gracious sovereign ; and you peers,
 That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,
 To this imperial throne :—There is no bar
 To make against your highness' claim to France,
 But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
 " In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,"
 " No woman shall succeed in Salique land : "
 Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze ^c

Shall drop their blood, in approbation
 Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
 Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
 How you awake the sleeping sword of war :
 We charge you, in the name of God, take heed.
 After this conjuration, speak, my lord :
 And we will judge, note, and believe in heart,
 That what you speak is wash'd as pure
 As sin in baptism."

^a *Miscreate*—spurious.

^b *Impawn*. A *pawn* and a *gage* are the same. In 'Richard II.' we have "Take up mine honour's pawn." To "*impawn* our person" is equivalent, therefore, to engage our person.

^c *Gloze*. The verb to *gloze*, to *gloss* (whence *glossary*), is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *glesan*, to explain. We have this expression in Hall's 'Chronicle:' "This land Salique the *deceitful glossers* named to be the realm of France." Holinshed, who abridges Hall, simply says, "The French glossers expound to be the realm of France."

To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
 The founder of this law and female bar.
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
 That the land Salique is in Germany,
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe :
 Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,
 There left behind and settled certain French ;
 Who, holding in disdain the German women,
 For some dishonest ^a manners of their life,
 Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female
 Should be inheritrix in Salique land ;
 Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germany called Meisen.
 Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
 Was not devised for the realm of France ;
 Nor did the French possess the Salique land
 Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
 After defunction of king Pharamond,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law ;
 Who died within the year of our redemption
 Four hundred twenty-six ; and Charles the great
 Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the river Sala, in the year
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
 Did, as heir general, being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.
 Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown
 Of Charles the duke of Loraine, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—
 To find ^b his title, with some shows of truth,
 (Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,)
 Convey'd himself as th' heir to th' lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
 Of Charles the great : Also king Lewis the tenth ^c,

^a *Dishonest*. So the folio and quartos. Capell has introduced the word *unhonest* into his text, because that word occurs in the original edition of Holinshed, 1577. In the edition of 1586 the word is changed to *dishonest*. Shakspeare used the language nearest his time.

^b *To find his title*. The quarto reads to *fine* his title; which has been adopted by the modern editors. Warburton says, to *fine* is to *refine*. Steevens would read to *line*. The reading of the folio, *find*, requires little defence. We have an analogous expression, to *find* a bill. Hugh Capet, to *deduce* a title, conveyed himself, &c.

^c This Lewis was the ninth, as Hall correctly states. Shakspeare found the mistake in Holinshed.

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
 That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Loraine :
 By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great
 Was re-united to the crown of France.
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female ;
 So do the kings of France unto this day :
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
 To bar your highness claiming from the female ;
 And rather choose to hide them in a net,
 Than amply to imbar^a their crooked titles
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. HEN. May I, with right and conscience, make this claim ?

CANT. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign !

For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
 When the man^b dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag ;
 Look back into your mighty ancestors :
 Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
 From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great-uncle's, Edward the black prince ;
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France ;
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of French nobility.
 O noble English, that could entertain

^a *Imbar*. The folio gives this word *imbarre*, which modern editors, upon the authority of Theobald, have changed into *imbare*. Rowe, somewhat more boldly, reads *make bare*. *Imbar* may be taken as placed in opposition to *bar*. To *bar* is to obstruct; to *imbar* is to bar in, to secure. They would hold up the Salique law, "to bar your highness;" hiding "their crooked titles" in a net, rather than amply defending them. But it has been suggested to us that *imbar* is here used for "to set at the bar"—to place their crooked titles before a proper tribunal. This is ingenious and plausible.

^b *Man*. So the folio; the quarto, *son*. This reading is perhaps the better. The passage in the book of Numbers, as quoted by Hall and Holinshed, is—"When a man dieth without a son, let the inheritance descend to his daughter." Scripture was quoted on the other side of the controversy:—"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin,"—was held to apply to the *arms of France*, the lilies. Voltaire, with a sly solemnity, proves, with reference to this, that the arms of France never had any affinity with lilies, but were spear-heads.

With half their forces the full pride of France ;
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work, and cold for action ^a !

ELY. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats :
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne ;
 The blood and courage, that renowned them,
 Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant liege
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

EXE. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
 As did the former lions of your blood.

WEST. They know your grace hath cause, and means, and might :
 So hath your highness ^b ; never king of England
 Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects ;
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
 And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

CANT. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
 With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right :
 In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
 Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
 As never did the clergy at one time
 Bring in to any of your ancestors ^c.

K. HEN. We must not only arm to invade the French,
 But lay down our proportions to defend
 Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
 With all advantages.

CANT. They of those marches ^d, gracious sovereign,
 Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
 Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. HEN. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
 But fear the main intendment of the Scot,

^a *Cold for action.* Malone says, "*cold* for want of action." This, we think, is to interpret too literally. The unemployed forces, seeing the work done to their hands, stood laughing by and indifferent for action—*unmoved to action.* It is the converse of "*hot* for action."

^b *They know, &c.* Coleridge's emphatic reading of this passage is, we think, the true one; and it involves no change in the original, even of punctuation:—

"They know your grace hath cause, and means, and might:
 So hath your highness—never king of England
 Had nobles richer."

What the "monarchs of the earth" *know*, Westmoreland *confirms*. This is much better than Monck Mason's interpretation of *so for also*, making his grace have *cause*, and his highness *means* and *might*. It has been proposed to us by a correspondent to read,

"They know your cause hath grace, and means, and might."

^c The twenty-one lines here ending have no parallel lines in the quartos.

^d *Marches*—the boundaries of England and Scotland—the *borders*.

Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
 For you shall read, that my great-grandfather
 Never went with his forces into France,
 But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
 Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
 With ample and brim fulness of his force;
 Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;
 Girding with grievous siege castles and towns:
 That England, being empty of defence,
 Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood ⁴.

CANT. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege:

For hear her but exempl'd by herself,—
 When all her chivalry hath been in France,
 And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
 She hath herself not only well defended,
 But taken, and impounded as a stray,
 The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
 To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
 And make your chronicles ^a as rich with praise
 As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
 With sunken wrack and sunless treasures.

WEST. But there's a saying, very old and true,—

“If that you will France win,
 Then with Scotland first begin;”

For once the eagle England being in prey,
 To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
 Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
 To taint ^b and havoc more than she can eat.

EXE. It follows, then, the cat must stay at home:

Yet that is but a crush'd necessity ^c;
 Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
 And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
 While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
 The advised head defends itself at home:

^a *Your chronicles*. The folio reads *their chronicles*; the quarto, *your chronicle*. The folio was, without doubt, printed from a written copy, without reference to the previous quarto;—and in old manuscripts *your* and *their* were contracted alike—*yr*.

^b *Taint*. The folio, *tame*; the quarto, *spoil*. To tame is to subdue—to subject by fear. But the mouse does not *tame*, neither does she *spoil*, in the sense in which that word was formerly used. Theobald suggested that *tame* was a misprint for *taint*; so *spoil* may be for *soil*.

^c *Crush'd necessity*. So the folio; the quarto, *curs'd necessity*, which modern editors follow. Warburton would read *s'cus'd* (excus'd). Coleridge thinks it may be *crash*, for “crass,” from *crassus*, clumsy; or *curt*. A friend suggests to us *cur's* necessity. After all, is the word *crush'd* so full of difficulty? The necessity alleged by Westmoreland is *overpowered*, crushed, by the argument that we have “locks” and “pretty traps;” so that it does *not* follow that “the cat must stay at home.”

For government, through high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keep in one concent;
 Congreeing in a full and natural close,
 Like music ^a.

CANT. Therefore doth Heaven divide

The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion;
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
 Obedience: for so work the honey-bees ^b;
 Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and officers of sorts:
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor:
 Who, busied in his majesties ^b, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate;
 The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
 That many things, having full reference
 To one concent, may work contrariously
 As many arrows, loosed several ways,
 Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town ^c;
 As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ^d;
 As many lines close in the dial's centre;
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne

^a This passage has been supposed to be founded upon a fragment of Cicero's 'De Republicâ.' It has been imperfectly quoted by Theobald. We give it in full:—

"Ut in fidibus, ac tibiis, atque cantu ipso, ac vocibus concentus est quidam tenendus ex distinctis sonis, quem immutatam, ac discrepantem aures eruditæ ferre non possunt, isque concentus ex dissimillarum vocum moderatione concors tamen efficitur & congruens: sic ex summis, & infimis, & mediis interjectis ordinibus, ut sonis, moderata ratione civitas consensu dissimillimorum concinit, & quæ harmonia a musicis dicitur in cantu, ea est in civitate concordia, arctissimum atque optimum omni in republica vinculum incolumitatis: quæ sine justitia nullo pacto esse potest." (See Illustration 5.)

^b *Majesties*. So the folio; the things that belong to majesty. The common reading is *majesty*.

^c So the folio. The ordinary reading, "*several ways*," is that of the quarto.

^d So the folio. The made-up text of the modern editors gives us—

"As many fresh streams *run* in one *self* sea."

Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
 Divide your happy England into four;
 Whereof take you one quarter into France,
 And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
 If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
 Let us be worried; and our nation lose
 The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. HEN. Call in the messengers sent from the dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant.* *The KING ascends his throne.*

Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help,
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll sit,
 Ruling, in large and ample empery,
 O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
 Either our history shall with full mouth
 Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
 Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph^a.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
 Of our fair cousin dauphin; for, we hear,
 Your greeting is from him, not from the king.
 AMB. May't please your majesty to give us leave
 Freely to render what we have in charge;

^a *Waxen epitaph.* In the quartos this speech of the King consists only of six lines:—

“Call in the messenger sent from the dauphin;
 And by your aid, the noble sinews of our land,
 France being ours, we'll bring it to our awe,
 Or break it all in pieces.
 Either our chronicles shall with full mouth speak
 Freely of our acts, or else like tongueless mutes—
 Not worshipp'd with a *paper* epitaph.”

The *paper epitaph* here is clearly the record of the chronicles. We have nothing here about the “urn” and the “grave.” And yet the commentators give us two pages of notes, disputing whether *paper* or *waxen* be the better word in the present text, without reference to the extension of the passage; and Malone finally adopts *paper*. We can have no doubt about restoring *waxen*,—which may be taken to mean a perishable epitaph of wax:—not worshipp'd *even* with a waxen epitaph. The opposition of *wax* and *marble* was a familiar image in the old poets. Gifford's interpretation, that a waxen epitaph is a copy of verses affixed upon a tomb with wax, appears to us somewhat forced; and yet there is no doubt that such a practice prevailed:—

“Let others, then, sad epitaphs invent,
 And *paste* them up about thy monument.”

(See Gifford's Jonson, vol. ix., p. 59.)

Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

K. HEN. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the dauphin's mind.

AMB. Thus, then, in few.

Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says, that you savour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard^a won:
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the dauphin speaks.

K. HEN. What treasure, uncle?

EXE. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. HEN. We are glad the dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard:
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England^b;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 't is ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the dauphin,—I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;

^a *Galliard*—an ancient dance;—"a swift and wandering dance," as Sir John Davis has it.

^b *We never valued*, &c. *The poor seat*, we take it, is the *throne*. The King, it appears to us, is speaking tauntingly and ironically—"he comes over us with our wilder days,"—"we never valued this poor seat of England, and therefore," &c. "But tell the dauphin," &c.

But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down:
And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the dauphin's scorn
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the dauphin, I am coming on
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

EXE. This was a merry message.

K. HEN. We hope to make the sender blush at it. [*Descends from his throne.*

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thought in us but France;
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*

CHORUS^a.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
 They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
 For now sits Expectation in the air;
 And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
 With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets⁷,
 Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
 The French, advis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the English purposes.
 O England! model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,
 What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural!
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,—
 One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,
 Henry lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—
 Have, for the gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
 (If hell and treason hold their promises.)
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
 The abuse of distance; force a play^b.

^a This chorus first appears in the folio of 1623.

^b The ordinary reading is—

“Linger your patience on; and well digest
 The abuse of distance, *while we* force a play.”

Pope changed the “*wee'l*” of the folio to *well*, and added *while we*. The passage is evidently corrupt; and we believe that the two lines *were intended to be erased* from the author's copy; for “the abuse of distance” is inapplicable as the lines stand.

The sum is paid ; the traitors are agreed ;
The king is set from London ; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton :
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit :
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may,
We 'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene ^a.

^a The Chorus plainly says,—after having described the treason which is to take place “in Southampton,”—not till the king come forth do we shift our scene to that place. The previous scene in Eastcheap occurs before the King does come forth.—This intimation of the Chorus was to prevent the scene in Eastcheap coming abruptly upon the audience. The first “till,” however, should be “when,” to make the sense clear.



[Portrait of Henry V.]



[Room in the French King's Palace.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Eastcheap.

Enter Nym and BARDOLPH.

BARD. Well met, corporal Nym.

NYM. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph^a.

BARD. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

NYM. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? It

^a Bardolph, according to the commentators, ought to be "corporal," and not "lieutenant." This, of course, according to their creed, is a mistake of the poet. Bardolph, then, could not be promoted. They have overlooked the tone of authority which Bardolph uses both to Pistol and Nym. The "corporal" would hardly threaten to run the "ancient" up to the hilts.

will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.

BARD. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France; let it be so, good corporal Nym.

NYM. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may^a: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

BARD. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-pledge to her^b.

NYM. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare^c, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and Mrs. QUICKLY.

BARD. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

PIST. Base tike^d, call'st thou me host?

Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;

Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

QUICK. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*Nym draws his sword.*]

O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn! Now we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed^e. Good lieutenant Bardolph—

BARD. Good corporal, offer nothing here.

NYM. Pish!

PIST. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland^g.

QUICK. Good corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up thy sword.

NYM. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*. [*Sheathing his sword.*]

PIST. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!

The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;

The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,

And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;

^a Mason would read "*die* as I may." It is not necessary, we think, to make Nym's common-places antithetical.

^b In the office of Matrimony, the man says, "I plight thee my troth."

^c The folio, by a typographical error, has *name* instead of *mare*. We find the true word in the quartos. This shows the proper use of those incomplete editions—the correction of printers' mistakes, but not the abolition of the author's improvements.

^d *Tike*. We have still the word, which signifies a common dog—a mongrel. The bull-terrier in Landseer's admirable picture of "Low Life" is a tike. In 'Lear' we have "bob-tail tike." The "ploughman's collie" of Burns is "a gash an' faithfu' tyke."

^e The folio reads thus: "O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not *hevene* now, we shall see," &c. We adopt *drawn*, upon the suggestion of Mr. Dyce, who quotes an authority from 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act I., Scene 1—

"What! art thou *drawn* among these heartless hinds?"

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!

I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;

For I can take^a, and Pistol's cock is up,

And flashing fire will follow.

NYM. I am not Barbason, you cannot conjure me^b. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may say, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may say; and that's the humour of it.

PIST. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;

Therefore exhale.

[PISTOL and NYM draw.

BARD. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

[Draws.

PIST. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;

Thy spirits are most tall.

NYM. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

PIST. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I defy thee again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

No; to the spital go,

And from the powdering tub of infamy

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,

Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:

I have, and I will hold the *quondam* Quickly

For the only she: and—*Pauca*, there's enough. Go to^c.

Enter the Boy.

BOY. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan; 'faith, he's very ill.

BARD. Away, you rogue.

QUICK. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days; the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt Mrs. QUICKLY and Boy.*

BARD. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together.

Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

^a *I can take*. Malone considers that *take* is a corruption, and that we should follow the quarto, *talk*. Is there any more difficulty in "I can take" than in the familiar expression "Do you take?" Mason says Pistol means "I can take fire." He, in his obscure language, only means, "I understand you"—"I know what you are about."

^b *Barbason* is the name of an evil spirit in the 'Dæmonology.'

^c The speeches of Pistol, in this play, as in 'The Second Part of Henry IV.,' are printed in the original copies as prose.

PIST. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

NYM. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

PIST. Base is the slave that pays.

NYM. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

PIST. As manhood shall compound: push home.

BARD. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

PIST. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

BARD. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

PIST. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;

And liquor likewise will I give to thee,

And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—

Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be

Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

Give me thy hand.

NYM. I shall have my noble?

PIST. In cash most justly paid.

NYM. Well, then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

QUICK. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

NYM. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

PIST. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;

His heart is fractured, and corroborate.

NYM. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours, and careers.

PIST. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live^a.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Southampton. *A Council Chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

BED. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

EXE. They shall be apprehended by and by.

WEST. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,

^a The whole of this scene, in the folio, exhibits the greatest care in remodelling the text of the quarto.

Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

BED. The king hath note of all that they intend,

By interception which they dream not of.

EXE. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow^a,

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours^a,—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell

His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Trumpet sounds. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords,
and Attendants.*

K. HEN. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

My lord of Cambridge, and my kind lord of Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:

Think you not, that the powers we bear with us

Will cut their passage through the force of France;

Doing the execution, and the act,

For which we have in head assembled them?

SCROOP. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. HEN. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded,

We carry not a heart with us from hence

That grows not in a fair concert with ours;

Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish

Success and conquest to attend on us.

CAM. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd

Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness

Under the sweet shade of your government.

GREY. True: those that were your father's enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey; and do serve you

With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. HEN. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;

And shall forget the office of our hand

Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,

According to the weight and worthiness.

SCROOP. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,

And labour shall refresh itself with hope,

To do your grace incessant services.

K. HEN. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,

Enlarge the man committed yesterday,

That rail'd against our person: we consider

It was excess of wine that set him on;

^a We print this line as in the folio. In the quarto we find the ordinary text—

“Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely favours.”

But if the quarto is to be followed, the editors should have left out the three lines which Westmoreland speaks—“How smooth,” &c.

And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

SCROOP. That's mercy, but too much security :

Let him be punish'd, sovereign ; lest example

Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. HEN. O, let us yet be merciful.

CAM. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

GREY. Sir, you show great mercy if you give him life,

After the taste of much correction.

K. HEN. Alas, your too much love and care of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appear before us ?—We'll yet enlarge that man,

Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care

And tender preservation of our person,

Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes ;

Who are the late commissioners ?

CAM. I one, my lord ;

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

SCROOP. So did you me, my liege.

GREY. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. HEN. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours ;

There yours, lord Scroop of Masham ; and, sir knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours :

Read them ; and know, I know your worthiness.

My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,

We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen ?

What see you in those papers, that you lose

So much complexion ?—look ye, how they change !

Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,

That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood

Out of appearance ?

CAM. I do confess my fault ;

And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

GREY, SCROOP. To which we all appeal.

K. HEN. The mercy, that was quick in us but late,

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd :

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy ;

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,

As dogs upon their masters, worrying you^a.

See you, my princes, and my noble peers,

These English monsters ! My lord of Cambridge here,—

^a You. Quarto, *them*.

You know how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O!
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop; thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use;
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 't is so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white^a, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason, and murther, ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murther:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistening semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?

^a *Black from white.* So the quarto; the folio, "black and white."

Why, so didst thou : Come they of noble family ?

Why, so didst thou : Seem they religious ?

Why, so didst thou : Or are they spare in diet ;

Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger ;

Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood ;

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement ;

Not working with the eye, without the ear,

And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither—

Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem :

And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,

To mark the full-fraught man and best indued,

With some suspicion^a. I will weep for thee ;

For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like

Another fall of man^b.—Their faults are open.

Arrest them to the answer of the law ;

And God acquit them of their practices !

EXE. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

SCROOP. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd ;

And I repent my fault more than my death ;

Which I beseech your highness to forgive,

Although my body pay the price of it.

CAM. For me,—the gold of France did not seduce ;

Although I did admit it as a motive,

The sooner to effect what I intended :

But God be thanked for prevention ;

Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,

Beseëching God, and you, to pardon me.

GREY. Never did faithful subject more rejoice

At the discovery of most dangerous treason,

Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,

Prevented from a damned enterprise :

My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. HEN. God quit you in his mercy ! Hear your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,

^a In the folio, where only these lines appear, we find *make*. Theobald substituted *mark*. Pope read the passage thus:—

“ To *make* the full-fraught man, and best, indued
With some suspicion.”

^b The thirty-eight lines here ending are not found in the quartos. We are greatly mistaken if these lines, as well as the choruses and other passages which we shall point out, do not exhibit the hand of the master elaborating his original sketch.

Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
 Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death ;
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
 His princes and his peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.
 Touching our person, seek we no revenge ;
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death :
 The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
 Patience to endure, and true repentance
 Of all your dear offences !—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt* Conspirators, *guarded*.]

Now, lords, for France ; the enterprise whereof
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war ;
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
 To hinder our beginnings ;—we doubt not now,
 But every rub is smoothed on our way.
 Then, forth, dear countrymen ; let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Cheerly to sea ; the signs of war advance :
 No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE III.—London. *Mrs. Quickly's House in Eastcheap.*

Enter PISTOL, *Mrs. QUICKLY*, *NYM*, *BARDOLPH*, *and* *Boy*.

QUICK. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

PIST. No ; for my manly heart doth yearn.

Bardolph, be blithe ;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins ;

Boy, bristle thy courage up ; for Falstaff he is dead,

And we must yearn therefore.

BARD. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell !

QUICK. Nay, sure, he's not in hell ; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child^a ; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at the

^a *Christom child*. The *chrism* was a white cloth placed upon the head of an infant at baptism, when the *chrism*, or sacred oil of the Romish church, was used in that sacrament. The white

turning o' the tide^a: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends^b, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields^c. How now, sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

NYM. They say, he cried out of sack.

QUICK. Ay, that 'a did.

BARD. And of women.

QUICK. Nay, that 'a did not.

BOY. Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

QUICK. 'A could never abide carnation: 't was a colour he never liked.

BOY. 'A said once the devil would have him about women.

QUICK. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic; and talked of the whore of Babylon.

BOY. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell?

BARD. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that 's all the riches I got in his service.

NYM. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

PIST. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my moveables:

Let senses rule; the word is, "Pitch and pay;"

Trust none:

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

cloth which was worn by the child at baptism was subsequently called a *chrisom*, and if the child died within a month of its birth that cloth was used as a shroud. Children dying under the age of a month were called *chrisoms* in the old bills of mortality. Mrs. Quickly's "christom" is one of her emendations of English.

^a Derham, in his 'Astro-Theology,' alludes to the opinion as old as Pliny that animals, and particularly man, "expire at the time of ebb." Mr. Dickens, in his charming story of 'David Copperfield,' has varied this superstition. "People can't die, along the coast, except when the tide 's pretty nigh out," says the honest fisherman of Yarmouth.

^b These symptoms of approaching death were observed by the ancient physicians, and are pointed out by modern authorities. Van Swieten has a passage in his 'Commentaries,' in which he describes these last movements of the worn-out machine, upon the authority of Galen.

^c This passage is at once the glory and the opprobrium of commentators. There is nothing similar in the quarto; in the folio it reads thus: "For his nose was as sharpe as a pen, and a table of greene fields." Theobald made the correction of "table" to "'a babbled" (he babbled); which was to turn what was unintelligible into sense and poetry. Pope's conjecture that "a table of green fields" was a stage-direction to bring in a table, and that Greenfields was the name of the property-man, could only have been meant as a hoax upon the reader;—but it imposed upon Johnson. Some of the conjectures of subsequent editors appear equally absurd. As it is, the emendation of Theobald is received wherever Shakspeare is known.

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;
 Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.
 Go, clear thy crystals^a.—Yoke-fellows in arms,
 Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;
 To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

BOY. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

PIST. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

BARD. Farewell, hostess.

[*Kissing her.*]

NYM. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.

PIST. Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

QUICK. Farewell; adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—France. *A Room in the French King's Palace.*

*Enter the French KING attended; the DAUPHIN, the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, the
 CONSTABLE, and others.*

FR. KING. Thus come the English with full power upon us;
 And more than carefully it us concerns,
 To answer royally in our defences.
 Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
 Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,
 And you, prince dauphin,—with all swift despatch,
 To line and new repair our towns of war,
 With men of courage, and with means defendant:
 For England his approaches makes as fierce
 As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
 It fits us then to be as provident
 As fear may teach us, out of late examples
 Left by the fatal and neglected English
 Upon our fields.

DAU. My most redoubted father,
 It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:
 For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
 (Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,)
 But that defences, musters, preparations,
 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
 As were a war in expectation.
 Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth,
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France;
 And let us do it with no show of fear;
 No, with no more, than if we heard that England

^a *Clear thy crystals*—dry thine eyes.

Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance¹⁰ :
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
 Her sceptre so fantastically borne
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
 That fear attends her not.

CON. O peace, prince dauphin !

You are too much mistaken in this king :
 Question, your grace, the late ambassadors,—
 With what great state he heard their embassy,
 How well supplied with noble counsellors,
 How modest in exception, and withal
 How terrible in constant resolution,—
 And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
 That shall first spring and be most delicate.

DAU. Well, 't is not so, my lord high constable,
 But though we think it so, it is no matter :
 In cases of defence, 't is best to weigh
 The enemy more mighty than he seems :
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;
 Which, of a weak and niggardly projection^a,
 Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
 A little cloth.

FR. KING. Think we king Harry strong ;
 And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ;
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
 That haunted us in our familiar paths :
 Witness our too much memorable shame,
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
 And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
 Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales ;
 Whiles that his mountain^b sire,—on mountain standing,
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
 Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface

^a *Projection* appears here to be used for *forecast*, preparation. The proportions of defence which are filled by estimating the enemy as more mighty than he seems, *qf* (through) a weak and niggardly projection, spoil the coat, &c. The false concord between *proportions* and *doth* does not interfere with this explanation, and may be justified by abundant examples in our old writers. If we could venture upon a correction of the text, we might read—

“ Of which a weak and niggardly projection,” &c.

The transposition at once gives us sense and grammatical concord.

^b *Mountain*. Theobald would read *mounting*.

The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Ambassadors from Harry King of England

Do crave admittance to your majesty.

FR. KING. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

[Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.]

You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

DAU. Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward dogs

Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,

Take up the English short; and let them know

Of what a monarchy you are the head:

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin

As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.

FR. KING. From our brother of England?

EXE. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,

That you divest yourself and lay apart

The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of Heaven,

By law of nature, and of nations, 'long

To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,

And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,

By custom and the ordinance of times,

Unto the crown of France. That you may know

'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,

Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,

He sends you this most memorable line^a,

[Gives a paper.]

In every branch truly demonstrative;

Willing you, overlook this pedigree:

And, when you find him evenly deriv'd

From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,

Edward the third, he bids you then resign

Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held

From him the native and true challenger.

FR. KING. Or else what follows?

^a Line—genealogy.

EXE. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws: and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining^a maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message:
Unless the dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

FR. KING. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

DAU. For the dauphin,
I stand here for him: What to him from England?

EXE. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: and, if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide^b your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance.

DAU. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but odds with England; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

EXE. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it¹¹,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found)
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now; now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read

^a *Pining*. So the quartos; the folio, *privy*.

^b *Chide*. Used in its double sense of rebuke, and resound.

In your own losses, if he stay in France.

FR. KING. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

EXE. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king

Come here himself to question our delay ;

For he is footed in this land already.

FR. KING. You shall be soon despatch'd, with fair conditions :

A night is but small breath, and little pause,

To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Exeunt.*]



[*The Louvre, from a Print by Della Bella.*]

CHORUS.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton^a pier
 Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
 Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing:
 Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
 You stand upon the rivage^b, and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestic,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
 Grapple your minds to sternage^c of this navy;
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
 Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes back;
 Tells Harry, that the king doth offer him
 Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.

^a *Hampton*. The original text of the folio has *Dover*; clearly a mistake. (See Historical Illustration.)

^b *Rivage*—the shore. This is the only instance in which our poet uses this very expressive word. Chaucer, Gower, Spenser, and Hall and Holinshed, have it frequently.

^c *Sternage*. Malone thinks Shakspeare wrote *steerage*. The meaning of the words is the same, but *sternage* is the more antique form. Holinshed uses *stern* as a verb in the sense of *steer*; and Chapman in his 'Homer' has "the *sternsman*." The "sternage of this navy" is—the course of this navy. Thus in 'Pericles':—

"So with his *steerage* shall your thoughts grow on."

The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock^a now the devilish cannon^b touches,

[*Alarum; and chambers (small cannon) go off.*

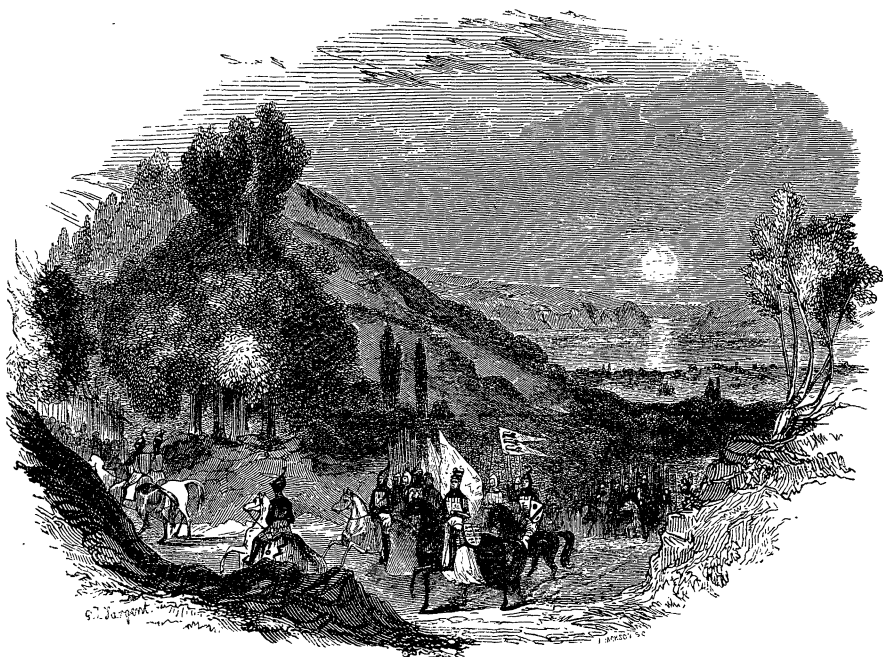
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.

[*Exit.*

^a *Linstock* is the *match*—the *lint* (linen) in a *stock* (stick).

^b *Devilish cannon.* Shakspeare found the epithet thus applied in Spenser:—

“As when that *devilish iron engine*, wrought
In deepest hell, and fram'd by furies' skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And ramm'd with bullet round, ordain'd to kill,
Conceiveth fire,” &c. ('*Fairy Queen.*' Book i. canto vii. 13.)



[Heights between Havre and Harfleur.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before Harfleur*^a.

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders.

K. HEN. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead !
 In peace, there 's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility :
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up^b the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage :
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
 Let it pry through the portage^c of the head,
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,

^a This scene, as well as the previous chorus, first appears in the folio edition of 1623.

^b *Summon up*. The folio reads *commune up*. The correction was made by Rowe.

^c *Portage*. The eyes are compared to cannon prying through *port-holes*.

As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutting^a his confounded^b base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height!—On, on, you nobless English^c,
 Whose blood is fet^d from fathers of war-proof!
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you!
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
 Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
 Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Forces pass over; then enter Nym, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy*¹².

BARD. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

NYM. 'Pray thee, corporal^e, stay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own

^a *Jutting*. The *jutting* land is a common epithet. *Jet* and *jetty* are derived from the same root.

^b *Confounded*. To *destroy* was one of the senses in which to *confound* was formerly used.

^c *Nobless English*. The original of 1623 prints *Noblish English*. In the second folio *Noblish* becomes *noblest*, which Steevens follows. Malone adopts *noble*. The *nobless English* is the English nobility—the barons, “whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof.” Henry first addresses the nobless—then the yeomen. There is an analogous position of the adjective in this play. In Act V. Henry says,—

“And princes French, and peers, health to you all.”

And the French king responds with “princes English.”

^d *Fet*. Pope changed this into *fetch'd*, but Steevens properly restored it. The word is not only found in Chaucer and Spenser, but in our present translation of the Bible; although in many cases, some of which Dr. Grey has enumerated, it has been thrust out in modern editions to make way for *fetch'd*. Our Anglo-Saxon language has thus been deteriorated. *Fette* is the participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb *fet-ian*, to fetch.

^e *Corporal*. Malone says that the variations in Bardolph's title proceeded merely from Shakspere's inattention. Is it not rather that Nym, in his fright, forgets his own rank and Bardolph's also?

part, I have not a case of lives^a: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

PIST. The plain song is most just; for humours do abound;

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield,

In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame.

BOY. 'Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety^b.

PIST. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,

My purpose should not fail with me,

But thither would I hie.

BOY.

As duly, but not as truly,

As bird doth sing on bough^c.

Enter FLUELLEN^d.

FLU. Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions^e.

[Driving them forward.]

PIST. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!

Abate thy rage, great duke^f!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

NYM. These be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours.

[Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH, followed by FLUELLEN.]

BOY. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered, and red-faced; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons.

^a *A case of lives*—several lives; as “a case of pistols”—“a case of poniards”—expressions in use in Elizabeth's time.

^b In the quarto the passage is thus: “Boy. Would I were in London, I'd give all my honour for a pot of ale.” Nym has just said, “'T is honour, and there's the humour of it.” The whole scene is greatly changed and enlarged in the folio. The Boy's speech, as it now stands, would seem more appropriate to Nym or Bardolph.

^c Pistol's snatch of an old song is printed as prose in the folio. The passage does not occur in the quartos. Douce suggested that the words of the Boy were the close of the ditty, and we have followed his recommendation to print them as verse. If *bough* is read *high*, we have rhyme. The Saxon verb *bigan*, to bend, would give us *high*, as *bujan* gives us *bough*;—and we have still *bight* to express a bend, such as that of the elbow.

^d *Fluellen* is Llewellyn.

^e The scene is completely remodelled in the folio, and yet some editors here give us two lines of the quarto, entirely different.

^f *Great duke*. In Pistol's fustian use of the word *duke* it is not necessary to show that the word was properly applied to a commander—*dux*.

For Nym,—he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching^a, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals^b. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit Boy.]

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

FLU. To the mines! tell you the duke it is not so good to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digged himself four yards under the countermines^c; by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

FLU. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

FLU. By Cheshu, he is an ass as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance^d.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

FLU. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as

^a Grey suggests that Shakspeare derived the name of Nym from *nim*, an old English word signifying to *filch*. Thus in Hudibras,—

“Blank-schemes, to discover *nimmers*.”

^b See ‘Romeo and Juliet;’ Illustrations of Act I.

^c Johnson says, “Fluellen means that the enemy had digged himself *countermines* four yards under the *mines*.” But why not take Fluellen literally? why not countermines under countermines? and then the enemy “will plow up *all*.”

^d Macmorris and Jamy do not appear at all in the quartos.

well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

JAMY. I say, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

FLU. God-den to your worship, goot Captain Jamy.

Gow. How now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

MAC. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

FLU. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline? that is the point.

JAMY. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I sall quit you^a with gud leve, as I may pick occasion, that sall I, marry.

MAC. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me; the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing: 't is shame for us all: so God sa' me, 't is shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

JAMY. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is the breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

FLU. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

MAC. Of my nation? What ish my nation? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation, ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal^b.

FLU. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

^a *Quit you*—requite you—answer you.

^b Upon the suggestion of a friend we have made a transposition here. The ordinary reading, as it appears in the folio, is, line by line,

“Of my nation? What ish my nation? Ish a
villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What
ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?”

This is evidently one of the mistakes that often occur in printing. The second and third lines changed places, and the “Ish a” of the first line should have been at the end of what is printed as the third, whilst “What” of the second line should have gone at the end of the first.

MAC. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

GOW. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

JAMY. Au! that's a foul fault.

[*A parley sounded.*]

GOW. The town sounds a parley.

FLU. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the gates of Harfleur.*

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English Forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his Train.

K. HEN. How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit:

Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;

Or, like to men proud of destruction,

Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,

(A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,)

If I begin the battery once again,

I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur

Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;

And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,

In liberty of bloody hand shall range

With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass

Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war,

Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,

Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

If your pure maidens fall into the hand

Of hot and forcing violation?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness

When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

We may as bootless spend our vain command

Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,

As send precepts to the Leviathan

To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,

Take pity of your town, and of your people,

Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;

Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of headly^a murder, spoil, and villainy.
 If not, why, in a moment, look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen^b.
 What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroyed?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:

The dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
 Returns us—that his powers are yet not ready
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
 We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy:
 Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
 For we no longer are defensible.

K. HEN. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
 Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
 The winter coming on, and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers,—we will retire to Calais.
 To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
 To-morrow for the march are we address'd.

[*Flourish.* The KING, &c., enter the town.

SCENE IV.—Rouen. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

KATH. ¹³ *Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le language.*

ALICE. *Un peu, madame.*

KATH. *Je te prie, m'enseigne; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous^c la main, en Anglois?*

^a *Headly.* So the folio. The modern reading is *deadly*. Headly has the force of headstrong,—rash,—passionate; and applies to “spoil” as well as murder. It is the “*blind* soldier” who commits these “headly” acts.

^b This most striking description of the horrors of the sack of a besieged city, beginning at “And the flesh'd soldier,” and ending with this line, first appears in the folio.

^c The French of the folio is printed with tolerable correctness. That of the quartos is most amusingly corrupt. *Comment appelez vous* is given in that of 1608 in three several ways:—*Coman sae palla vou; coman sa pella vow; and coman se pella vou.*

ALICE. *La main ? elle est appelée, de hand.*

KATH. *De hand. Et les doigts ?*

ALICE. *Les doigts ? ma foy, je oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts ? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres ; ouy, de fingres.*

KATH. *La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles ?*

ALICE. *Les ongles ? les appellons, de nails.*

KATH. *De nails. Escoutez ; dites moy si je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, de nails.*

ALICE. *C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglois.*

KATH. *Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.*

ALICE. *De arm, madame.*

KATH. *Et le coude ?*

ALICE. *De elbow.*

KATH. *De elbow. Je m'en faitz la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à present.*

ALICE. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

KATH. *Excusez moy, Alice ; escoutez : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.*

ALICE. *De elbow, madame.*

KATH. *O Seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie ; De elbow. Comment appelez vous le col ?*

ALICE. *De nick, madame.*

KATH. *De nick : Et le menton ?*

ALICE. *De chin.*

KATH. *De sin. Le col, de nick : le menton, de sin.*

ALICE. *Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur ; en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

KATH. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grâce de Dieu ; et en peu de temps.*

ALICE. *N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée ?*

KATH. *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails, —*

ALICE. *De nails, madame.*

KATH. *De nails, de arme, de ilbow.*

ALICE. *Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.*

KATH. *Ainsi dis je ; de elbow, de nick, et de sin : Comment appelez vous le pied et la robe ?*

ALICE. *De foot, madame ; et de coun.*

KATH. *De foot, et de coun ? O Seigneur Dieu ! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user : Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot et de coun neantmoins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.*

ALICE. *Excellent, madame !*

KATH. *C'est assez pour une fois ; allons nous à disner.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter the French KING, the DAUPHIN, DUKE OF BOURBON, the CONSTABLE of France, and others.

FR. KING. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

CON. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

DAU. *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,—
The emptying of our father's luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spurt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

BOUR. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten^a isle of Albion.

CON. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench of sur-rein'd^b jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
Poor, we may call them in their native lords.

DAU. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us; and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

BOUR. They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,

^a *Nook-shotten.* Warburton says, "*Nook-shotten isle* is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain." What, we would ask, has the *form* of the isle to do with the contemptuous expressions of Bourbon? The "*nook-shotten isle of Albion*" is, we judge, the isle thrust into a corner apart from the rest of the world—the "*penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*" of Virgil. A correspondent at Matlock says that "*nook-shotten*" is frequently heard in that neighbourhood; and he adds—"Imagine a building, or a rick of hay or corn, which, from age or ill construction, has given way at the corners, but without falling, so as to protrude considerably, and the literal meaning of *nook-shotten* is at once evident."

^b *Sur-rein'd*—over-rein'd—over-worked.

And teach lavoltas high¹⁴, and swift corantos ;
 Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
 And that we are most lofty runaways.

FR. KING. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed him hence ;
 Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
 Up, princes ; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,
 More sharper than your swords, hie to the field :
 Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France ;
 You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy ;
 Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
 Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois ;
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
 For your great seats, now quit you of great shames,
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur :
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the valleys ; whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon :
 Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
 And in a captive chariot into Rouen
 Bring him our prisoner.

CON. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march ;
 For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He 'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And, for achievement^a, offer us his ransom.

FR. KING. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy ;
 And let him say to England, that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.
 Prince dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

DAU. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

FR. KING. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
 Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all ;
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *For achievement.* The King, in Act IV., Scene 3, says, "Bid them *achieve* me." Here the Constable says that at sight of the French army Henry will offer ransom *instead of achievement*. This word *achievement* had probably some more precise meaning in the old chivalry than we now attach to it.

SCENE VI.—*The English Camp in Picardy.**Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

GOW. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

FLU. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

GOW. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

FLU. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not (God be praised and plessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent disciplines. There is an ancient^a there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld: but I did see him do as gallant service.

GOW. What do you call him?

FLU. He is called ancient Pistol.

GOW. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

FLU. Here is the man.

PIST. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:

The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

FLU. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

PIST. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,

And of buxom^b valour, hath,—by cruel fate,

And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,

That goddess blind,

That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

FLU. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind: And she is painted also with a wheel; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: fortune is an excellent moral^c.

PIST. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;

For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must 'a be.

A damned death!

^a *Ancient*. The folio reads *ancient lieutenant*; the quarto, *ensign*. Is the blunder of "ancient lieutenant" that of Fluellen, or of the printer?

^b *Buxom*—obedient, disciplined. Verstegan ('Restitution of Decayed Intelligence'), in his chapter on the antiquity and propriety of the ancient English tongue, has this explanation:—"Buxomeness or bughsmeness—Pliableness or bowsomeness, to wit, humbly stooping or bowing down in sign of obedience. Chaucer writes it *buzsommeness*."

^c The ordinary reading here, and in other parts of this scene, is, as Malone says without apology, "made out of two copies, the quarto and the first folio."

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
 And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate :
 But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
 For pax of little price¹⁵.
 Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice ;
 And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
 With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach :
 Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

FLU. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

PIST. Why, then rejoice therefore.

FLU. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

PIST. Die and be damned; and *figo*^a for thy friendship.

FLU. It is well.

PIST. The fig of Spain!

[Exit PISTOL.]

FLU. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

FLU. I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done;—at such and such a sconce^b, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut¹⁶, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

FLU. I tell you what, captain Gower,—I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [Drum heard.] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

FLU. Got pless your majesty!

^a See 'Romeo and Juliet.' Illustrations of Act I.

^b *Sconce*. Blount in his 'Glossographia' (1656) interprets this as "a block-house or fortification in war; also taken for the head, because a sconce or block-house is made for the most part round, in fashion of a head." The converse of Blount's derivation is, we take it, to be received. *Schanze* is the German for a fortification. *Sconce* is used in the sense of a fortification by Milton and Clarendon.

K. HEN. How now, Fluellen? camest thou from the bridge?

FLU. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. HEN. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

FLU. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and welks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. HEN. We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

MONT. You know me by my habit.

K. HEN. Well, then, I know thee; What shall I know of thee?

MONT. My master's mind.

K. HEN. Unfold it.

MONT. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: Advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur: but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom: which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office.

K. HEN. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

MONT. Montjoy.

K. HEN. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
(Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much

Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,)
 My people are with sickness much enfeebled ;
 My numbers lessen'd ; and those few I have
 Almost no better than so many French,
 Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
 I thought upon one pair of English legs
 Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,
 That I do brag thus !—this your air of France
 Hath blown that vice in me ; I must repent.
 Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am ;
 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk ;
 My army but a weak and sickly guard ;
 Yet, God before^a, tell him we will come on,
 Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy¹⁷.
 Go bid thy master well advise himself :
 If we may pass, we will ; if we be hinder'd,
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 Discolour : and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this :
 We would not seek a battle as we are :
 Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it ;
 So tell your master.

MONT. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[Exit MONTJOY.]

GLO. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. HEN. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge ; it now draws toward night,—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves ;
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

*Enter the CONSTABLE of France, the LORD RAMBURES, the DUKE OF ORLEANS,
DAUPHIN, and others.*

CON. Tut ! I have the best armour of the world.—'Would it were day !

ORL. You have an excellent armour ; but let my horse have his due.

CON. It is the best horse of Europe.

ORL. Will it never be morning ?

DAU. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and
armour.

^a *God before*—God being my guide. The same expression, when used to a parting friend, implied, God be thy guide. The "prevent us, O Lord" of the Liturgy is *go before us*.

ORL. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

DAU. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ça, ha!* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

ORL. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

DAU. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts^a.

CON. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

DAU. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

ORL. No more, cousin.

DAU. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 't is a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on: and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus:—"Wonder of nature,"—

ORL. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

DAU. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

ORL. Your mistress bears well.

DAU. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

CON. Nay, for methought, yesterday, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

DAU. So, perhaps, did yours.

CON. Mine was not bridled.

DAU. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your straight trossers¹⁸.

^a The precise meaning of the word *jade* has led to much discussion upon this passage. Warburton boldly says, "It is plain that *jades* and *beasts* should change places, it being the first word, and not the last, which is the term of reproach." But *jade* was not always a term of reproach; whereas *beast*, as applied to a horse or a dog, still is so. It is probable that *jade* originally meant a *tired horse*; a horse that has *yade* (gone). There is a passage in Ford which shows that after Shakspeare's time *jade* was not used to express a sorry horse:—

"Like high-fed *jades* upon a tilting-day
In antique trappings."

In 'Henry IV., Part II.,' the following passage appears decisive as to Shakspeare's interpretation of the word:—

"—— he gave his *able horse* the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of the *poor jade*."

We are well content with the passage as it stands.

CON. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

DAU. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

CON. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

DAU. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

CON. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

DAU. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier*: thou makest use of anything.

CON. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

RAM. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

CON. Stars, my lord.

DAU. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

CON. And yet my sky shall not want.

DAU. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously; and 't were more honour some were away.

CON. E'en as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted.

DAU. 'Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

CON. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

RAM. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

CON. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

DAU. 'T is midnight, I 'll go arm myself.

[*Exit.*]

ORL. The dauphin longs for morning.

RAM. He longs to eat the English.

CON. I think he will eat all he kills.

ORL. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

CON. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

ORL. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

CON. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

ORL. He never did harm, that I heard of.

CON. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

ORL. I know him to be valiant.

CON. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

ORL. What's he?

CON. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

ORL. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

CON. By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it, but his lackey: 't is a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate^a.

^a When falcons are *unhooded* they *bate*—flap the wing ready to fly at the game. The Constable here quibbles upon the word *bate*: When the Dauphin's hooded valour appears, there will be less of it—it will *abate*.

ORL. Ill will never said well.

CON. I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

ORL. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

CON. Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.

ORL. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

CON. You have shot over.

ORL. 'T is not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

CON. Who hath measured the ground?

MESS. The lord Grandpré.

CON. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

ORL. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

CON. If the English had any apprehension they would run away.

ORL. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

RAM. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

ORL. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

CON. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming-on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

ORL. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

CON. Then shall we find to-morrow, they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: Come, shall we about it?

ORL. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,—by ten,

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen^a.

[Exeunt.]

^a This scene is greatly extended in the folio, as compared with the quartos. With all respect to Pope's opinion that it is "shorter and better" in the quartos, we think that it is greatly improved by the extension. For example, from the speech of Orleans, "What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England," &c., to the conclusion of the Act, is wanting in the quartos. Never were national prejudices more cleverly and good-naturedly exposed than in this short dialogue. "If the English had any apprehension they would run away," is a reproach that we have had to endure on many subsequent occasions, when the "mastiffs" did not know when they were beaten.

CHORUS.

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
 When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe¹⁹.
 From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch :
 Fire answers fire : and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd²⁰ face :
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up²¹,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name^a.
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad
 Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head !
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;
 Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile :
 And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note
 How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night :

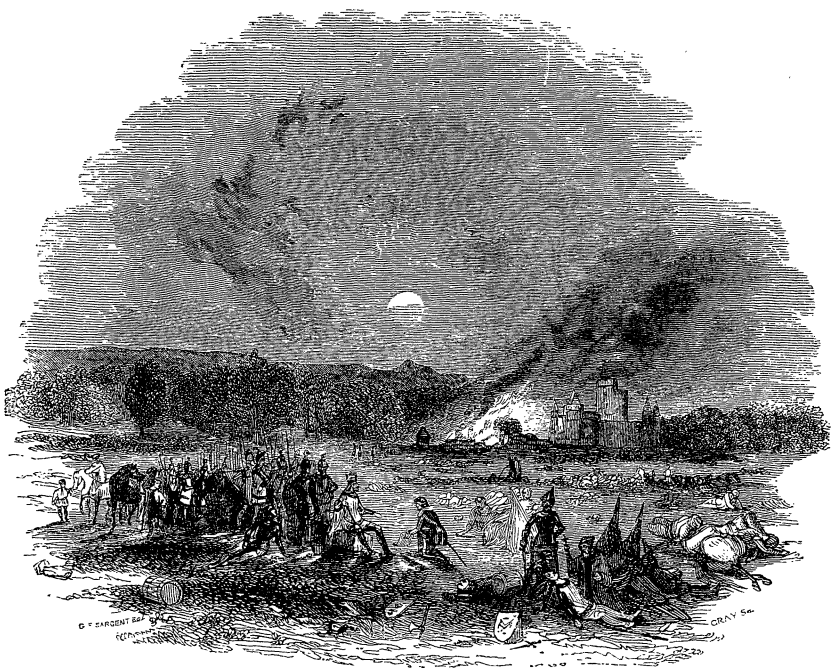
^a *Name.* The folio, *nam'd*.

But freshly looks, and overbears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all ^a
Behold (as may unworthiness define)
A little touch of Harry in the night :
And so our scene must to the battle fly ;
Where (O for pity !) we shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous—
The name of Agincourt : Yet, sit and see ;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

^a The ordinary reading is—

“ *Then* mean, and gentle all,
Behold,” &c.

Our text is from the folio. “Mean and gentle all” we think applies to the army.



[*Field of Agincourt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The English Camp at Agincourt.*

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

K. HEN. Gloster, 't is true that we are in great danger ;
 The greater therefore should our courage be.
 Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty !
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out ;
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful and good husbandry :
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all ; admonishing
 That we should dress us^a fairly for our end.

^a *Dress us.* Malone prints this '*dress us*'—an abbreviation of *address*. To *dress* is to *set in order*—to *prepare*—in its primary meaning—the sense of the passage before us.

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham :
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

ERP. Not so, my liege ; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

K. HEN. 'T is good for men to love their present pains,
Upon example ; so the spirit is eas'd :
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp ;
Do my good-morrow to them ; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

GLO. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLO. and BED.*

ERP. Shall I attend your grace ?

K. HEN. No, my good knight ;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England :
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

ERP. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry !

[*Exit ERPINGHAM.*

K. HEN. God-a-mercy, old heart ! thou speak'st cheerfully^a.

Enter PISTOL.

PIST. *Qui va là ?*

K. HEN. A friend.

PIST. Discuss unto me ; Art thou officer ?

Or art thou base, common, and popular ?

K. HEN. I am a gentleman of a company.

PIST. Trail'st thou the puissant pike ?

K. HEN. Even so : What are you ?

PIST. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. HEN. Then you are a better than the king.

PIST. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,

A lad of life, an imp of fame ;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant :

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name ?

^a All this fine scene, as well as the chorus, is wanting in the quarto ; which begins with Pistol's *qui va là*.

K. HEN. Harry *le Roy*.

PIST. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name; art thou of Cornish crew?

K. HEN. No, I am a Welshman.

PIST. Knowest thou Fluellen?

K. HEN. Yes.

PIST. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. HEN. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

PIST. Art thou his friend?

K. HEN. And his kinsman too.

PIST. The *figo* for thee, then!

K. HEN. I thank you: God be with you!

PIST. My name is Pistol called.

[*Exit.*]

K. HEN. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

FLU. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak fewer^a. It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

FLU. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

FLU. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*]

K. HEN. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

COURT. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

BATES. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

WILL. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

^a *Fewer*. So the folio. The first quarto has *lower*, which afterwards became *lower*. But to "*speake few*" is a provincial phrase, meaning to *speake low*—and therefore proper in the mouth of Fluellen. Gower with equal propriety answers "*I will speake lower.*"

K. HEN. A friend.

WILL. Under what captain serve you ?

K. HEN. Under sir Thomas Erpingham.

WILL. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman : I pray you, what thinks he of our estate ?

K. HEN. Even as men wracked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

BATES. He hath not told his thought to the king ?

K. HEN. No ; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am ; the violet smells to him as it doth to me ; the element shows to him as it doth to me ; all his senses have but human conditions : his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man ; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing^a ; therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are : Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

BATES. He may show what outward courage he will : but, I believe, as cold a night as 't is, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck ; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. HEN. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king ; I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

BATES. Then I would he were here alone ; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. HEN. I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds : Methinks, I could not die anywhere so contented as in the king's company ; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

WILL. That's more than we know.

BATES. Ay, or more than we should seek after ; for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects ; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

WILL. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make ; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such a place ; some, swearing ; some, crying for a surgeon ; some, upon their wives left poor behind them ; some, upon the debts they owe ; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle ;

^a *Mounted* and *stoop* are terms of falconry. Thus in an old song quoted by Percy,—

“ She flieth at one
Her mark jump upon,
And *mounteth* the welkin clear ;
Then right she *stoops*
When the falconer he whoops,
Triumphing in her chanticleer.”

for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. HEN. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death they have borne life away; and where they would be safe they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes it were not sin to think that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

WILL. 'T is certain, every man that dies ill the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

BATES. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. HEN. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

WILL. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. HEN. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

WILL. You pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 't is a foolish saying.

K. HEN. Your reproof is something too round ; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

WILL. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. HEN. I embrace it.

WILL. How shall I know thee again?

K. HEN. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet : then, if ever thou dardest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

WILL. Here 's my glove ; give me another of thine.

K. HEN. There.

WILL. This will I also wear in my cap ; if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. HEN. If ever I live to see it I will challenge it.

WILL. Thou dardest as well be hanged.

K. HEN. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

WILL. Keep thy word : fare thee well.

BATES. Be friends, you English fools, be friends ; we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. HEN. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us ; for they bear them on their shoulders : But it is no English treason to cut French crowns ; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Upon the king ! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins, lay on the king :
We must bear all.

O hard condition ! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing ^a !
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy ?

And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony ?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers ?

What are thy rents ? what are thy comings-in ?

O ceremony, show me but thy worth ?

What is thy soul of adoration ^b ?

^a We print these six lines as in the folio. The speech is altogether wanting in the quarto.

^b We print this as in the original: "What is *thy* soul," &c. This, according to the commentators, is "incorrect"—"a mistake." Johnson would read—"What is thy soul, *O* adoration?"—Malone reads, "What is *the* soul of adoration?" These appear to us weak "amendments." "*Ceremony*" is apostrophised throughout this magnificent address. To read "*O* adoration," or "*the* soul of adoration," is to introduce a new impersonation, breaking the continuity which runs through fifty lines. Thy soul of adoration, *O* ceremony, is,—*thy inmost spirit of adoration*. Is thy worth, *thy very soul of homage*, anything but "place, degree, and form"?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men?
 Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
 Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
 I am a king that find thee; and I know,
 'T is not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farced title running 'fore the king^a,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread:
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
 And follows so the ever-running year,
 With profitable labour, to his grave:
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages^b.

^a *The farced title, &c.* Johnson explains this as "the tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced." We doubt this. The farced title forms one item in a long enumeration of *visible* appendages of royalty—the balm, the sceptre, the ball, the sword, the mace, the crown, the robe, the throne. Without any great violence we think "the farced title running 'fore the king" may be taken for the gorgeous *herald* going before the king to proclaim his *title*.

^b *Advantages.* The verb "to advantage" is found several times in Shakspeare. Thus, in 'Julius Cæsar,'—
 "It shall advantage more, than do us wrong."

Enter ERPINGHAM.

ERP. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. HEN. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent :
I'll be before thee.

ERP. I shall do 't, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

K. HEN. O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts !
Possess them not with fear ! Take from them now
The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers !
Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day ! Think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown^a !
I Richard's body have interred new ;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth ;

- The ordinary reading of this passage is as follows :—

“ O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts !
Possess them not with fear ; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, *if* the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them.—Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.”

Tyrwhitt changed the *of* in the folio to *if*, and removed a *colon* after *numbers*. Theobald had previously changed *of* into *lest*. The reading of the quarto is the following :—

“ O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts.
Take from them now the sense of reckoning,
That the opposed multitudes which stand before them
May not appal their courage.
O not to-day, not to-day, O God,
Think on the fault my father made
In compassing the crown.”

In reading—

“ Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day. Think not,” &c.,

we have deviated from the punctuation of the folio, as well as from the connection in the quarto between “to-day” and “the fault.” But the commentators have overlooked the contradiction involved in the double-negative—

“ O *not* to-day think *not* upon the fault.”

This is opposed to the quarto—“ *not* to-day, *think on*,” &c. The restoration of the word *of*, and the change in the punctuation of the subsequent line, are equally called for.

Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon^a.

Enter GLOSTER.

GLO. My liege!

K. HEN. My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The French Camp*^b.

Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others.

ORL. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.
DAU. *Montez à cheval*:—My horse! *valet! lacquay!* ha!
ORL. O brave spirit!
DAU. *Via!—les eaux et la terre—*
ORL. *Rien puis? l'air et la feu—*
DAU. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.—

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord constable!
CON. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.
DAU. Mount them, and make incision in their hides;
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt^c them with superfluous courage: Ha!
RAM. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. The English are embattled, you French peers.

CON. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,

^a Works of piety and charity, without a contrite soul—the penitence which comes *after all*—are nothing worth.

^b The whole of this scene is wanting in the quarto.

^c *Doubt them.* The folio reads *doubt*;—the commentators have changed that word into *dout*—to put out. *To doubt* is constantly used by the old writers as an equivalent for *to awe*.

And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
 The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
 'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
 That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—
 Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
 About our squares of battle,—were enow
 To purge this field of such a hilding foe:
 Though we upon this mountain's basis by,
 Took stand for idle speculation:
 But that our honours must not. What 's to say?
 A very little little let us do,
 And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
 The tucket-sonaunce and the note to mount*:
 For our approach shall so much dare the field,
 That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

GRAND. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
 Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
 Big Mars seems bankrout in their beggar'd host,
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks²²,
 With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit^b
 Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless;
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit itself in words,
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

CON. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

DAU. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,

* *The tucket-sonaunce*, &c. The flourish of the trumpet expressed by "tucket-sonaunce,"—the "note to mount,"—the "dare the field," a term of falconry—are gay expressions more fitting for a hunting-party than for an onslaught of war. They are in character with "A very little little let us do." Shakspeare shows his excellent judgment in this. In Holinshed he found quite an opposite description:—"They (the Frenchmen) rested themselves, waiting for *the bloody blast of the terrible trumpet*."

^b *Gimmel bit*—double bit; from *gemellus*. A gimmel ring is a double ring. (See 'Archæologia,' vol. xiv.)

And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

CON. I stay but for my guidon^a. To the field:
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The English Camp.*

*Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY,
and WESTMORELAND.*

GLO. Where is the king?

BED. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

WEST. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

EXE. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

SAL. God's arm strike with us! 't is a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully;—my noble lord of Bedford,

My dear lord Gloster, and my good lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all—adieu!

BED. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

EXE. Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day;

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour^b.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

^a *Guidon.* The ordinary reading is—

“I stay but for my guard. On, to the field:”

It has been suggested to us, through the medium of a gentleman whose classical attainments and general knowledge of all elegant literature have gained for him a high distinction, that the common text must be inaccurate. One cannot see how the banner taken from a trumpet would be a substitute for the Constable's *guard*. The *guidon* was a leader's standard. In Drayton's ‘*Polyolbion*’ we have—

“The king of England's self, and his renowned son,
Under his *guidon* march'd.”

In the engraved roll of the funeral procession of Sir Philip Sidney, from the drawings of Thomas Lant, we have a representation of a standard half rolled round the end of a spear, with the words underneath, *guidon trailed*. We have no hesitation in changing the original text in this very satisfactory instance of the necessity of emendation.

^b In the folio the lines stand thus:—

“BED. Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee:

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

EXE. Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day.”

It is evident that this last line has been transposed; and here the quarto helps us:—

“Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day;

And yet in truth I do thee wrong,

For thou art made on the true sparks of honour.”

BED. He is as full of valour as of kindness;

Princely in both.

WEST. O that we now had here

Enter KING HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. HEN. What's he that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow

To do our country loss; and if to live,

The fewer men the greater share of honour.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;

Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;

It yearns me not if men my garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires:

But if it be a sin to covet honour

I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,

As one man more, methinks, would share from me,

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight

Let him depart; his passport shall be made,

And crowns for convoy put into his purse:

We would not die in that man's company

That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall see this day, and live old age^a,

Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours^b.

And say, To-morrow is saint Crispian:

^a So the folio. In modern editions we have,—

“He that shall *live* this day and *see* old age.”

Malone says, “The transposition (which is supported by the quarto) was made by Mr. Pope.” But how “supported by the quarto”? In the quarto we have,—

“He that *outlives* this day, and *sees* old age.”

What authority does that give for the modern reading of “live this day”?

^b *Neighbours*. The quarto, *friends*, which is the received reading. Why are we to take the poet's corrections in one place, and reject them in another?

Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars^a :
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he 'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats he did that day : Then shall our names
 Familiar in his mouth^b as household words,—
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd :
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered :
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition :
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here ;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

SAL. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed :

The French are bravely in their battles set,

And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. HEN. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

WEST. Perish the man whose mind is backward now !

K. HEN. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz ?

WEST. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,

Without more help, could fight this royal battle^c !

K. HEN. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men^d ;

* In the modern editions we have a line immediately following this, which is not in the folio:—

“ And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.”

The line is found in the quarto *entirely in a different place*, after “ shall gentle his condition.”

^b *His mouth*. When Shakspeare altered “ friends ” to “ neighbours,” he altered “ *their mouths* ” of the quarto to “ *his mouth*.” How beautifully he preserves the continuity of the picture of *the one old man* remembering his feats, and his great companions in arms, by this slight change ! *His mouth* names “ Harry the king ” as a *household word* ; though in *their cups* the name shall be freshly remembered.

^c So the folio. The quarto, which is followed by the editors, has “ could fight this battle out.”

^d *Five thousand men*. “ Shakspeare,” says Johnson, “ never thinks of such trifles as numbers.” As the French in the last scene were declared to be sixty thousand, and five to one, the critic thinks that the poet, by the rule of three, ought to have said “ twelve thousand men.” M. Mason concurs with Johnson “ in his observation on the poet's inattention.” Malone says, “ The king is speaking figuratively, and Dr. Johnson understood him literally ; ” and he writes a page to prove this.

Which likes me better than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

MONT. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee—thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. HEN. Who hath sent thee now?

MONT. The constable of France.

K. HEN. I pray thee, bear my former answer back;
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him^a.
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding^b valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality^c.
Let me speak proudly:—Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day^d:
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly.)

^a This is the thought of the Italian proverb: "Non vender la pelle del orso inanzi che sia preso."

^b *Abounding*. The quarto, *abundant*. Theobald and Steevens read *a bounding*. If any change is to be made we had better say *rebounding*.

^c *Relapse of mortality*—the falling back from death to a killing power approaching to vitality.

^d *Warriors for the working-day*—we are soldiers ready for work—not dressed-up for a holiday.

And time hath worn us into slovenry :
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim :
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes ; or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
 And turn them out of service. If they do this,
 (As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then
 Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour ;
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald ;
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints :
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

MONT. I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well :
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

K. HEN. I fear, thou wilt once more come again for a ransom.

[Exit.]

Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

YORK. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
 The leading of the vaward.

K. HEN. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march away :—
 And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day !

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*The Field of Battle.*

Alarums ; Excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, and Boy.

PIST. Yield, cur.

FR. SOL. *Je pense que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

PIST. Quality ! Calen o Custure me^a. Art thou a gentleman ? What is thy name ? discuss.

FR. SOL. *O Seigneur Dieu !*

PIST. O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman :—
 Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark ;—
 O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox^b,

^a *Calen o Custure me.* In the folio we find “calmie custure me,” which has been turned, in the modern editions, into “call you me?—Construe me.” Malone found out the enigma. In ‘A Handeful of pleasant Delites’ (1584) we have “Sundry new Sonets, in divers kinds of meeter, newly devised to the newest tunes that are now in use to be sung ;” and amongst others, “A Sonet of a Lover in the praise of his Lady ; to ‘Calen o custure me :’ sung at everie line’s end.” When the French soldier says *quali-té*, Pistol by the somewhat similar sound is reminded of the song of *Calen o* ;—or, as it is given in Playford’s ‘Musical Companion,’ *Calli-no*. Boswell, who gives the music of the *refrain*, which he says means “Little girl of my heart, for ever and ever,” adds that the words “have no great connection with the Frenchman’s supplication.” Certainly not. But the similarity of sound, as in subsequent cases, suggested the words to Pistol.

^b *Fox*—a cant word for a *sword*. It was used by Congreve : “I have an old *fox* by my thigh.”

Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

FR. SOL. *O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

PIST. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim^a out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

FR. SOL. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

PIST. Brass^b, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

FR. SOL. *O pardonnez moy.*

PIST. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys^c?

Come hither, boy: Ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

BOY. *Escoutez; Comment estes vous appelé?*

FR. SOL. *Monsieur le Fer.*

BOY. He says his name is master Fer.

PIST. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and fir^k him, and ferret him:—discuss the
same in French unto him.

BOY. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and fir^k.

PIST. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

FR. SOL. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

BOY. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy
est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

PIST. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant.

Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

FR. SOL. *O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis*

^a *Rim.* Warburton would read *ransom*; Mason, *ryno*; Steevens proves that *rim* is part of the intestines. The word in the folio is *rymme*. We must hazard a conjecture. The Frenchman is using somewhat guttural sounds to Pistol—*prenez misericorde*; and the English bully designates the accentuation by a word (*rymme*) which seems to him to mark the sounds so discordant and unintelligible. In the same way we still speak of the Northumbrian *burr*. Further, the Anglo-Saxon noun *reoma* means *rheum* and *rime*; and Pistol may think that the *rime* in the throat, which he will fetch out in drops of crimson blood, is the cause of the offensive sounds.

^b *Brass.* The critics have decided that, because Pistol mistakes *bras* for *brass* and subsequently thinks *moi* (then spelt *moy*) is pronounced *moy*, Shakspeare "had very little knowledge in the French language." We have two pages of notes in the variorum editions to prove this. But the critics have not proved what was the pronunciation of the French language in Shakspeare's time, especially with regard to the now silent *s*; and if they had proved that *bras* was always pronounced *bra* (or *braw* as Malone has it), and *moy* as we now pronounce *moi*, they have missed the fact that Pistol knew a little French (see Act II., Scene 1); and though the Frenchman might have said *bra* and *moi*, the sound might have suggested to Pistol the words which he had seen written *bras* and *moy*;—and thus his "offer'st me brass," and his "forty moys."

^c *Ton of moys.* Par-tonnez moy—perhaps the then received mode of pronunciation—suggests the "ton of moys." But what is a moy? Johnson says "*moi*" is a piece of money, whence *moi-dore*. Douce is hard upon the derivation of *moidore*, and says that *moy* meant a measure of corn. Without defending Pistol's or Dr. Johnson's etymology, we believe Douce is mistaken. Pistol clearly takes *moy* for money of some sort.

gentilhomme de bonne maison; gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cent escus.

P1ST. What are his words?

BOY. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

P1ST. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

FR. SOL. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

BOY. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neant-moins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

FR. SOL. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens: et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

P1ST. Expound unto me, boy.

BOY. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks: and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

P1ST. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—
Follow me.

[Exit PISTOL.]

BOY. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.* [Exit French Soldier.] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—the empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play^a, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, CONSTABLE, RAMBURES, and others.

CON. *O diable!*

ORL. *O seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

DAU. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O meschante fortune!*—

Do not run away.

[A short alarum.]

CON. Why, all our ranks are broke.

DAU. *O perdurable shame!*—let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

^a See Illustrations to 'Henry IV., Part II.,' Act III.

ORL. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

BOUR. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let's die in honour^a: Once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave^b, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

CON. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!

Let us, on heaps, go offer up our lives.

ORL. We are enow, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

BOUR. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be short; else shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY and Forces; EXETER, and others, with prisoners.

K. HEN. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen:
But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

^a *Let's die in honour.* The ordinary reading is "Let us die *instant*." Malone would read, "Let us die *in fight*." The folio reads, "Let us die *in*;" which Mason says is the true reading. To justify and explain our reading we must exhibit the greatly altered scene of the quarto; which is also a curious example of the mode in which the text of the folio was expanded and amended,—and that certainly by the poet:—

"GEBON. *O diabello!*

CON. *Mort de ma vie!*

ORL. O what a day is this!

BOUR. *O jour del honte!* all is gone; all is lost!

CON. We are enow yet living in the field

To smother up the English,

If any order might be thought upon.

BOUR. A plague of order! once more to the field;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go, &c.

CON. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, right us now!

Come we in heaps, we'll offer up our lives

Unto these English, or else die with fame.

Come, come along:

Let's die with honour; our shame doth last too long."

It is wonderful how the commentators have misused this text, without endeavouring by it to illustrate the difficulty in the text of the folio. A word is omitted of some sort:—the quarto gives them the very passage—"Let's die with honour." But that they refuse to see; and although the whole scene has been so amplified and improved, they "restore a line from the quarto" which is not found in the folio—

"Unto these English, or else die with fame."

Shakspeare had previously given the sentiment in "Let's die in honour;" the word "honour" being unquestionably omitted in the printing of what he wrote.

^b *By a slave.* The folio has *a base slave*, omitting *by*.

EXE. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. HEN. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;

From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

EXE. In which array (brave soldier!) doth he lie,

Larding the plain: and by his bloody side

(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)

The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,

Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,

And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,

That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud,—“Tarry, my cousin Suffolk!

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;

As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept together in our chivalry!”

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:

He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,

And with a feeble gripe, says,—“Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.”

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;

And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;

But I had not so much of man in me,

And all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me up to tears.

K. HEN. I blame you not;

For, hearing this, I must perforce compound

With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—

But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—

The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men^a:—

Then every soldier kill his prisoners;

Give the word through.

[*Alarum.*

[*Exeunt.*

^a Capell thought that this line should be spoken by a messenger in answer to the King's “what new alarum is this same?” The conduct of Henry in giving the fatal order—

“Then every soldier kill his prisoners”—

is much more natural and justifiable than if he issued the command upon suspicion only.

SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the Field.**Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

FLU. Kill the poys and the luggage! 't is expressly against the law of arms : 't is as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered. In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'T is certain there 's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 't is a gallant king!

FLU. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name where Alexander the pig was porn?

Gow. Alexander the great.

FLU. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

FLU. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 't is all one, 't is alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know), in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

FLU. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander killed his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name^a.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

^a We print this speech as in the folio, with the exception of *goot* for *good*. The ordinary text is stuffed full of false English, supposed to represent the Welsh mode of expression. Capell very justly says—"The poet thought it sufficient to mark his (Fluellen's) diction a little, and in some places only; and the man of taste will be of the same opinion."

FLU. That is he : I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.
Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY with a part of the English Forces ; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.

K. HEN. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald ;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill ;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field ; they do offend our sight :
If they'll do neither, we will come to them ;
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings :
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have ;
And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy :—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

EXE. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

GLO. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. HEN. How now ! what means this, herald ? know'st thou not
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom ?
Com'st thou again for ransom^a ?

MONT. No, great king,

I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them ;
To sort our nobles from our common men :
For many of our princes (woe the while !)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood ;
(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes ;) and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. HEN. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no ;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

^a See Henry's previous address to the French Herald (Scene 3)—

“ Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald ;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints.”

MONT. The day is yours.

K. HEN. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

MONT. They call it Agincourt.

K. HEN. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

FLU. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. HEN. They did, Fluellen.

FLU. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. HEN. I wear it for a memorable honour:

For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

FLU. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. HEN. Thanks, good my countryman.

FLU. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. HEN. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him;

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead

On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt MONTJOY and others.*]

EXE. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. HEN. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

WILL. An't please your majesty, 't is the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. HEN. An Englishman?

WILL. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night: who, if 'a live and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. HEN. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

FLU. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. HEN. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

FLU. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his

oath : if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. HEN. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

WILL. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. HEN. Who servest thou under?

WILL. Under captain Gower, my liege.

FLU. Gower is a goot captain; and is goot knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. HEN. Call him hither to me, soldier.

WILL. I will, my liege.

[*Exit.*

K. HEN. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

FLU. Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; .an please Got of his grace that I might see it.

K. HEN. Knowest thou Gower?

FLU. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. HEN. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

FLU. I will fetch him.

[*Exit.*

K. HEN. My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove which I have given him for a favour

May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear;

It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,)

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Before King Henry's Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

WILL. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

FLU. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

WILL. Sir, know you this glove?

FLU. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

WILL. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*]

FLU. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor as any 's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

GOW. How now, sir? you villain!

WILL. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

FLU. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

WILL. I am no traitor.

FLU. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.

WAR. How now, how now! what's the matter?

FLU. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.

K. HEN. How now! what's the matter?

FLU. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

WILL. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

FLU. Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. HEN. Give me thy glove, soldier! Look, here's the fellow of it.

'T was I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;

And thou hast given me most bitter terms^a.

FLU. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. HEN. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

WILL. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

^a These lines are ordinarily printed as prose.

K. HEN. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

WILL. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. HEN. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

FLU. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly:—
Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

WILL. I will none of your money.

FLU. It is with a goot will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 't is a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. HEN. Now, herald; are the dead numbered^a?

HER. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

[Delivers a paper.]

K. HEN. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

EXE. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;

John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt:

Of other lords and barons, knights and 'squires,

Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. HEN. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures;

^a *Number'd.* So the folio. Steevens would read the line thus:—

“Now, herald, are the dead *on both sides* number'd?”

Great master of France, the brave sir Guischart Dauphin ;
 John duke of Alençon ; Antony duke of Brabant,
 The brother to the duke of Burgundy ;
 And Edward duke of Bar : of lusty earls,
 Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
 Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
 Here was a royal fellowship of death!
 Where is the number of our English dead ?

[Herald presents another paper.

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
 Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire :
 None else of name ; and, of all other men,
 But five-and-twenty. O God, thy arm was here,
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
 Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,
 But in plain shock and even play of battle,
 Was ever known so great and little loss,
 On one part and on the other ?—Take it, God,
 For it is none but thine^a !

EXE.

'T is wonderful !

K. HEN. Come, go we in procession to the village :
 And be it death proclaimed through our host,
 To boast of this, or take that praise from God
 Which is his only.

FLU. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed ?

K. HEN. Yes, captain ; but with this acknowledgment,—That God fought for us.

FLU. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. HEN. Do we all holy rites ;

Let there be sung *Non Nobis*, and *Te Deum* ;

The dead with charity enclos'd in clay :

And then to Calais ; and to England then ;

Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

^a *None but thine.* So the folio ; the quartos, which are followed in modern editions, *only thine.*



[Entry of Henry V. into London.]

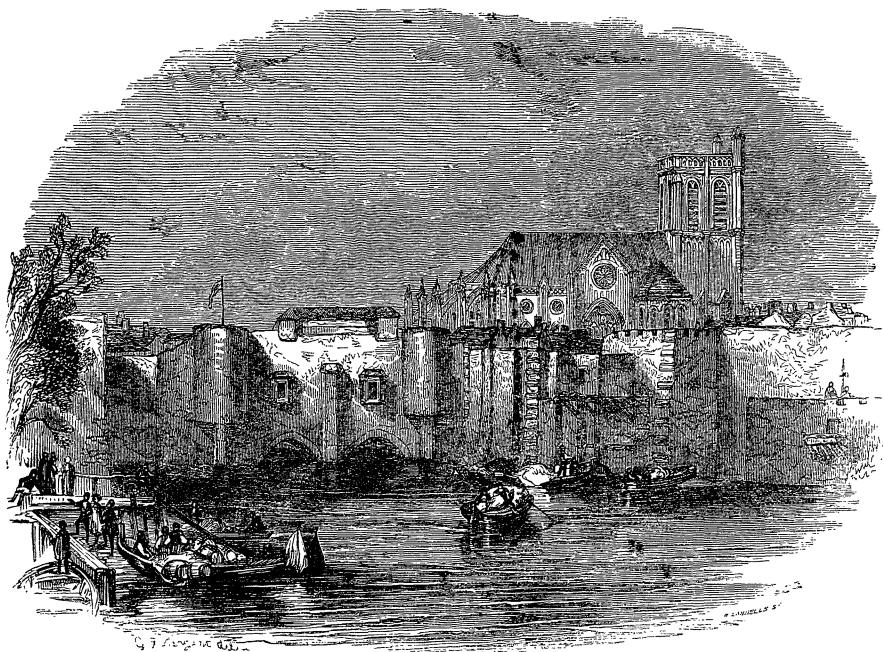
CHORUS^a.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
 That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
 I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life
 Be here presented. Now we bear the king
 Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
 Athwart the sea: Behold, the English beach
 Pales in the flood with men, with^b wives, and boys,
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
 Which, like a mighty whiffler²³ 'fore the king,
 Seems to prepare his way: so let him land;
 And, solemnly, see him set on to London.
 So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath:

^a The chorus, like all the other choruses, first appears in the folio.

^b The original omits *with*.

Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city : he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens !
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As, in good time, he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him ! much more (and much more cause)
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him ;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home :
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them²⁴;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France :
There must we bring him ; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 't is past.
Then brook abridgment ; and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.



[Troyes.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—France. *An English Court of Guard.*

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that 's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past²⁵.

FLU. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower: The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

FLU. 'T is no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you!

PIST. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

FLU. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

PIST. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

FLU. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

PIST. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

FLU. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You called me yesterday, mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonished him^a.

FLU. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Bite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

PIST. Must I bite?

FLU. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

PIST. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat—and eat—I swear^b.

FLU. Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

PIST. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

FLU. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

PIST. Good.

FLU. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

PIST. Me a groat!

FLU. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

PIST. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

FLU. If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a wood-monger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*]

^a *Astonished him*—*stunned him* with the blow, says Johnson; Mason explains it *confounded him*. Johnson was clearly right: *astonished* is still a pugilistic term, in the precise sense in which Gower uses it.

^b The modern editions, *I eat, and eke I swear*; the folio, "I eat and eat I swear." In printing "I eat—and eat—I swear," we do not deviate from the words of the original. Fluellen stands over Pistol with his cudgel, who says, "I eat;"—Fluellen makes a motion as if again to strike him, when he repeats, "and eat." He then mutters, "I swear;" to which Fluellen adds, "Eat, I pray you—there is not enough leek to swear by."

PIST. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeing and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [Exit.]

PIST. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I that my Nell^a is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs

Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd I'll turn,

And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:

And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd^b scars,

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Troyes, in Champagne. *An Apartment in the French King's Palace.*

Enter at one door, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the French KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c., the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his Train.

K. HEN. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,

Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes

To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;

And (as a branch and member of this royalty,

By whom this great assembly is contriv'd)

We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—

And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

FR. KING. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—

So are you, princes English, every one^c.

^a *Nell*. The folio gives *Doll*—clearly an error.

^b The editors leave *cudgell'd* out, without any apology for deviating from the text. True, the word is not in the quarto: but the whole scene has been remodelled.

^c Fifty-six lines, following this, are not found at all in the quarto. The reader will see that the speech of Burgundy is one of the finest in the play; and is philosophically meant to show the price at which glory is purchased.

Q. ISA. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. HEN. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. ISA. You English princes all, I do salute you.

BUR. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congregated; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildlly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility:
And as^a our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,

^a As—the folio has *all*—a reading entirely destructive of the oratorical beauty of the passage.

Defective in their natures, grow to wildness ;
 Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country ;
 But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
 To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
 And everything that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former favour^a
 You are assembled ; and my speech entreats
 That I may know the let, why gentle peace
 Should not expel these inconveniences,
 And bless us with her former qualities.

K. HEN. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
 Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
 With full accord to all our just demands ;
 Whose tenors and particular effects
 You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

BUR. The king hath heard them ; to the which, as yet,
 There is no answer made.

K. HEN. Well, then, the peace,
 Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

FR. KING. I have but with a cursorary eye
 O'er-glanc'd the articles : pleaseth your grace
 To appoint some of your council presently
 To sit with us once more, with better heed
 To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
 Pass our accept and peremptory answer^b.

K. HEN. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
 And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,—
 Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king :
 And take with you free power to ratify,
 Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
 Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
 Anything in, or out of, our demands ;
 And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
 Go with the princes, or stay here with us ? †

Q. ISA. Our gracious brother, I will go with them ;

^a *Favour*—appearance.

^b This passage has been considered obscure ; and some would read "*pass or except*." The difficulty has arisen from a misconception of the meaning of *accept* and *answer*. Our *accept* is our *consent* to certain of the articles : our peremptory *answer* is our undelaying *statement of objections* to other articles. In the quarto we have nothing of *accept* ; but

"We shall return our peremptory answer."

Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. HEN. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us ;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore rank of our articles.

Q. ISA. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, KATH., and her Gentlewoman.*]

K. HEN. Fair Katharine, and most fair !
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart ?

KATH. Your majesty shall mock at me ; I cannot speak your England.

K. HEN. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart,
I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue.
Do you like me, Kate ?

KATH. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. HEN. An angel is like you, Kate ; and you are like an angel.

KATH. *Que dit-il ? que je suis semblable à les anges ?*

ALICE. *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace,) ainsi dit-il.*

K. HEN. I said so, dear Katharine ; and I must not blush to affirm it.

KATH. *O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.*

K. HEN. What says she, fair one ? that the tongues of men are full of deceits ?

ALICE. *Ouy ; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits : dat is de princess.*

K. HEN. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding : I am glad thou canst speak no better English ; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you : then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith ? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer : i' faith, do ; and so clap hands and a bargain : How say you, lady ?

KATH. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. HEN. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me : for the one, I have neither words nor measure ; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off : but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation ; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier : If thou canst love me

for this, take me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true: but—for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: And take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

KATH. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. HEN. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

KATH. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. HEN. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moy*, (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)—*donec vostre est France, et vous estes mienne*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

KATH. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle*.

K. HEN. No, 'faith, is 't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

KATH. I cannot tell.

K. HEN. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between St. Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

KATH. I do not know dat.

K. HEN. No; 't is hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres chere et divine déesse?*

KATH. Your *majesté* 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage* damoiselle dat is *en France*.

K. HEN. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

KATH. Dat is as it shall please de *roy mon pere*.

K. HEN. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

KATH. Den it sall also content me.

K. HEN. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

KATH. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteur; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

K. HEN. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

KATH. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baissées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coûtume de France.*

K. HEN. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

ALICE. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies* of France,—I cannot tell what is *baiser*, *en English*.

K. HEN. To kiss.

ALICE. Your majesty *entendre* betterre *que moy*.

K. HEN. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

ALICE. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. HEN. O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion; we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council: and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French KING and QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.

BUR. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. HEN. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

BUR. Is she not apt?

K. HEN. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition^a is not smooth: so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

BUR. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind: Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. HEN. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

BUR. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. HEN. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

BUR. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. HEN. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

BUR. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. HEN. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

FR. KING. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

K. HEN. Shall Kate be my wife?

FR. KING. So please you.

^a *Condition.* Condition is *temper*, says Steevens. Surely not in this case.

K. HEN. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way of my wish shall show me the way to my will.

FR. KING. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. HEN. Is 't so, my lords of England?

WEST. The king hath granted every article:

His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

EXE. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—Where your majesty demands,—
That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant,
shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—
*Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, héritier de France*²⁶; and thus in
Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

FR. KING. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. HEN. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest:
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

FR. KING. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

ALL. Amen!

K. HEN. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Flourish.*]

Q. ISA. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

ALL. Amen!

K. HEN. Prepare we for our marriage;—on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,

Our bending author hath pursued the story ;
In little room confining mighty men,

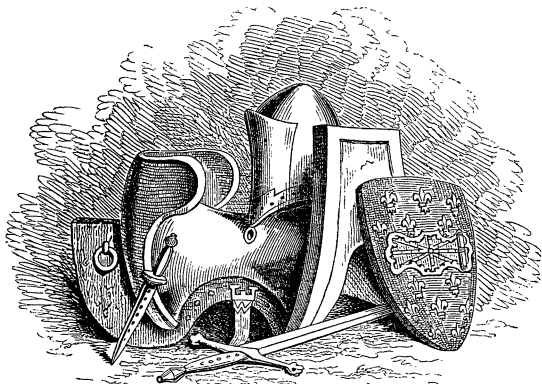
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small, most greatly liv'd

This star of England : fortune made his sword ;
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.

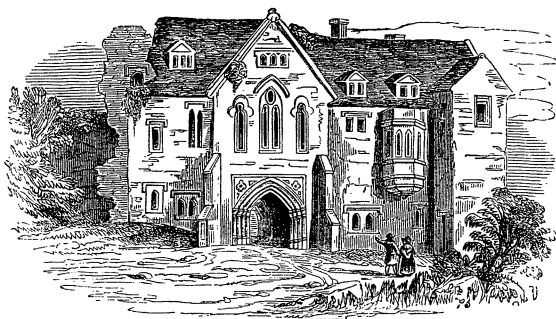
Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king

Of France and England, did this king succeed ;
Whose state so many had the managing,

That they lost France, and made his England bleed :
Which oft our stage hath shown ; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.



[*Helmet, Shield, and Saddle of Henry V.*]



[Ancient Gateway of Queen's College, Oxford.]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

¹ CHORUS.—“*Leash'd in like hounds, should
famine, sword, and fire,*” &c.

FAMINE, sword, and fire are “the dogs of war,” in ‘Julius Cæsar.’ In Shakspeare’s favourite Chronicler, Holinshed, they are “handmaidens.” Henry V. addressing himself to the people of Rouen, “declared that the goddess of battle, called Bellona, had three handmaidens ever of necessity attending upon her, as blood, fire, and famine.”

² CHORUS.—“*But, pardon, gentles all.*”

In Sir Philip Sidney’s ‘Defence of Poesie,’ the attempts to introduce battles upon the stage are thus ridiculed: “Two armies flying, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?” Shakspeare, in this chorus, does not defend this absurdity, although the remarks of the accomplished author of the ‘Arcadia’ might have led him here to apologize for it. It is well remarked, however, by Schlegel, that our poet has not entertained such a scruple “in the occasion of many other great battles, and among others of that of Philippi.” The reason, we think, is obvious. In this play Shakspeare put forth all the strength of his nationality. The battle of Agincourt was the greatest event of all his chronicle-histories;—Henry V. was, unquestionably, his favourite hero. But the events depicted in this play were, to a certain

extent, undramatic;—they belonged to the epic region of poetry. Hence the introduction of the chorus, which imparts a lyric character to the whole performance; and hence the apology for the “unworthy scaffold,”—the “cockpit,”—the “wooden O,” by which terms the poet designated his comparatively small and rude theatre. He meets the difficulty in the only way in which it could be met. He demands from the audience a higher exercise of the imagination than they were wont to exercise:

“Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts.”

Again, in the chorus to the third Act:

“Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.”

Those, in our own day, who have been accustomed to see such a play as ‘Henry V.’ got up with battalions of combatants, may laugh at the necessity for apologizing for

—“four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos’d in brawls ridiculous.”—

But, after all, the battles and processions of the modern theatre are still “mockeries;” and the spectator must be called upon to “make imaginary puissance.” Those who attempt to dispense with the imagination of the audience, instead of merely assisting it, forget the higher objects of the poet.

³ SCENE I.—“*Hear him but reason in divinity.*”

The commentators give us some long notes

upon Warburton's theory, that this passage was a compliment to the theological acquirements of James I. It does not appear to us that such conjectures offer any proper illustration of Shakspeare. This scene, we apprehend, was written at the same time with the choruses,—that is, four years before the accession of James. John-

son very justly observes, that "the poet, if he had James in his thoughts, was no skilful encomiast; for the mention of Harry's skill in war forced upon the remembrance of his audience the great deficiency of their present king." The praises of Henry, which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of the Archbishop of Canterbury, had no



[Richard II. knighting Henry of Monmouth.]

latent reference. They are strictly in accordance with the historical opinion of that prince; and they are even subdued when compared with the extravagant eulogies of the Chroniclers. Hall, for example, says, "this prince was almost the Arabical Phoenix, and amongst his predecessors a very Paragon. . . . This Henry was a king whose life was immaculate, and his living without spot. This king was a prince whom all men loved, and of none disdained. This prince was a captain against whom fortune never frowned, nor mischance once spurned. This captain was a shepherd whom his flock loved, and lovingly obeyed. This shepherd was such a justiciary that no offence was unpunished, nor friendship unrewarded. This justiciary was so feared, that all rebellion was banished, and sedition suppressed." The education of Henry was, literally, in the "practicke part of life." At eleven years of age he was a student at Oxford, under the care of his uncle Beaufort. In a small room, over the ancient gateway of Queen's College, was Henry lodged; and here, under the rude portraits in stained glass of his uncle and

himself, was the following inscription, which Wood gives in his 'Athenæ Oxonienses:'

IN PERPETUAM REI MEMORIAM.
IMPERATOR BRITANNIÆ,
TRIUMPHATOR GALLIÆ,
HOSTIUM VICTOR ET SUL.
HENRICUS V.
PARVI HUIUS CUBICULI.
OLIM MAGNUS INCOLA.

The "hostium victor et sui" is one of the many evidences of the universality, if not of the truth, of the tradition that,

— "his addiction was to courses vain."

His early removal from the discipline of the schools to the licence of the camp, could not have been advantageous to the morals of the high-spirited boy. That he was a favourite of Richard II. we know by the fact of his knighting him during his Irish expedition.

His subsequent command of the Welsh army, when little more than fourteen, was a circumstance still less favourable to his self-control. That the "insolency and wildness" of the boy should be the result of such uncurbed and irre-

sponsible power, is quite as credible as that the man should have put on such "gravity and soberness,"—"the flower of kings past, and a glass to them that should succeed."

⁴ SCENE II. "My great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France," &c.

In Andrew of Wyntoun's 'Cronykil of Scotland,' we have a curious picture of the supposed defenceless state of England when the king was absent upon foreign conquests:—

"Thai sayd, that thai mycht rycht welle fare
Til Lwndyn, for in Ingland than
Of gret mycht wes left na man,
For, thai sayd, all war in Frawns,
Bot sowteris, skynneris, or marchauns."

⁵ SCENE II.—"For government," &c.

In a foot-note upon this passage, we have given a quotation from Cicero, for the purpose of suggesting a correction of the text. But this passage, which, taken altogether, is a very remarkable one, opens up the *questio vexata* of the learning of Shakspeare, to an extent which it would be very difficult completely to follow. The considerations involved in this passage are briefly these: the words of Cicero, to which the lines of Shakspeare have so close a resemblance, form part of a fragment of that portion of his lost treatise, 'De Republicâ,' which is presented to us only in the writings of St. Augustin. The first question, therefore, is, had Shakspeare read the fragment in St. Augustin? But Cicero's 'De Republicâ' was, as far as we know, an adaptation of Plato's 'Republic': the sentence we have quoted is almost literally to be found in Plato; and, what is still more curious, the lines of Shakspeare are more deeply imbued with the Platonic philosophy than the passage of Cicero. These lines,

"For government, through *high*, and *low*, and *lower*,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a *full* and *natural* close,
Like music:"—

and the subsequent lines,

"True: therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,"

develop, unquestionably, the great Platonic doctrine of the tri-unity of the three principles in man, and the identity of the idea of man with the idea of a state. The particular passage of Plato's 'Republic' to which we refer, is in the fourth book, and may be thus rendered: "It is not alone wisdom and strength which make a

state simply wise and strong, but it (Order), like that harmony called the Diapason, is diffused throughout the whole state, making both the weakest, and the strongest, and the middling people consent the same melody." Again, "The harmonic power of political justice is the same as that musical consent which connects the three chords, the octave, the bass, and the fifth." Platonism was studied in England at the time that Shakspeare began to write. Coleridge tells us, "The accomplished author of 'Arcadia,'—the star of serenest brilliance in the glorious constellation of Elizabeth's court, our England's Sir Philip Sidney—held high converse with Spenser on the idea of super-sensual beauty." We find in Theobald's edition a notice of the resemblance between the passages in Shakspeare and Cicero. We are indebted to a friend for the suggestion of the greater resemblance in the passages of Plato, from which source he thinks Shakspeare derived the idea. This is one of the many evidences of our poet's acquaintance, directly or indirectly, with the classical writers, which Dr. Farmer passes over in his one-sided 'Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare.' There was no translation of Plato in Shakspeare's time, except a single dialogue by Spenser. From Spenser's "high converse," he, perhaps, received the thought, as beautiful as profound, which he has thus embodied;—but however he obtained it, he used it as one who was not meddling with learning in an ignorant spirit. We find the same thought, though not so clearly expressed as by Shakspeare, in the poems of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, "Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney." The 'Treatise on Monarchie,' in which it occurs, was not published till 1670. Lord Brooke belonged to the same school of philosophy as his friend Sidney:—

"For as the harmony which sense admires,
Of discords (yet according) is compounded,
And as each creature really aspires
Unto that unity, which all things founded;
So must the throne and people both affect
Discording tones united with respect.

"By which consent of disagreeing movers,
There will spring up aspects of reverence,
Equals and betters quarrelling like lovers,
Yet all confessing one omnipotence,
And therein each estate to be no more,
Than instruments out of their makers' store."

⁶ SCENE II.—"So work the honey bees."

Malone gives us a passage from Lyly's 'Eu-

* Shoemakers.

phues and his England,' 1580, which, he has no doubt, suggested this fine description. This is probable; but, nevertheless, the lines before us are a remarkable instance of the power of Shakspeare in the improvement of everything he borrowed. It is not only in the poetical elevation of the description that the improvement consists, but in the rejection of whatever is false or redundant. Lyly says, "They call a Parliament, wherein they consult for laws, statutes, penalties, choosing officers, and creating their

king." This is the reasoning faculty and not the instinctive; and Shakspeare shows the greater truth of his philosophy in referring "the act of order" in the bees to "a rule in nature." The description before us is found in the quarto edition, with no material difference, except the omission of the two following lines:—

"The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate."

HISTORICAL.

The opening scene of this play furnishes an apt example of the dramatic power of Shakspeare. Dr. Johnson made speeches for Chatham and Grenville, upon knowing the subject of a parliamentary discussion; but his speakers do not talk with anything like the reality of Canterbury and Ely in the dialogue before us. The bill for the appropriation of "the temporal lands devoutly given, and disordinately spent by religious and other spiritual persons" (as Hall has it) introduced in the second year of Henry V. was no doubt a cause of great alarm to the clergy. Hall, who was as bitter a hater of priests as Hume, says, "this before-remembered bill was much noted and fear'd amongst the religious sorts whom in effect it much touched, insomuch that the fat abbots sweat, the proud friars frown'd, the poor friars curs'd, the sely nuns wept." Shakspeare has none of this somewhat gross hatred of the church; but he has followed the Chroniclers in attributing the war with France to the instigation of the bishops. Hall gives the speech of "Henry Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, thereto newly preferred, which before time had been a monk of the Carthusians," at great length, and in the first person. Holinshed paraphrases it. We have no doubt, from the coincidence of particular expressions, that Shakspeare had both Chroniclers before him; although he follows Holinshed in a blunder which we have noticed. It would be tedious to give these passages from the Chroniclers;—and the only use would be to show how Shakspeare's art made the duller things spirited, and the most prosaic poetical.

The incident of the tennis balls is found in Holinshed. There has been a good deal of reasonable doubt thrown upon this statement—

and, indeed, it seems altogether opposed to the general temper of the French, who in their negotiations with Henry appear to have been moderate and conciliatory. The best evidence for its truth is the following passage from an inedited MS. in the British Museum, apparently written at the period, and first published by Sir Harris Nicolas in his admirable 'History of the Battle of Agincourt':—

"The Dolphine of France aunswered to our ambassatoure, and said in this manner, that the kyng was over yong, and to tender of age, to make any warre ayens hym, and was not lyke



[Archbishop Chicheley.]

yet to be noo good werrioure to doo and make suche a conquest there upon hym; and somewhat in cornet and dispite he sente to hym a tonne full of tenys ballis, because he wolde have somewhat for to play withall for hym and for hys lordis, and that became hym better than to mayntain any were: and than anon our lordes that was embassadours token hir leve and comen into England ayenne, and told the Kyng and his counceill of the ungoodly aunswer that they had of the Dolphyn, and of the present the which he had sent unto the Kyng: and whan the Kyng had hard her wordis, and the aunswere of the Dolpynne he was wondre sore agreved,

and right evell apayd towarde the Frensshmen, and toward the Kyng and the Dolphynne, and thought to avenge hym upon hem as sone as God wold send hym grace and myght, and anon lette make tenys ballis for the Dolphynne, in all the hast that they myght be made; and they were great gonne stones for the Dolpynne to play wyth all."

There is some doubt whether the balls were "tennis balls." This extract uses that word, although it might not apply to the game of Shakspeare's time. Holinshed calls them "Paris balls."

ACT II.

⁷ CHORUS.

*"And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets."*

THE engraving which we subjoin is copied from a woodcut in the first edition of Holinshed's 'Chronicle'—that edition, most probably, which Shakspeare was in the habit of consulting. The idea conveyed in these lines was evidently suggested by some such representation. In ancient trophies in tapestry or painting, a sword is often thus hidden, from hilt unto the point, with naval or mural crowns. There is a portrait of Edward III. in the Chapter House at Windsor, with a sword in his hand thus ornamented, if we remember rightly, with three crowns.



⁸ SCENE I.—"Thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland."

Dr. Caius, a physician of Queen Elizabeth's

time, wrote a treatise on British dogs, which he divides into dogs of chase, farm dogs, and mongrels, describing the several species under each head. We find herein no mention of the Iceland dog. He, however, mentions the *wappe*; and Harrison, in his description of England, speaking of our English dogs, says—"The last sort of dogs consisteth of the currish kind, meet for many toys, of which the whippet, or *prick-eared cur*, is one." He adds:—"Besides these also we have sholts, or curs, daily brought out of Iseland, and much made of among us because of their sauciness and quarrelling. Moreover, they bite very sore, and love candles exceedingly, as do the men and women of their country." The "cur of Iceland" of Shakspeare is unquestionably "the cur daily brought out of Iseland" of Harrison; and it is to be observed that the *prick-ears* are invariable indications of the half-reclaimed animal. The Esquimaux dog, the dog of the Mackenzie River, and the Australasian dog, or dingo, of each of which the Zoological Society have had specimens, furnish striking examples of this characteristic. Pistol, in his abuse of Nym, uses an expression which was meant to convey the intimation that he was as quarrelsome and as savage as a half-civilized Iceland dog. Johnson upon this passage has a most curious theory, which Steevens adopts: "He seems to allude to an account credited in Elizabeth's time, that in the north there was a nation with human bodies and dogs' heads."

⁹ SCENE II.—“*Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow.*”

Holinshed states this literally: “The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow.” Malone says, “This unseemly custom continued common till the middle of the last century (the seventeenth), if not later.” Customs are unseemly, for the most part, when they are opposed to the general usages of society, and to the state of public opinion. The necessity for two persons occupying one bed belonged to an age when rooms were large and furniture scanty. It is scarcely just to consider the custom unseemly when connected with manners very different from our own. When Roger Ascham speaks of a favourite pupil who was his bedfellow, we see only the affectionate remembrance of the good old schoolmaster; and, in Shakspeare, we find the custom connected with the highest poetry:—

“O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as ‘t were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity.” (*Coriolanus*, Act IV. Sc. IV.)

¹⁰ SCENE IV.—“*Were busied with a Whitsun Morris dance.*”

Mr. Douce’s ‘Dissertation on the Ancient English Morris Dance’ is a performance of considerable research and ingenuity. His opinion, which is opposed to that of Strutt, is, that the Morris dance was derived from the *Morisco* or Moorish dance. The Morris dance has been supposed to have been first brought into Eng-

land in the time of Edward III.; but it can scarcely be traced beyond the reign of Henry VII. The Whitsun Morris dance, here spoken of by Shakspeare, was, perhaps, the original Morris dance, unconnected with the May games in which the Robin Hood characters were introduced. After archery, however, went into disuse (for the encouragement of which the May games were principally established), the Morris dance was probably again transferred to the celebration of Whitsuntide. In Warner’s ‘*Albion’s England*’ (1612), we have this line:—

“At *Paske* begun our *Morrise*, and ere *Penticost* our *May*.”
(See Illustrations of ‘*All’s Well that ends Well*,’ Act II., Sc. 2.)

¹¹ SCENE IV.—“*He’ll make your Paris Louvre shake for it.*”

According to some writers, the ancient palace of the Louvre was as old as the seventh century. The obscurity as to the origin of the name is, perhaps, a proof of its antiquity. Some say that it was called after a seigneur of *Louwes*; others, that the word signifies *l’œuvre*—the work *par excellence*. It was originally, no doubt, at once a palace and a fortress. At the commencement of the sixteenth century the buildings were in a very ruinous state; and Francis I., in 1528, resolved to build a new palace on the site of the old; but this design was only partially carried into effect till the subsequent reign of Henry II., when what is now called the old Louvre was completed by Pierre Lescot, in [1548. (See ‘*Dictionnaire Historique*’ d’Architecture.’ Par M. Quatremère De Quincy; article Lescot.)

HISTORICAL.

The conspiracy of Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, against Henry V., is minutely detailed in Holinshed. Shakspeare has followed the statement of the Chronicler, that the prisoners confessed that they had received a great sum of money of the French king, to deliver Henry into the hands of his enemies, or to murder him. It appears, however, by the verdict of the jury (for the conspirators were not sum-

marily executed, as described in the play and the Chronicle), that it was their intention to proclaim Edward Earl of March rightful heir to the crown in case Richard II. was actually dead. The following passage in Holinshed is the foundation of Henry’s address to the prisoners in the second Scene: “If you have conspired the death and destruction of me, which am the head of the realm and governor of the people,

without doubt I must of necessity think, that you likewise have compassed the confusion of all that here be with me, and also the final destruction of your native country. . . . Wherefore seeing that you have enterprised so great a mischief, to the intent that your fautors being in the army, may abhor so detestable an offence by the punishment of you, haste you to receive the pain that for your demerits you have deserved, and that punishment that by the law for your offences is provided."

In the fourth Scene of this Act, the Constable only, amongst the French nobles, takes part in the dialogue; but the Duke of Burgundy is mentioned as being present. Shakspeare did not find this in the Chronicles; and it is probable that the Duke of Burgundy was absent from France; as the States of Flanders proclaimed that the duke would render no assistance in the defence of France, unless the Dauphin redressed the injuries which he had heaped upon his wife, the daughter of the duke. (See 'Pictorial History of England,' vol. ii. p. 28.)



[Charles VI. of France.]

ACT III.

¹² SCENE II.—*"Enter Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol."*

BARDOLPH and Fluellen were names of inhabitants of Stratford, in 1592. But Pistol and Bardolph might have lived in the traditions of the French war; for we find in the Additional Charters in the British Museum, No. 1021 and 1022, that Wm. Pistail and R. Bardolf were amongst Canoniers serving in Normandy, A.D. 1435.

¹³ SCENE IV.—ROUEN.—*"Alice, tu es esté," &c.*

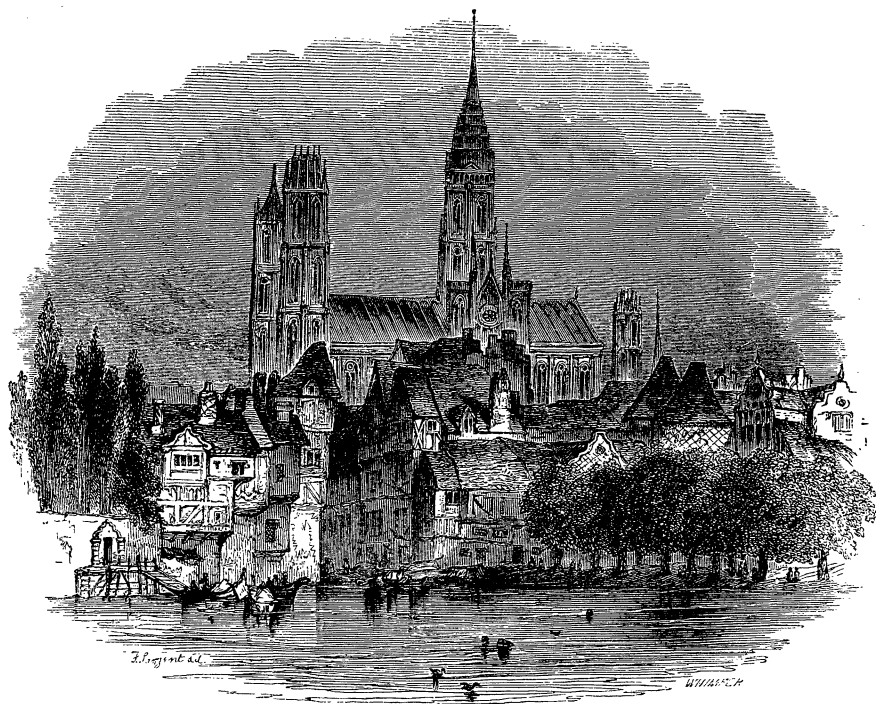
When in the Epilogue to 'Henry IV. Part II.,' the author promised the audience "to make you merry with fair Katharine of France," he certainly was a fitting judge of the sources from which his audience would derive their merriment. Warburton, however, calls this a ridiculous Scene. Hanmer rejects it as an interpolation of the players. Not only this Scene, but the scraps of French which are put in the mouths of other characters, have a dramatic purpose. The great object of this play is to

excite and elevate the nationality of the English; and this could not be done without a marked and obvious distinction between the people of the two nations. The occasional French accomplishes this much more readily than any other device. It is to be remembered that Shakspeare's plays were written to be acted. Of distinguishing dresses the wardrobe of Shakspeare's stage had few to boast. The introduction of Katharine in this particular Scene, learning the very rudiments of English, is a fit introduction for that of the fifth Act, where she attempts to converse with her future husband in his native tongue.

¹⁴ SCENE V.

*"They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high."*

The lavolta, a dance of Italian origin, as its name imports, passed through Provence into the rest of France, and thence into England. It appears from the descriptions of it to have been a very exaggerated waltz; and its intro-



[Rouen.]

duction into France was gravely ascribed to the power of witches. Sir John Davies, in his poem called 'Orchestra,' has given us a very spirited description of the lavolta, which shows that its grace might have recommended it without the aid of sorcery. He has described the musical time of this dance very poetically:—

"And still their feet an *anapest* do sound:
An *anapest* is all their music's song,
Whose first two feet is short, and third is long."

¹⁵ SCENE VI.—"*Pax of little price.*"

The ordinary reading of *pax* is *pix*; yet all the old editions read *pax*. The alteration was made by Theobald. Johnson says *pix* and *pax* signify the same thing. The discussions upon this somewhat unimportant matter occupy two pages of the variorum editions. The question was treated by the commentators as one to be settled by the use of similar expressions by old authors, without inquiring into the essential differences of the things themselves. Nares, in

his Glossary, has put this matter right. A *pax*—the casket which contains a sacred wafer—is not such an article as Bardolph could readily have stolen. The "*pax of little price*" is a small plate of wood or metal, with some sacred representation engraved upon it, tendered to the people to kiss at the conclusion of the mass. It was a substitute for the kiss of peace of the primitive church. The custom of kissing the *pax* is now disused: but such a relic of the Romish church was exhibited at the Society of Antiquaries in 1821.

¹⁶ SCENE VI.—"*A beard of the general's cut.*"

Beards of particular cut had their appropriate names, and were sometimes characteristic of professions. The *steeletto* beard and the *spade* beard appear to have belonged to the military profession; though the cut of particular generals—setters of the fashion—might vary. Southampton is always represented with the *steeletto* beard,—Essex with the *spade* beard.

17 SCENE VI.—“*There's for thy labour, Montjoy.*”

It was necessary in the days of chivalry not only to preserve the inviolable character of heralds, who often did the duties of ambassadors, but to reward them liberally, however unpleasant might be their messages. In his notes to ‘*Marmion*,’ Scott says, “So sacred was the herald’s office, that, in 1515, Lord Drummond was by parliament declared guilty of treason, and his lands forfeited, because he had struck with his fist the Lion King-at-Arms when he reproved him for his follies. Nor was he restored, but at the Lion’s earnest solicitations.”

18 SCENE VII.—“*A Kerne of Ireland,*” &c.

The character and costume of the *Kerne* (an abbreviation, probably, of the Gaelic *Ketheryn*, *Cateran*) are described in ‘*Derrick’s Image of Ireland*,’ printed in Lord Somers’ Tracts.—Scott’s description in ‘*Rokeby*’ of the faithful adherent of an Irish chieftain is founded upon the ruder verses of Derrick:—

“His plaited hair in elf-locks spread
Around his bare and matted head;
On leg and thigh, close stretch’d and trim,
His vesture shew’d the sinewy limb;
In saffron dyed, a linen vest
Was frequent folded round his breast;
A mantle long and loose he wore,
Shaggy with ice, and stain’d with gore.”

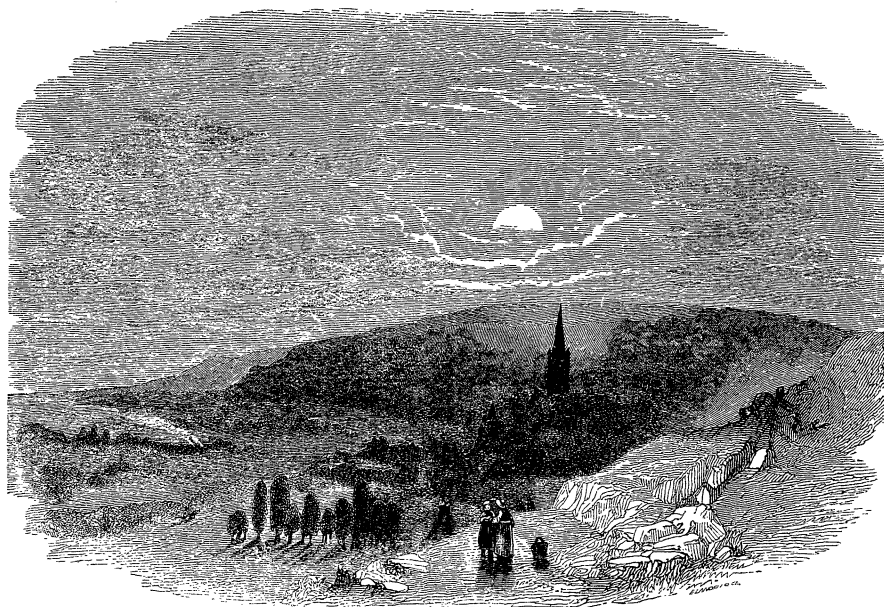
HISTORICAL.

—“Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.”

It was not in Holinshed that Shakspeare found a hint of the splendour of Henry’s fleet. That Chronicler simply says, “When the wind came about prosperous to his purpose, he caused the mariners to weigh up anchors, and hoysed up sails.” Speed, whose history of Great Britain was not published till 1611, speaking of Henry’s second expedition into France, in 1417, describes the king as embarking in a ship whose sails were of purple silk most richly embroidered with gold. Neither Holinshed nor Hall, in their accounts of the second expedition, mention this circumstance. But our poet might have found the narrative of a somewhat similar pageantry in Froissart, where the French ships destined for the invasion of England, in 1387, are described as painted with the arms of the commanders and gilt, with banners, pennons, and standards of silk. The invading fleet of Henry V. consisted of between twelve and fourteen hundred vessels, of various sizes, from twenty to three hundred tons. On the 10th of August, 1415, the king embarked on board his ship, the “*Trinity*,” between Portsmouth and Southampton, and the whole fleet was under weigh on the 11th. By a curious error in the folio of 1623, the king “at *Dover* pier” embarks his royalty. Of course this was an error of the printer or transcriber, for the passage is incon-

sistent with the chorus of the second Act. War-ton tells us that amongst the records of the town of Southampton there is a minute and authentic account of the encampment before the embarkation, and that the low plain where the army lay ready to go on board is now entirely covered with sea, and called West Port.

The first Scene of this Act brings us at once before Harfleur. The negotiations alluded to in the chorus had occurred at Winchester, in the July preceding the invasion. No opposition was made to the landing of Henry’s army on the 14th, when the disembarkation took place at Clef de Caux (about three miles from Harfleur), before which place the fleet had arrived on the 13th. Sir H. Nicolas, in his ‘*History of the Battle of Agincourt*,’ has translated a very curious Latin manuscript in the Cotton collection, being the narrative of a priest who accompanied the expedition. In this narrative the landing is thus described: “The king, with the greater part of his army, landed in small vessels, boats, and skiffs, and immediately took up a position on the hill nearest Harfleur, having on the one side, on the declivity of the valley, a coppice wood towards the river Seine, and on the other enclosed farms and orchards.” In the vignette at the head of Act III. we have given a view of the high grounds between Havre and Harfleur, as they now appear, clothed with their “coppice wood towards the river Seine.” With this illustration we also present a distant view of Harfleur. Both these interesting representa-



[Distant view of Harfleur.]

tions are from original sketches with which we have been favoured.

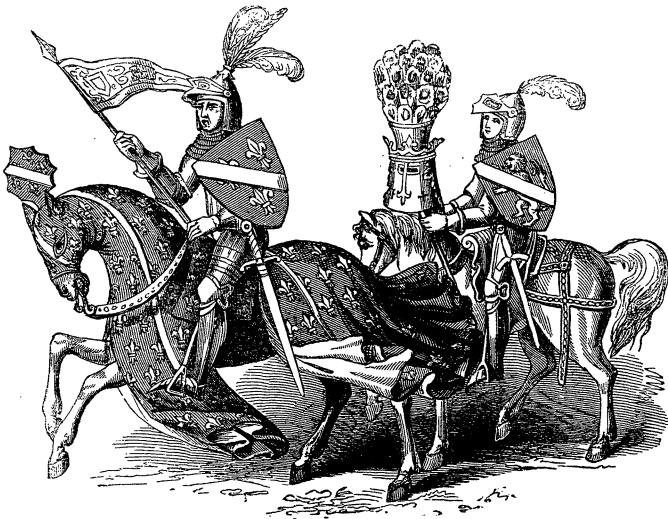
The siege of Harfleur is somewhat briefly described by Holinshed. The conduct of that enterprise was agreeable to the rules of war laid down by "Master Giles," the principal military authority of that period. The loss sustained by the besieging army was very great; and in a few days the English forces were visited by a frightful dysentery. Many of the most eminent leaders fell before its ravages. This was, probably, to be attributed to the position of the invading army; for, according to Holinshed, those who "valiantly defended the siege, damming up the river that hath his course through the town, the water rose so high betwixt the king's camp, and the Duke of Clarence's camp, divided by the same river, that the Englishmen were constrained to withdraw their artillery from one side." The mines and the counter-mines of Fluellen are to be found in Holinshed: "Daily was the town assaulted: for the Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege was committed, made three mines under the ground, and approaching to the walls with his engines and ordinance, would not suffer them within to take any rest.

For although they with their counter-mining somewhat disappointed the Englishmen, and came to fight with them hand to hand within the mines, so that they went no further forward with that work; yet they were so enclosed on each side, as well by water as land, that succour they saw could none come to them." Harfleur surrendered on the 22nd of September, after a siege of thirty-six days. The previous negotiations between Henry and the governor of the town were conducted by commissioners. Shakspeare, of course, dramatically brought his principal personage upon the scene, in the convention by which the town was surrendered. Holinshed, who in general has an eye for the picturesque, has no description of the gorgeous ceremony which accompanied the surrender; but such a description is found in the older narratives, which represent the king upon "his royal throne, placed under a pavilion at the top of the hill before the town, where his nobles and other principal persons, an illustrious body of men, were assembled in numbers, in their best equipments; his crowned triumphal helmet being held on his right hand upon a halbert-staff, by Sir Gilbert Umfreville." (Cotton MS.) The account of the loss which the

English army sustained, during the thirty-six days subsequent to its landing, would be almost incredible, if its accuracy were not supported by every conflicting testimony. It appears that if Henry landed with thirty thousand men, more than two-thirds must, during the short period of the siege, have been slain, have died of disease, or have been sent back to England as incapable of proceeding. The English army, when it quitted Harfleur, did not amount to much more than eight thousand fighting men. The priest who accompanied the expedition says, "There remained fit for drawing the sword or for battle not above nine hundred lancers, and five thousand archers." Monstrelet, and other French writers, rate the English forces at a much greater number.

"King Henry," says Holinshed, "after the winning of Harfleur, determined to have proceeded further to the winning of other towns and fortresses: but because the dead time of the winter approached it was determined by advice of his council, that he should in all convenient speed set forward, and march through the country towards Calais by land, lest his return as then homewards should of slanderous tongues be named a running away." From the contemporary writers it appears that this resolution was taken by Henry *against* the advice of his council. There was a chivalrous

hardihood in the resolve, which almost entirely covers its rashness. His trust, said the king, was in God; he was resolved to see the territories which were his own; he would not subject himself to the reproach of cowardice. "Our mind," said he, "is prepared to endure every peril, rather than they shall be able to breathe the slightest reproach against your king. We will go, if it pleases God, without harm or danger, and if they disturb our journey, we will frustrate their intentions with honour, victory, and triumph." The army commenced its perilous march about the 8th of October. The king, upon landing in France, had issued a proclamation forbidding, under pain of death, all plunder and other excesses. This proclamation was now renewed. The army was five days before it reached Abbeville. The bridges of the Somme were everywhere broken down; and the dispirited forces were, in consequence, compelled to march up the south bank of the river till they reached Nesle. There, over a temporary bridge, Henry at length crossed the Somme. The opposition to his march had now become most formidable. The daring character of his movement from Harfleur had roused the French from their supineness. The fifth Scene of this Act is a most spirited representation of the mingled contempt and anger with which the French nobility regarded Henry's progress



[Duke of Bourbon.]

through the heart of the country. Holinshed describes the resolution to send the herald Montjoy to Henry. Three heralds, according to the contemporary accounts, appeared before the English king on the 20th. His answer is thus given in Holinshed:—"Mine intent is to do as it pleaseth God; I will not seek your master at this time; but if he or his seek me, I will meet with them, God willing. If any of your nation attempt once to stop me in my journey now towards Calais, at their jeopardy be it; and wish I not any of you so unadvised as to be the occasion that I dye your tawny ground with your red blood." Henry continued to press on his troops with great regularity, though they suffered the most serious privations. They were "shrewdly out of beef," as Orleans says;—they were "with sickness much enfeebled," as Henry declares. Holinshed describes their situation with great quaintness: "The enemies had destroyed all the corn before

they came. Rest could they none take, for their enemies with alarms did ever so infest them; daily it rained, and nightly it freezed: of fuel there was great scarcity, of fluxes plenty: money enough, but wares for their relief to bestow it on had they none." And yet, under these circumstances, the proclamation against plunder was enforced with undeviating justice. The fact of a man being hanged for stealing a sacred vessel is found in Holinshed.

The oriflamme had been hoisted, the last time that the sacred banner was displayed in France. Sixty thousand princes, and knights, and esquires, and men at arms, were gathered round the national standard. When Henry crossed the river Ternoise, on the 24th of October, this mighty army stood before him, "filling," says the priest who accompanied the march, "a very large field as with an innumerable host of locusts."

ACT IV.

¹⁹ CHORUS.—"*Fills the wide vessel of the universe.*"

We are gravely informed by Warburton that "we are not to think Shakspeare so ignorant as to imagine it was night over the whole globe at once." Ben Jonson has these lines:—

"O for a clap of thunder now, as loud
As to be heard throughout the universe!"

We are not to think Jonson so ignorant as not to know that a clap of thunder could not possibly be heard throughout the mundane system.

²⁰ CHORUS.—"*Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.*"

"The author's profession," says Malone, "probably furnished him with this epithet." But players *redde*n their cheeks as well as *brown* them, and we therefore must in the same way suppose that when the Friar says to Juliet

"The roses in thy *lips* and *cheeks* shall fade,"

Shakspeare was thinking of *rouge*.

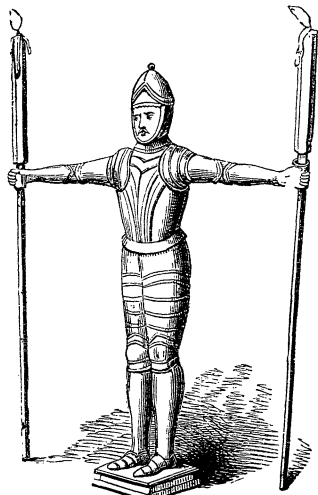
²¹ CHORUS.—"*With busy hammers closing rivets up.*"

The plate armour was not only riveted in parts, before it was put on; but the armourers were employed in closing up parts which fitted on to each other by rivets, when the knight

was being equipped for the battle or tournament.

²² SCENE II.—"*The horsemen sit like fixed candle-sticks,
With torch-staves in their hand.*"

What a picture of the want of animation,—



[Fixed Candlestick.]

the silent despair—which the French imputed to the poor “beggar’d host” of the English—is suggested by this image, when we rightly understand it. Mr. Douce had such an ancient

“fixed candlestick” in his possession;—and the copy of this is worth pages of verbal explanation.

HISTORICAL.

The magnificent chorus of this Act presents such a vivid picture of the circumstances that marked the eve of the battle of Agincourt, that even if they were not, for the most part, supported by authentic history, it would be impossible to dispossess ourselves of the belief that they were true. “The French,” according to Holinshed, “were very merry, pleasant, and full of game”—“the English made peace with God in confessing their sins.” Holinshed also mentions the French playing at dice for the English prisoners. But the narratives of Monstrelet and of St. Remy are much more minute than Holinshed; and in one or two small particulars they differ from that of the poet. The account of Monstrelet is exceedingly interesting:—

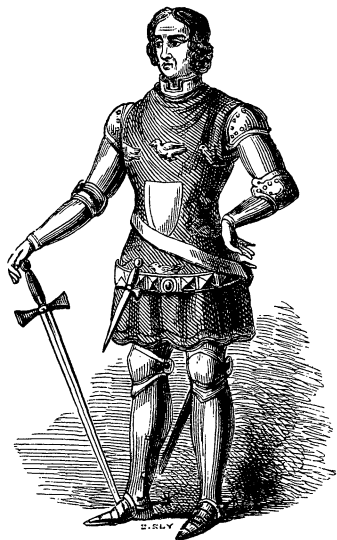
“The French, with all the royal officers, that is to say, the Constable, the Marshal Boucicault, the Lord of Dampierre and Sir Clignet de Brabant, each styling himself admiral of France; the Lord of Rambures, master of the cross-bows; with many other princes, barons, and knights—planted their banners with loud acclamations of joy around the royal banner of the Constable, on the spot they had fixed upon, situated in the county of St. Pol, or territory of Azincourt, by which the next morning the English must pass on their march to Calais. Great fires were this night lighted near to the banner under which each person was to fight; but, although the French were full one hundred and fifty thousand “chevaucheurs,” with a great number of wagons and carts, cannon, ribaudequins, and all other military stores, they had but little music to cheer their spirits; and it was remarked with surprise, that scarcely any of their horses neighed during the night, which was considered by many as a bad omen. The English during the whole night played on their trumpets and various other instruments, insomuch that the whole neighbourhood resounded with their music; and notwithstanding they were much fatigued and oppressed by cold, hunger, and other annoyances, they made their peace with

God, by confessing their sins with tears, and numbers of them taking the sacrament; for, as it was related by some prisoners, they looked for certain death on the morrow.”

The foundation of the great scene when Westmoreland wishes—

“But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!”

is in Holinshed. “It is said, that as he heard one of the host utter his wish to another thus: ‘I would to God there were with us now so many good soldiers as are at this hour within England!’ The king answered: ‘I would not wish a man more here than I have; we are indeed in comparison to the enemies but a few, but if God of his clemency do favour us and our just cause (as I trust he will), we shall speed well enough.’” This circumstance, however, really occurred, not as Holinshed has described it on the day of the battle, but when the French host



[Sir Thomas Erpingham.]

was first seen by the English; and he who uttered the wish for some more men was Sir Walter Hungerford.

The French forces, on the morning of the 25th of October, were drawn up in three lines on the plain of Agincourt, through which the route to Calais lay. The battle-field is thus described by Dr. John Gordon Smith, in a paper in 'The Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature,' 1829 :—

"Those who travel to Paris *via* St. Omer and Abbeville, pass over the field of battle, which skirts the high road (to the left, in the direction just mentioned), about sixteen miles beyond St. Omer; two on the Paris side of a considerable village or bourg named Fruges; about eight north of the fortified town of Hesdin; and thirty, or thereabout, in the same direction from Abbeville. All accounts of the battle mention the hamlet of *Ruisseauville*, through which very place the high-road to Paris now passes. *Azincour* is a commune, or parish, consisting of a most uninteresting collection of

'Sloberby dirty farms,'

(or rather farmers' residences,) and cottages, such as, in that part of the country, are met with in all directions; once, however, distinguished by a castle, of which nothing now remains but the foundation. The scene of the contest lies between this commune and the adjoining one of *Tramecour*, in a wood belonging to which latter the king concealed those archers whose prowess and vigour contributed so eminently to the glorious result. Part of this wood still remains; though (if I remember rightly), at the time of our visit, the corner into which the bowmen were thrown had been materially thinned, if, indeed, the original timber had not been entirely cut down, and its place but scantily supplied by brush or underwood. Some of the trees, however, in the wood of *Tramecour*, were very old in 1816."

It is unnecessary for us to follow the Chroniclers, or the more minute contemporary historians, through their details of the fearful carnage and victory of Agincourt. We may, however, put the facts shortly before our readers, as they may be collected from Sir H. Nicolas's elaborate and careful history of the battle :—

The fighting men of France wore "long coats of steel, reaching to their knees, which were very heavy; below these was armour for the legs; and above, white harness, and bacinets,

with camails." They were drawn up between two woods, in a space wholly inadequate for the movements of such an immense body; and the ground was soft from heavy rains. It was with the utmost difficulty they could stand or lift their weapons. The horses at every step sunk into the mud. Henry formed his little band in one line, the archers being posted between the wings, in the form of a wedge, with sharp stakes fixed before them. The king, habited in his "cote d'armes," mounted a small gray horse; but he subsequently fought on foot. He addressed his troops with his usual spirit. Each army remained inactive for some hours. A truce was at length proposed by the French. The reply of Henry, before an army ten times as great as his own, differed little from the terms he had offered in his own capital. Towards the middle of the day the order was given to the English to advance, by Henry crying aloud, "Advance banners." Sir Thomas de Erpyngham, the commander of the archers, threw his truncheon into the air, exclaiming, "Now strike!" The English immediately prostrated themselves to the ground, beseeching the protection of Heaven, and proceeded in three lines on the French army. The archers of Henry soon put the French cavalry in disorder; and the whole army rushing on, with the national huzza, the archers threw aside their bows, and slew all



[Montacute, Earl of Salisbury.]

before them with their bill-hooks and hatchets. The immense numbers of the French proved their ruin. The battle soon became a slaughter; and the harnessed knights, almost incapable of moving, were hacked to pieces by the English archers, "who were habited in jackets, and had their hosen loose, with hatchets or swords hanging from their girdles, whilst many were barefooted and without hats." The battle lasted about three hours. The English "stood on the heaps of corpses, which exceeded a man's height;" the French, indeed, fell almost passive in their lines. Henry, at one period of the battle, issued an order for the slaughter of his prisoners. Even the French writers justify this horrible circumstance as an act of self-preservation. The total loss of the French was about ten thousand

slain on the field; that of the English appears to have been about twelve hundred. Most of the dead were afterwards buried in enormous trenches.

The English king conducted himself with his accustomed dignity to his many illustrious prisoners. The victorious army marched to Calais in fine order, and embarked for England, without any attempt to follow up their almost miraculous triumph. Henry reached Calais on the 29th of October, and on the 17th of November landed at Dover. He entered London amidst the most expensive pageantry of the citizens, contrasting with the studied simplicity of his own retinue and demeanor, on Saturday, the 24th of November.

ACT V.

²³ CHORUS.—"*Like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king.*"

A *WHIFFLER* may be taken generally to mean an officer who leads the way in processions. A whiffler was originally a *fifer* or *piper*, who anciently went first on occasions of pageant and ceremony. Minsheu defines him to be a club or staff bearer. Grose, in his 'Provincial Glossary,' mentions whiffers as "men who make way for the corporation of Norwich, by flourishing their swords." The sword-flourishers of Norwich are standard-bearers in London, under the same name.

²⁴ CHORUS.—"*As yet the lamentation of the French,*" &c.

It is extremely difficult to explain this passage as it stands. Why should the *lamentation* of the French *invite* the king of England to stay at home? If we were half as venturesome as our editorial predecessors, we would transpose a line as printed (such a typographical change of a manuscript being too common in printing) and read thus :—

"Now in London place him;
As yet the lamentation of the French.
The emperor's coming in behalf of France
Invites the king of England's stay at home,
To order peace between them : and omit
All the occurrences," &c.

²⁵ SCENE I.—"*Why wear you your leek to-day?
St. Davy's day is past.*"

We were favoured with some memoranda on the use of the leek, as the national emblem of Wales, by the late accomplished antiquary Sir Samuel Meyrick, the substance of which we have great pleasure in presenting to our readers. Not one of the Welsh bards, though there exists a tolerable series of their compositions from the fifth century, till the time of Elizabeth, have in any manner alluded to the leek as a national emblem. Even at the present day, the custom of wearing leeks on the first of March is confined to the members of modern clubs. There is, however, a tradition in Wales as to the origin of the custom, namely, that the Saxons being about to attack the *Britons* on St. David's day, put leeks in their caps, in order, if dispersed, to be known to each other; and that the *Britons* having gained the victory, transferred the leeks to their own caps as signals of triumph. This, like many other traditions, seems to have been invented for the nonce. But the Harleian MS., No. 1977, written by a Welshman, of the time of James I., contains the following passage :

"I like the leek above all herbs and flowers;
When *first we wore the same, the field* was ours.
The leek is *white and green*, whereby is meant,
That Britons are both stout and eminent :

Next to the lion and the unicorn,
The leek 's the fairest emblem that is worn."

Now the inference to be drawn from these lines, is, that the leek was assumed upon, or immediately after, the battle of Bosworth-field, which was won by Henry VII., who had many Welshmen (his countrymen) in his army, and whose yeomen guard was composed of Welshmen; and this inference is derived from the fact, that the *Tudor* colours were *white* and *green*; and, as may be seen in several heraldic MSS., formed the *field* on which the English, French, and Irish arms were placed. "The field was ours," alludes to the victory, of course, as well as to the heraldic field.

This view of the case would account for the leek being only worn by Welshmen in England, and its having been a custom of comparatively modern origin in the time of Shakspeare.

²⁶ SCENE II.—"*Notre tres cher filz,*" &c.

Dr. Farmer, in his essay on the learning of Shakspeare, winds up his many proofs of the ignorance of our poet, by the following argument, the crown of all:—"But to come to a conclusion, I will give you an irrefragable argument, that Shakspeare did *not* understand *two* very common words in the French and Latin languages. According to the articles of agreement between the conqueror, Henry, and the king of France, the latter was to style the former (in the corrected French of the former editions), *Nostre tres cher filz Henry roy d' Angle-*

terre; and in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius*, &c. 'What,' says Dr. Warburton, 'is *tres cher* in French, *præclarissimus* in Latin! we should read *præcarissimus*.' This appears to be exceedingly true; but how came the blunder? it is a typographical one in Holinshed, which Shakspeare copied; but must indisputably have corrected, had he been acquainted with the languages." Now really this is a very weak argument, upon Farmer's own showing: for Shakspeare finding the passage in Holinshed was bound to copy it, without setting himself up as a verbal critic; nor was it necessary that the Latin words of the treaty should have exactly corresponded to the French. He might have understood the agreement to mean, that the *very dear* son in the one language, should be the *most noble* son in the other. But Malone says that the mistake is in all the old historians, as well as in Holinshed. He is not quite right in this statement, for the word is *precharissimus* in Hall. At any rate, the truth could not be ascertained till the publication of such a work as Rymer's 'Fœdera,' where, in the treaty of Troyes, the word stands *præcarissimus*. By a super-refinement of veneration for Shakspeare, as justifiable as Farmer's coarse depreciation of him, the *præclarissimus* might be taken to prove his learning; for Capell maintains that *præcarissimus* is no Latin word. We give this note to show what stuff criticism may be made of, when it departs from the safe resting-place of common sense.

HISTORICAL.

The triumphal procession and the pageant, with which Henry was welcomed to London, described in the chorus, are given in Holinshed; so also the king's freedom "from vainness and self-glorious pride." The Chronicler thus depicts this modesty: "The king, like a great and sober personage, and as one remembering from whom all victories are sent, seemed little to regard such vain pomp and shows as were in triumphant sort devised for his welcoming home from so prosperous a journey, insomuch that he would not suffer his helmet to be carried with him, whereby might have appeared to the people the blows and dents that were to be seen in the same; neither would he suffer any ditties to be

made and sung by minstrels of his glorious victory, for that he would wholly have the praise and thanks altogether given to God." Percy, however, thinks that an old song, "For the victory of Agincourt," was drawn up by some poet laureat of those days. This song, or hymn, was printed from a manuscript copy in the Pepys collection. Our readers will perhaps be satisfied with the last stanza:—

"Now gracious God he save owre kynge,
His peple, and all his wel wyllynge,
Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endynge,
That we with merth mowe savelly synge,
Deo gratias:
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria."



[John (Sans Peur) Duke of Burgundy.]

The poet in the chorus to this Act desires his audience to

“omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France.”

But Henry's return to France was marked by many fearful struggles for power, before the

treaty of Troyes was concluded, which gave him the hand of Katharine, and made the king of France his vicegerent. Towns had been won; armies had perished. The Dauphin, whom we have seen at Agincourt, was no more; and he was succeeded in his rank by a prince



[Isabelle of Bavaria, Queen of France.]

of greater profligacy. Unhappy France was assailed by a resolute enemy, and had nothing to oppose to him but the weakness of factions, more intent upon destroying each other than disposed to unite for a common cause. The Duke of Burgundy, brought in by the poet as the advocate of peace, was certainly present at the negotiations near Meulan, on the 30th May, 1419, when Henry first saw Katharine, and was struck with her grace and beauty. But this Duke of Burgundy, Jean Sans Peur, was murdered by the Dauphin, on the bridge of Montreau, on the following 10th September. This event led to a close connection between Henry and the young Duke of Burgundy, who was anxious to revenge the death of his father; and perhaps this circumstance mainly contributed

to Henry's success in negotiating the treaty of Troyes.

The meeting of Henry with the French king, who in his unhappy state of mind was "governed and ordered" by his ambitious and crafty queen, is thus described by Holinshed:—"The Duke Burgoigne, accompanied with many noble men, received him two leagues without the town, and conveyed him to his lodging. All his army was lodged in small villages thereabout. And after that he had reposed himself a little, he went to visit the French king, the queen, and the Lady Katharine, whom he found in St. Peter's Church, where was a joyous meeting betwixt them. And this was on the xx. day of May, and there the King of England and the Lady Katharine were affianced."

COSTUME.

THE civil costume of the reign of Henry V. seems to have differed in no very material degree from that of the reigns of Henry IV. and Richard II.

The illuminated MSS., and other authorities of this period, present us with the same long and short gowns, each with extravagantly large sleeves, almost trailing on the ground and escalloped at the edges. They are generally at this period, however, painted of a different colour to the body of the garment, and were, probably, separate articles of dress (as we find them in the next century), to be changed at pleasure. Chaperons with long tippets, tights—hose, and pointed shoes or half-boots.

For the dress of the sovereign himself, we have but slender authority. His mutilated effigy in Westminster Abbey represents him in the dalmatic, cope, and mantle, of royalty; differing only from those of preceding sovereigns in their lack of all ornaments or embroidery. An illuminated MS., in Bennet College Library, Cambridge, has a representation of Henry seated on his throne (which is powdered with the letter S.), not in his robes, although crowned, but in a dress of the time, with a curious girdle and collar. There are two or three portraits of Henry, on wood, in the royal and other collections, each bearing a suspicious likeness to the other, and neither authenticated; although from one of them, Mr.

Vertue copied the head engraved for the History of England, and which has been received as the likeness of Henry from that period.

The great characteristic of this reign is the close-cropping of the hair round above the ears, in contradistinction to the fashion of the last century; and the equally close-shaving of the chin, beards being worn only by aged personages, and mustachios but rarely, even by military men: the king is always represented without them.

In the armour of this period there are many and striking novelties. It was completely of plate. Even the camail, or chain neck-piece, was superseded or covered by the gorget, or hausse col of steel. A fine specimen of the armour of this time exists on the effigy of Michael de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk (who was killed at the siege of Harfleur), in Wingfield Church, Suffolk.

The jupon, with its military girdle, and the loose surcoat of arms, were both occasionally worn; and, in many instances, were furnished with long hanging sleeves, indented at the edges like those of the robes (*vide* our engraving of John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, from his seal in 'Olivarius Vredius's History of the Counts of Flanders,' and of Henry V., from the carvings of an oaken chest in York Cathedral). Sometimes the sleeves only are seen with the armour; and it is then difficult to

ascertain whether, in that case, the breast and back plates cover the rest of the garment, or whether they (the sleeves) are separate articles fastened to the shoulders. Cloaks, with escalloped edges, were also worn with armour at this period (*vide* the figure of Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury). Two circular or shield-shaped plates, called pallettes, were sometimes fastened in front by aiguillettes, so as to protect the armpits (*vide* same figure, and the engraving from an illumination, representing Henry V. being armed by his esquires). St. Remy, a writer who was present at the battle of Agincourt, describes Henry, at break of day, hearing mass in all his armour, excepting that for his head and his cote d'armes (*i. e.*, emblazoned surcoat or jupon). After mass had been said, they brought him the armour for his head, which was a very handsome bascinet a barriere (query *baviere*), upon which he had a very rich crown of gold (a description and valuation of "la couronne d'Or pur le Bascinet," garnished with rubies, sapphires, and pearls, to the amount of £679 5s., is to be seen in the Rolls of Parliament, vol. iv. p. 215), circled like an imperial crown (query *arched*). Henry IV. is said by Froissart, to have been crowned with a diadem "*archée en croix*;" the earliest mention of an arched crown in England that we have met with).

Elmham, another contemporary historian, says, "Now the king was clad in secure and very bright armour: he wore, also, on his head, a helmet, with a large splendid crest, and a crown of gold and jewels; and, on his body, a surcoat with the arms of England and France, from which a celestial splendour issued; on the one side, from three golden flowers, planted in an azure-field (Henry V. altered the arms of France, in the English shield, from *semi* of fleurs-de-lys to three fleurs-de-lys, Charles VI. of France having done so previously), on the other, from three golden leopards sporting in a ruby field." By a large splendid crest may be meant, either the royal heraldic crest of England, the lion passant guardant (as the Duke of Burgundy is represented with *his* heraldic crest, a fleur-de-lys, on his bascinet), or a magnificent plume of feathers,—that elegant and chivalric decoration, for the first time after the Conquest, appearing in this reign. It was called the panache; and knights are said to have worn three or more feathers, esquires only one; but we have no positive authority for the latter assertion; and the number would seem to have been a matter

of fancy. Robert Chamberlayne, the king's esquire, is represented with two feathers issuing from the apex of the bascinet. He wears an embroidered jupon and the military belt. With respect to the crown round Henry's bascinet,—it was twice struck and injured by the blows of his enemies. The Duke of Alençon struck off part of it with his battle-axe; and one of the points or flowers was cut off by a French esquire, who, with seventeen others, swore to perform some such feat, or perish.

The helmet of Henry V., suspended over his tomb in Westminster Abbey, is a *tilting* helmet—not the bascinet a baviere (vizored or beavered bascinet), which was the war-helmet of the time (see those of Louis, Duke of Bourbon, whose *tilting* helmet is carried by an esquire behind him; and of John, Duke of Burgundy). The shield and saddle which hang near it *may*, according to the tradition, have been really used by him at Agincourt.

The English archers at the battle of Agincourt were, for the most part (according to Monstrelet), without armour, and in jackets, with their hose loose, and hatchets, or swords, hanging to their girdles. Some, indeed, were barefooted, and without hats or caps; and St. Remy says, they were dressed in *pourpoints* (stitched or quilted jackets); and adds, that some wore caps of boiled leather (the famous cuir bouilli) or of wicker-work, crossed over with iron. In the army of Henry V. at Rouen, there were several bodies of Irish, of whom, says Monstrelet, the greatest part had *one leg and foot quite naked*. They were armed with targets, short javelins, and a strange sort of knife (the skein).

The French men-at-arms, engaged at Agincourt, are described as being armed in long coats of steel reaching to their knees (the *taces* introduced at this period, *vide* figure of the Earls of Salisbury and Suffolk), below which was armour for the legs, and above, white harness (*i. e.*, armour of polished plate, so called in contradistinction to mail), and bascinets with camails (chain neck-pieces).

The banners borne in the English army, besides those of the king and the principal leaders, were, as usual, those of St. George, St. Edward, and the Trinity.

The French, in addition to the royal and knightly banners, displayed the oriflamme, which was of bright scarlet, embroidered with gold, and terminating in several swallow tails.

It is so represented in the hands of Henri Siegnur de Metz, Marechal de France, in the church of Notre Dame de Chartres.

The female costume of this period was distinguished by a most extravagantly high and projecting horned head-dress, curious examples of which are to be seen in the royal MS. marked 15 D. 3, and in the effigy of Beatrice, Countess of Arundel, engraved in Stothard's 'Monumental Effigies.' The rest of the habit was rather graceful than otherwise; consisting, in general, of a long and full robe confined by a rich girdle, high in the neck, the waist moderately short, and the sleeves like those of the men, reach-

ing almost to the ground, and escalloped at the edges.

A representation of Katharine, Queen of England, exists in the carving of an oak chest in the Treasury of York Cathedral.

Isabelle of Bavaria, her mother, is engraved in Montfaucon, from a MS. in the French Royal Library, wearing the high, *heart-shaped* head-dress, introduced into England in the reign of Henry VI., but, probably, worn earlier in France. There are several other portraits of her in the *steeple head-dress*, a still later fashion, contemporary in England with the reign of Edward IV.



[Katharine.]



[Lord de la Pole.]